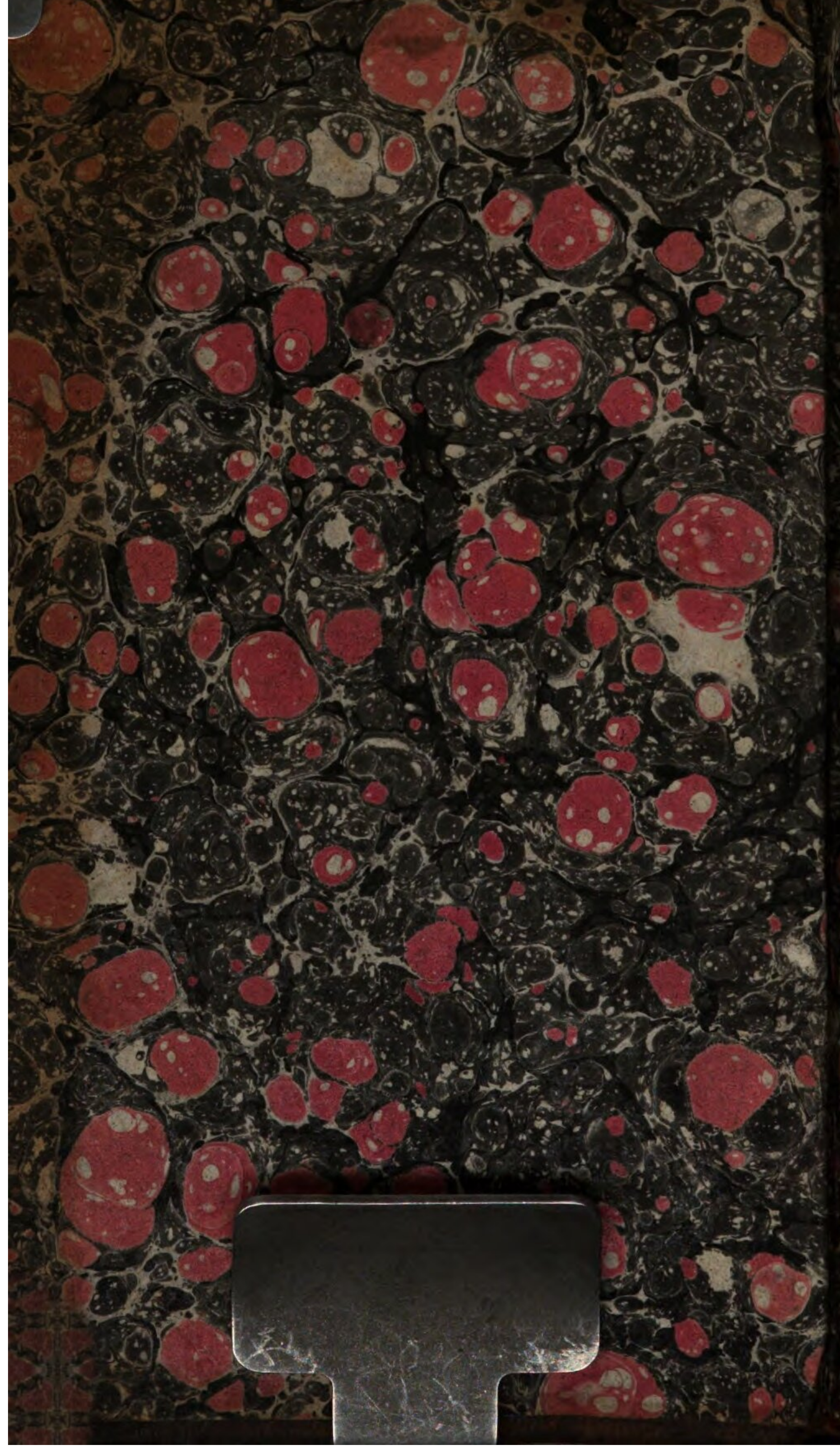
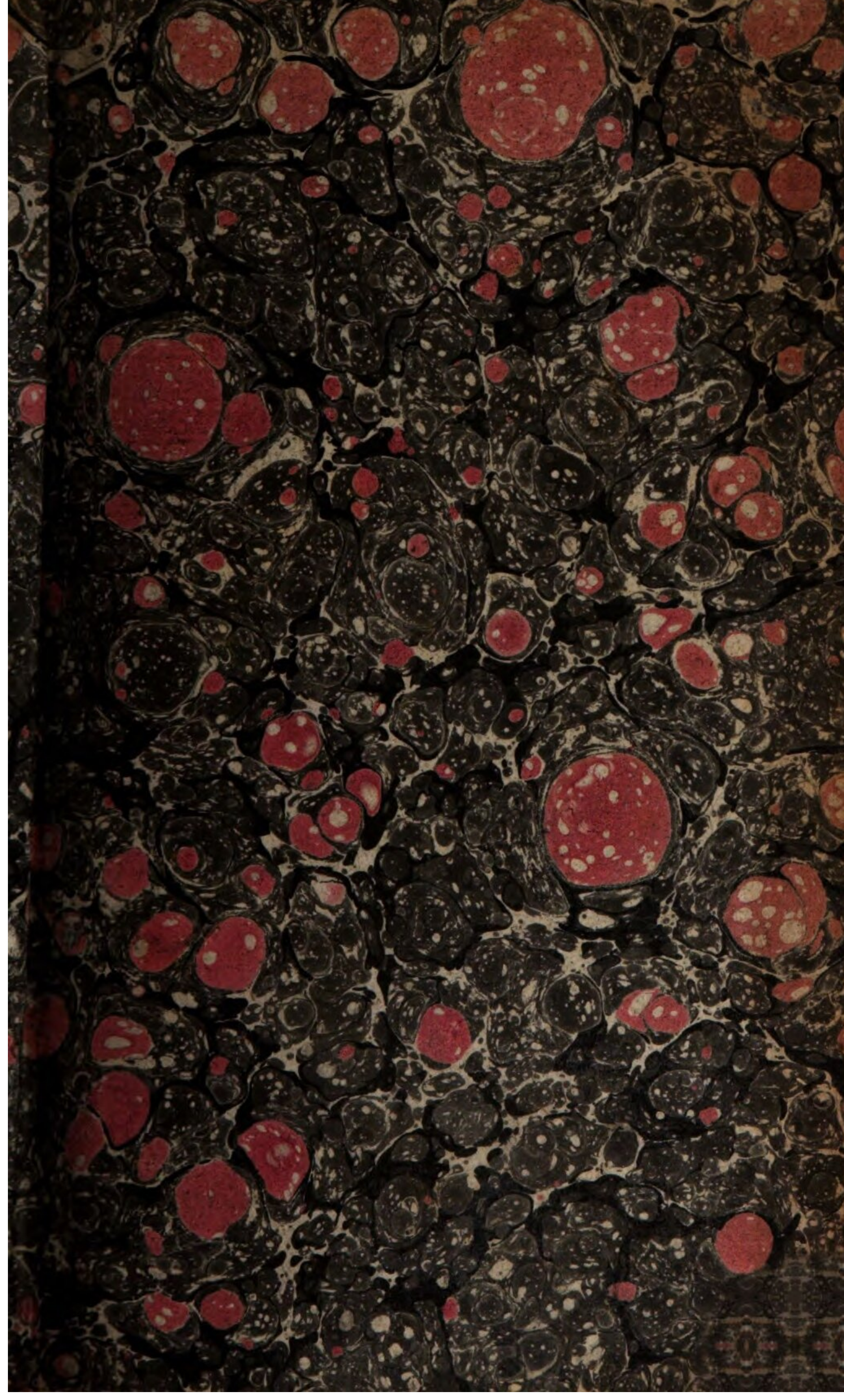








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SELECT COLLECTION
OF POEMS.
VOLUME VII.

J. NICHOLS, 2

SELECT COLLECTION

OF F. P. O. F. M. 2

VOLUME VII.



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WITH
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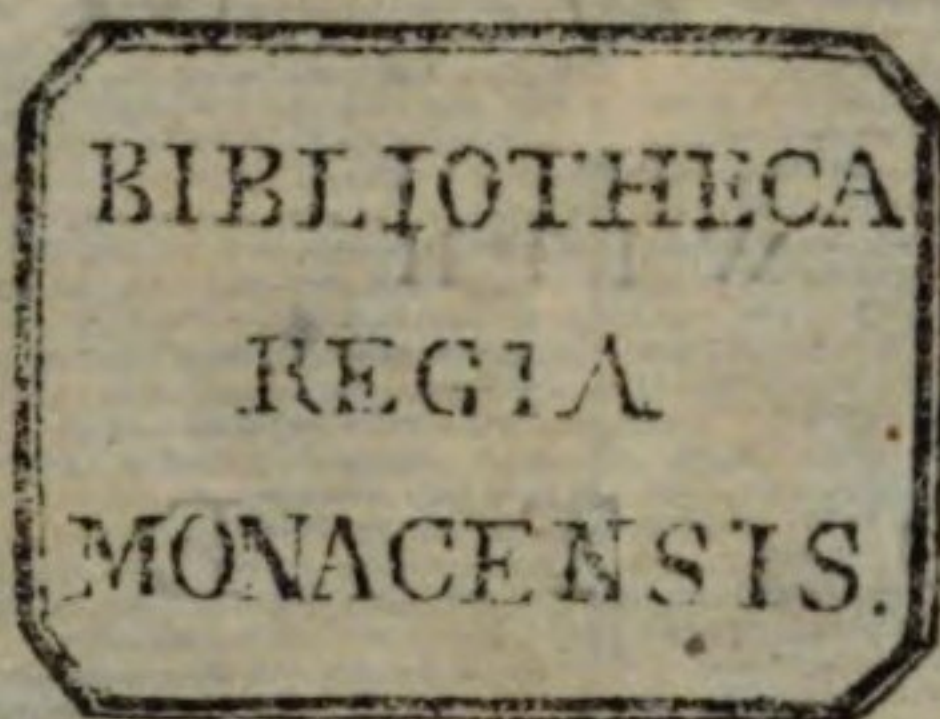
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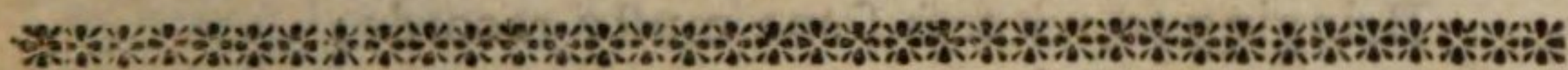
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MDCCLXXII.

A SELECT
COLLECTION OF POEMS.



*** HAVING met with a few sportive fallies on subjects of national Satire, we have here thrown them together, not doubting but every liberal and ingenuous Mind will consider them as mere creatures of fancy, and not be influenced a moment to form a serious opinion of the People, who are the subjects of them, from these Caricatures, where every feature is distorted, and every blemish aggravated. On the contrary, he will consider these as professed misrepresentations, where no part of the subject is brought into view, but such as may produce burlesque, and excite ridicule. Under this qualification they may be safely laughed at, and we may be entertained with the wit or humour of the writers, without adopting their prejudices, or being influenced by their invectives.

2 MISCELLANY POEMS.

A SATIRICAL DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND *.

BY MR. NEVELL.

THose wonderful wise-men, nick-nam'd Antiquaries,
 Who to 'hatch' maggots 'brood over' old words,
 Spoiling paper to prove, how this and that varies,
 Bringing to witness some musty records;
 In all that they scatter
 Of former and latter,
 Make only this clear, they know nought of the
 And Erasmus's statue, or brass Rotterdamus, [matter:
 Has more sense than the best of the tribe, you can
 name us.

* This Satire is extracted from p. 170. of Mrs. Behn's
 "Miscellany, being a Collection of Poems by several Hands,
 &c. Lond. 1685. 8vo." In the original are some Chasms,
 &c. which are here filled up by supplemental lines marked
 thus ' '.

From the dissolute turn of this poem, and the sarcasm on
 Republics, one can hardly believe that it was written by
 the famous republican Henry Neville, who had been one of
 the Members of the Long Parliament, and was afterwards con-
 cerned with Harrington in his Rota Scheme. Yet Anthony
 Wood classes him with the noted Oliverian banterer Harry
 Marten, and mentions other pieces of drollery by Henry
 Neville, who lived to the year 1694, when he died in Lon-
 don, aged 74. Nor, besides him, do we recollect any other
 poet of the name of Neville, or Nevell, during the reign of
 K. Charles II. when this piece was evidently written.

Now

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH. 3

Now I guess, some old fellow, that 's given to poring,
Will wipe his backside with my ballad in spite,
And swear, I 'm some writer delighted in whoring;
And a thousand to one, but he 's in the right.

Yet ere he do so,
I 'd have him to know,

It is for my own sake, not his, what I do;
For being by fate cast on shore upon no land,
I 'm passing my time under water in Holland.

Then, not to be idle, while here I am swimming,
I make observations on my fellow fish;
And weighty remarques on Antiquity bring in,
As useful as Camden, that 's not worth a pish.

The original cause
Of their customs and laws,

And whence comes their language, as sure as Jack-
daws,

Such wisdom will prove, though it were before a-King,
Cut out for a scholar, though spoil'd in the making.

Then first I observe, from the French-man Des Cartes,

Men in the beginning, like Cabbages, grew:

You may say this quotation not worth a fart is,

Though he knew it, as well as myself, to be true.

But when all is done,

'Tis as clear as the sun,

That Dutch-men had that beginning, or none:

For like pumpkins, I tell you, they grew out of bogs;

And learnt their first words from the croaking of frogs.

4 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Should no other Nation plant men in their sisters,
 They could not be reckon'd among flesh and blood ;
 Nor would have more bones than our Colchester oyfters:
 For Dutch-men at first were huge bladders of mud,
 At the top of which lay
 Some froth of the sea,
 Which harden'd to brains, as curds come from whey ;
 Then loofen'd at bottom away they did go,
 Juft fuch thinking Giants, as boys make of fnow.

You may wonder a little, how I came to know it ;
 But wonder 's a fign of ignorance ftill :
 The records of nature, their bodies do fhew it,
 As he, that comes hither, may know if he will.
 And perhaps too it might
 Prove Hobbes in the right,
 That mankind by nature would fall to 't and fight :
 For thefe things no fooner each other did fee,
 But, with lobfters claws, they began fnick and fnee.
 What love and good-nature fome ftangers bring hither,
 With all their own arts, they could never infpire.
 For GUELT, their fole God, they would hang their
 own father,
 And ftarving, if poor, would not make him a fire.
 The firft word they fpoke,
 Or rather did croke,
 And their laft too, was GUELT, which they throt-
 tled i' the throat.
 All their life time, a Bee 's not more bufie for honey,
 Than they are for raking, and fcraping of money.

For

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH. 5

For that, or for nothing, at first they united:
Religion so talk'd of 's the least of their care:
For, being too costly, they Popery slighted;
And would wish, might they get by 't, the Alcoran
there.

They 'd count it no sin
To deny Christ agen,
As they did in Japan, so more Guelt it brought in.
' Their Religion 's but scraping, their God is their pelf,
And all moral duties are center'd in self.'

As money at first did bring them together,
By nature it keeps there a true state of war,
A son would make nothing to cudgel his father,
For spending more of it than comes to his share.
The husbands and wives
Will out with their knives, [lives :
And for keeping the Guelt, will seek each other's
So they only ingender, 'like flounders in mud,'
And feel no affection, 'only itch in the blood.'

For, heated with brandy, they sometimes do fumble
In the sluice of that bog, call'd the belly of spouse,
Where Hanses-in-kelder with Sooterkins tumble
Sweet babies, like pigs, got by stove on their sows :
For with 'heater' of fire,
They stir up desire,
And draw out the water, or make it retire :
But for which Invention, of Ewfrow's contriving,
The sport might be better called swimming than fwiving.

6 MISCELLANY POEMS.

I strove to discover the Freedom, some prate on;
 But, with all my searching, the devil-a-bit:
 Except it be this, that a tapster may beat one,
 That will not to an All-to-mall reckoning submit.

The Schellums impose

Both for victuals, and cloaths;

For they hate all good dressing, as Quakers do oaths.
 As for a good suit, if you 'll wear one, you may;
 But fifty per cent. it will cost every day.

That 'tis a Republic, must not be forgotten,

'Tis felt in the monstrous Excises they raise:

Which keeps their poor empty, like Herrings all shotten;

For they tax them the devil knows how many ways.

Not the Kermilk they eat,

Which is their best meat,

Nor their water bewitch'd, but pays half to the state.
 O may all Fanaticks run mad their own way,

That for such mock freedoms, as freely will pay!

Their Government tho', thanks some politic neighbours,

With much-a-do makes a shift for to stand:

Yet sure 't has been more than Hercules' labours,

So long to keep twisted a mere rope of sand.

Where fish-wives dare prate

Of matters of state;

And no man is safe, whom the rabble does hate*.

A spreading infection, which threatens undoing

To some, who too often have kept them from ruine.

* This seems to allude to the fate of the famous Pensionary De Witt, who, with his brother Cornelius, was torn to pieces by the rabble, August 10, 1672.

A SATIRE ON THE ORIGIN OF THE
ENGLISH NATION
IN THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH DIALECT*.

ZE Inglifche hursone fumtyme will avant
Zour progeny from Brutus to haif tane;
And fumtyme from an ANGELL, or an Sanct,
As *Angelus* and *Anglus* baith war ane.

Angells in erth zit hard I few, or nane,
Except the feyndis with Lucifer that fell:
Avant zow, villane, of that lord allane;
Tak thy progeny frome Pluto praince of hell.

* As we have inserted below a poetical attack on our fellow-citizens beyond the Tweed by one of our Southern bards; it is but fair to confront it with some satirical reflections on the vanity of our own countrymen, by an ancient Scottish Satirist. This was procured from a Gentleman who extracted it from Bannatine's MS. of Scottish poems, preserved in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh, fo. 163. It is there intituled,
AN ANSWER TO ANE INGLISS RAILLAR PRAYSING
HIS AWIN GENALOGY.

Although the sarcasms, in this poem, seem now somewhat obsolete and pedantic, they were well applied at the time they were written; for whoever looks into the Chronicle of Harding, a professed antagonist of the Scots, and other contemporary writers, will find the Descent of the Britons (who were then confounded with the English), from Brutus much insisted on; and it is well known that K. Edward I. dated the origin of his claim to Sovereign Jurisdiction over the Kings of Scotland from the fabulous arrival of that Trojan Adventurer.

Becauss ze use in Hoillis to hyd zour fell,
Anglus is cum frome *Angulus* indeid :
 Aboive all uders Brutus bure the bell,
 Quha slew his fader howping to succid.

Than chuse zow ane of theis, I rek not ader,
 Tak Beelzebub, or Brutus to zour fader.

HOW THE FIRST HELAND MAN WAS MADE.

BY AN ANCIENT LOWLAND BARD.

JOVE and Apollo was gangand be the way
 Heiche up in Ardgyle, quhair thair gait lay ;
 Apollo said to Jove, in a sport word,
 Can ze not mak a Heland-man of this Horss-turd ?

Jove

* This is extracted from the same MS. Collection as the foregoing, where it occurs in p. 162, b. —. It is there intitled,

HOW THE FIRST HELAND-MAN, OF 'JOVE' WAS
 MAID OF A HORSS-TURD IN ARGYLE, AS IS SAID.
 In the original the Interlocutors are "God and St. Peter;" which, being shockingly profane, have been every where altered, as in the text. But the original shews the licentious spirit of the times, when it was written.

The Highlanders of old, like the ancient Heroes of Greece, considered their Depredations on their more laborious Neighbours, as legitimate warlike spoils : and their Bards, no doubt, would with equal sarcasms, retort on the Lowlanders their dastardly spirit in being more addicted to agriculture, and the softer arts of peace, than themselves. This Character of some
 of

Jove turn'd owre the Horfs-turd with his pykit staff,
 And upstart a Heland-man black as ony draff.
 Quod Jove to the Heland-man, Quhair wilt thou now?
 I will down in the Lawland, Lord; and thair steill a Cow.
 And thou steill a Cow-taile thair, thay will hang thee.
 Quattrack *, Lord, of that? ffor anis mon I die.
 Jove than he lewch, and owre the dyk lap,
 And owt of his scheith his Gowly † owt gatt.
 Apollo socht the Gowly fast up and down,
 Zit cowl'd not find it in all that broad roun.
 Wow, quod Jove, heir a mervell! How can this be,
 That I sowld want my gowly, and we heir but thre?
 Humff! quod the Heland-man, and turn'd him abowt,
 And at his plaid-nuik the guly fell owt.
 Ffy, quod Apollo, thou will nevir do weill;
 And thou bot new-maid, sa fone gais to steill.
 Umff! quod the Heland-man, and swore be zon kirk,
 So lang as I may geir gett to steill will I nevir wirk.

of the Highland Clans, and their fondness for plunder, is said to have continued down to our times; for the celebrated Laird of Lochiel, when he mustered his People before the young Pretender in 1745, is reported to have assured him, That his Clan should fight, or rob, with any in the world.

Happily the same high spirit, accompanied with juster notions, has converted these little hostile independent tribes into honest and worthy subjects, who have afforded generous soldiers for our defence, and from being the disturbers have become the valiant protectors of the British Empire.

* Quhatrack, i. e. Quhat Reck: what signifies that?

† Gowly, or Guly, a Knife.

THE REBEL SCOT*.

BY JOHN CLEIVELAND, ESQ.

HOW! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
 Then, Madam Nature wears black patches too!
 What shall our nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward; I am all on fire:
 Not all the buckets in a country quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comet's flaming beard.

And

* At the head of our Selection from the Works of that celebrated Loyalist, John Cleiveland, we could not but prefer his REBEL SCOT, not only as most proper to accompany the preceding pieces, but as being in his time the most admired and famous of all his Poems. In his picture drawn by Fuller, during Cleiveland's attendance on the King at Oxford, he is represented (as in the Frontispiece, which is copied from it) holding a paper, on which is inscribed the title of this poem.—Which, after all, is said, not to be meant for a Satire on the Scottish Nation in general, but chiefly on that part of it, then engaged in Rebellion against K. Charles I. as the writer expressly excepts the valiant and loyal bands then enlisted under Montrose and Crawford, &c.

We shall now give some account of the author.

JOHN CLEIVELAND was son of the Rev. Thomas Cleiveland, M. A. Vicar of Hinckley and Rector of Stoke in Leicestershire; who, with many of his Children, was a sufferer for the Cause of K. Charles I. His eldest son John was born at Loughborough in the said county, as appears from the Register of that parish, where his baptism is entered June 20,

And where 's the Stoick can his wrath appease
 To see his country sick of Pym's disease?
 By Scotch invasion, to be made a prey
 To such Pig-wiggen Myrmidons as they?

But that there 's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of Scot without an antidote;
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poison too.
 Were I a drowzy Judge whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halts, as a jugler's throat
 Doth ribbands; could I in Sir Emperick's tone
 Speak pills in phrase, and quack destruction,

Or

1613. Having been educated at Hinckley under the Rev. Richard Vines, (who was afterwards a celebrated preacher of the Presbyterian party) he was admitted of Christ's College, in Cambridge, September 4, 1627, and took the degree of B. A. in 1631. He thence removed to St. John's College in the same University, being elected Fellow, March 27, 1634, and became M. A. the following year, 1635. He continued for many years the delight and ornament of that house, in which he was one of the Tutors, and, being excused from going into Holy orders, became their Rhetoric Reader, and was usually employed to draw up all Epistles and Addresses for that Society, being much admired for the purity and terseness of his Latin style. He also became celebrated for his occasional Poems in English, especially on the breaking-out of the civil wars, when he is said to have been the first champion that appeared in verse for the royal cause*. Afterwards, when the opposite party prevailed, he retired to the king at Oxford, and was in his absence ejected from his Fellowship,

* *Wood's Athen. Oxon. 2d Ed. II. f. 274.*

Or roar like Marſhal, that Geneva Bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full;
 Yet to expreſs a Scot, to play that prize,
 Not all the mouth-granados can ſuffice:
 Before a Scot can properly be curſt,
 I muſt, like Hocus, ſwallow daggers firſt.

Come, keen Iambics, with your badgers feet,
 And badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet:
 Help, ye tart Satiriſts, to imp my rage
 With all the ſcorpions, that ſhould whip this age.
 Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen;
 Scratch till the blood come, they 'll not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were enforc'd to take
 The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake;
 I 'll baite my Scot ſo, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A Scot within a beaſt, is no diſguiſe.

No

April 8, 1644 *. On the fixing in Newark Caſtle, that Garriſon which ſo long ſupported the King's declining Cauſe, Cleiveland was appointed Judge-Advocate there under Sir Richard Willis the Governor. After the ſurrender of that Garrifon in 1646, by the expreſs command of the King, then a Priſoner with the Scottiſh Army, Cleiveland followed the fates of diſtreſſed Loyalty, living up and down concealed for ſome years, till in November, 1655, he was ſeized at Norwich, as a perſon of great abilities, adverſe and dangerous to the reigning government †, and was thence removed to Yarmouth; where he lay many months in priſon, till addreſſing a petition to the Protector, he was by his order ſet at liberty. This Petition (printed in his Works) is remarkable for the addreſs with which the writer employs ſuch moving topics

* *Walker's Sufferings, &c. pt. II. p. 149.*

† *Thurlow's State Papers, Vol. IV. p. 185.*

No more let Ireland brag, her harmless nation
 Fosters no venom, since the Scot's plantation.
 Nor can our's feign'd antiquity obtain;
 Since they came in, England hath Wolves again.
 The Scot, that kept the Tower, might have shown,
 Within the grate of his own breast alone,
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross'd
 What all those wild Collegiates had cost
 The honest high-shoos, in their termly fees
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature herself doth Scotchmen beasts confess,
 Making their country such a wilderness;
 A land that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omnipresence, but that Charles came thence;
 But that Montrose^e and Crawford's loyal band
 Aton'd their sin, and christen'd half their land.

Nor

as might neither do violence to his Conscience, nor betray his Cause, and yet be effectual to procure his enlargement. At length removing to Gray's Inn, London, he was there seized with an epidemical intermitting Fever, of which he died on Thursday morning, April 29, 1658, in his chamber in Gray's Inn, whence his body was brought to Hunsdon House, and on Saturday May 1, was interred in the parish church of St. Michael on College Hill, London*: his remains receiving the last honours, by the attendance of many persons eminent for their loyalty and learning, to whom his Funeral Sermon was preached by his intimate friend, the eminent Dr. Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and author of the celebrated Exposition of the Creed †.

* *Fuller's Worthies in Leicestershire.*

† *Dav. Lloyd's Memoirs of Persons, who suffered for K. Ch. I. 1668, fol p. 617, 618.*

Nor is it all the nation hath these spots;
There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots:
As in a picture, where the squinting paint
Shews Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.

He that saw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And, in the twi-light of his fancy's theme,
Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd profelyte.
A land where one may pray with curst intent,
O may they never suffer banishment!
Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom,
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home*.

Like Jews they spread, and as Infection fly,
As if the Devil had ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at rovers, and defy
This or that place, rags of Geography,
They 're citizens o' th' world; they 're all in all,
Scotland's a nation epidemical.

And yet they ramble, not to learn the mode
How to be drest, or how to lisp, abroad:
To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double jug
Resembles most in belly, or in beard,
(The card by which the mariners are steer'd.)
No; the Scots-Errant fight, and fight to eat;
Their ostrich-stomachs make their swords their meat.
Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.

* Few couplets in the English language have been more frequently quoted than this epigrammatical distich.

Yet

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
 The Serpent's fatal still to Paradise.
 Sure England hath the hæmorrhoids, and these
 On the North-postern of the patient seize,
 Like Leeches; thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o' the score,
 To purchase villenage, as once before;
 When an act pass'd to stroak them on the head,
 Call them good subjects, buy them ginger-bread.
 Nor gold, nor acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn Scot: a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him (or worse)
 Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil?
 They are the Gospel's life-guard, but for them
 (The garrison of New-Jerusalem)
 What would the Brethren do? The Cause! The Cause
 Sack-poffets, and the fundamental laws?

Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirts!
 How a Scotch stomach, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food and raiment; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstrefs, and their Cook.
 Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
 As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
 A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,
 When construed, but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober ten pence, and well so.

Hence

Hence then, you proud Impostors; get you gone
 You Piets in gentry and devotion;
 You scandal to the stock of verse, a race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
 Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian, that Heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard some Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what Scots in Hell had been,
 He would, Erasmus like, have hung between.

My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce;
 I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones.
 That dish is his; for when the Scots decease,
 Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,
 Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland Goose*.

EPIGRAM, BY ANOTHER WRITER.

I Wonder'd not when I was told
 The venal Scot his country fold:
 I rather very much admire
 How he could ever find a buyer!

* In all the Editions of Cleiveland's Poems, the preceding Satire is accompanied with a Latin version, which, Anthony Wood informs us, was not written by the author himself, but by Thomas Gawen, sometime fellow of New College in Oxford. See Athen. Oxon. II. 758. Ed. 2d.

THE DEFINITION OF A PROTECTOR.

BY MR. CLEIVELAND.

WHAT 's a Protector? He 's a stately thing,
 That apes it in the non-age of a King;
 A tragic actor, Cæsar in a clown;
 He 's a brass farthing stamped with a crown;
 A bladder blown, with other breaths puff'd full;
 Not the Perillus, but Perillus' bull;
 Æsop's proud ass veil'd in the lion's skin;
 An outward saint lin'd with a devil within;
 An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
 But just as a barrel-head sounds like a drum:
 Fantastic image of the royal head;
 The brewer's, with the king's arms, quartered.
 He is a counterfeited piece, that shows
 Charles his effigies with a copper nose.
 In fine, he 's one we must Protector call,
 From whom the King of Kings protect us all.

PROTECTOR: }

Anagram,

O PORTET C. R.

AN ANSWER TO THE STORM*.

BY THE SAME.

'TIS well he 's gone (O had he never been!)
 Hurried in storms, loud as his crying sin;
 The pines and oaks fell prostrate at his urn,
 That ' hence his fame might with his ashes burn'.

* Three Poems were written in compliment to the Storm,
 which happened at the Death of Oliver Cromwell, by Waller,
 Dryden, and Sprat; who were all three afterwards Courtiers.

Winds pluck up roots, and fixed cedars move,
 Roaring for vengeance to the Heavens above;
 From theft, like his, great Romulus did grow,
 And such a wind did at his ruin blow.
 Strange that the lofty trees themselves should fell
 Without the axe: so Orpheus went to Hell;
 At whose descent the stoutest rocks were cleft,
 And the whole wood its wonted station left.
 In battle Hercules wore the lion's skin,
 But our fierce Nero wore the beast within,
 Whose heart was brutish more than face or eyes;
 And in the shape of man was in disguise.

Where ever men, where ever pillage lies,
 Like ravenous vultures, our wing'd navy flies;
 Under the Tropick we are understood,
 And bring home rapine through a purple flood:
 New circulation's found, our blood is hurl'd
 As round the lesser, so the greater world.

In civil broils he did us first engage,
 And made three kingdoms subject to his rage:
 One fatal stroke slew Justice, and the cause
 Of Truth, Religion, and our sacred Laws.
 So fell Achilles by the Trojan band,
 Though he still fought with Heaven itself in's hand.
 Nor would domestic spoil confine his mind,
 No limit's to his fury but mankind.
 The British youth in foreign coasts are sent
 Towns to destroy, but more to banishment;
 Who, since they cannot in this Isle abide,
 Are confin'd prisoners to the world beside.

ANSWER TO THE STORM. 19

No wonder then if we no tears allow
To him that gave us wars and ruin too.
Tyrants, that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
There must be punishment for cruelty.
Nature herself rejoiced at his death,
And on the waters fung with such a breath,
As made the sea bound higher than before,
While her glad waves came dancing to the shore.

EPITAPH ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

B Y T H E S A M E.

HERE lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.
He spent his time here in a mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist;
His Prince's nearest joy and grief:
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruin of the State,
The people's violent love and hate.
One in extremes lov'd and abhor'd;
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

C. CHRIST.

C H R I S T M A S D A Y:
OR, THE SHUTTLE OF AN INSPIRED WEAVER
BOLTED AGAINST THE ORDER OF THE CHURCH
FOR ITS SOLEMNITY. BY THE SAME.

C Hristmas! Give me my beads: the word implies
A plot, by its ingredients beef and pyes!
A feast Apocryphal, a Popish rite
Kneaded in dough (beloved) in the night;
The night (beloved) that 's as much to say
(By late translation) not in the day.
An annual dark-lanthorn Jubilee,
Catesby and Vaux baked in conspiracy.
The Hierarchy of Rome, the Triple Crown,
Confess'd in triangles, then swallowed down,
With Spanish sack. The Eighty-eight Armado
Newly presented in an Ovenado.
O Calvin! now my Cause upon thee fixes,
Were e'er such dregs mix'd with Geneva fixes?
The cloyster'd steaks with salt and pepper lie,
Like nuns with patches in a Monastery.
Profaneness in a conclave! nay, much more,
Idolatry in crust! Babylon's-Whore
Rak'd from the grave, and bak'd by haunches, then
Serv'd up in coffins to unholy men
Defil'd with superstition, like the Gentiles
Of old, that worship'd onions, roots, and lentiles!
Did ever John of Leyden prophecy
Of such an Antichrist, as pudding-pye?

Be-

Beloved, 'tis a thing, when it appears,
Enough to set the Saints all by the ears,
In solving of the text; a doubtful sin
Reformed churches ne'er consented in.

But hold, my Brethren; while I preach and pray
Methinks the Manna melts and wastes away.
I am a man, as all you are; have read
Of Peter's sheet, how he devoutly fed
Without exception; therefore to dispense
A little with the worm of conscience,
And bend unto the creature, I profess,
Zeal and a pye may join both in a mess.
The dearest sons may err, then why a sinner
May I not eat, since Hugh * eat three to dinner?

ON SIR THOMAS MARTIN,

WHO SUBSCRIBED A WARRANT, THUS:

"WE THE KNIGHTS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
COMMITTEE," WHEN THERE WAS NO

OTHER KNIGHT BUT HIMSELF.

B Y T H E S A M E.

HANG out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which Afric never bred, nor swelling Greece
With stories tympany), a beast so rare,
No lecturer's wrought cap, nor Bartholomew fair
Can match him; nature's whimsey, that outvies
Tradescant and his ark of novelties.

* Hugh Peters.

The Gog and Magog of prodigious fights ;
 With reverence to your eyes, Sir Thomas Knights!
 But is this bigamy of titles due ?
 Are you Sir Thomas and Sir Martin too ?
 Issachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
 Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.
 Thou that look'st, wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
 Like Valentine and Orson bound together.
 Spur's representative ! thou that art able
 To be a voider to King Arthur's table :
 Who, in this sacrilegious mass of all,
 It seems, has swallow'd Windsor's hospital
 Pair royal, headed Cerberus his cozen :
 Hercules' labours were a baker's dozen,
 Had he but trumpt on thee ; whose forked neck
 Might well have answer'd at the font for Smec*.
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie ?
 Metal on metal is false Heraldry.
 And yet the known Godfry of Boulogne's coat
 Shines in exception to the Herald's vote.
 Great spirits move not by pedantic laws,
 Their actions, though eccentric, state the cause,
 And Priscian bleeds with honour. Cæsar thus
 Subscrib'd two Consuls with one Julius.
 Tom never quoted 'squire, scarce yeoman high,
 Is Tom twice dipp'd ; Knight of a double dye.
 Fond man, whose fate is in his name betray'd ;
 It is the setting sun doubles his shade :
 But it 's no matter ; for, amphibious, he
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir Tom go free.

* Smectymnus, the title of a controversial Book, composed
 of the initials of its joint Authors.

NEW CASTLE COAL-PITS*

B Y T H E S A M E.

ENGLAND 's a perfect world, hath Indies too,
 Correct your maps, Newcastle is Peru!
 Let th' haughty Spaniard triumph, till 'tis told,
 Our footy minerals purify his gold:
 This will sublime, and hatch th' abortive ore,
 When the sun tires, and stars can do no more.
 No mines are current, unrefin'd and gross;
 Coals make the sterling, Nature but the dross.
 For metals, Bacchus like, two births approve,
 Heaven heats the Semele, and ours the Jove.
 Thus Art doth polish Nature, 'tis the trade;
 So every madam hath her chamber-maid.
 Who 'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd;
 'Tis most contemptible when made a God.
 All sin and mischief hence have rise and swell;
 One India more would make another Hell.

* This Poem is of that species, which a great Critic † has aptly denominated 'Metaphysical,' abounding with witty rather than just images. It is here printed from two Copies, one in Cleiveland's Works, 8vo. 1687, the other in Dryden's Miscellanies, vol. IV. In the margin are here noted a few of the different Readings in the latter, that were not adopted into the text.

† Dr. Johnson in the Life of Cowley, among his English Poets.

Our mines are innocent, nor will the North
 Tempt frail Mortality with too much worth:
 They 're not so precious, rich enough to fire
 A lover, yet make none idolater.
 The moderate value of our guiltless ore
 Makes no man Atheist, and no woman whore.
 Yea, why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shrine
 Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?
 These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be
 Than a few embers, for a Deity.
 Had he our pits, the Persian would admire
 No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
 He 'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer
 Our profound Vulcan 'bove that Waggoner*.
 For, wants he heat, or light? or would have store
 Of both? 'Tis here: and what can suns give more?
 Nay, what 's the sun, but in a different name,
 A Coal-pit rampant †, or a mine of flame?
 Then let this truth reciprocally run,
 The Sun 's Heaven's Coalery, and Coals our Sun:
 A sun that scorcheth not, lock'd up i' th' deep;
 The lion 's chain'd, the bandog is asleep.
 That tyrant Fire, which uncontroll'd doth rage,
 Here 's calm and hush'd, like Bajazet in his cage;

* In Dryden's Miscellany this distich runs thus,
 "He 'd leave the rambling Traveller, and prefer
 "Our profound Vulcan above Phœbus' car."

† In Dryden's Miscellany it is
 "A nobler Coal-pit," better.

For in each Coal-pit there doth couchant dwell
 A muzzled Ætna, or an innocent Hell.
 Kindle the cloud, you 'll lightning soon descry;
 Then will a day break from the gloomy sky:
 'Then you 'll unbutton, though December blow;
 And sweat i' th' midst of isicles and snow:
 The dog-day's then at Christmas. Thus is all
 The year made June; 'each month solstitial.'

If heat offends, our Pits afford us shade:
 Thus summer 's winter, winter 's summer made.
 What need we baths? what need we bower, or grove?
 A Coal-pit 's both a ventiduct and stove.
 Such pits and caves were palaces of old,
 Poor inns (God wot) yet in an age of gold;
 And what would now be thought a strange design
 To build a house was then to undermine:
 People liv'd under ground, and happy dwellers,
 Whose jovial habitations were all cellars:
 Those primitive times were innocent, for then
 Man, who turn'd after fox, made but his den.

But see a fleet of vitals trim and fine,
 To court the rich Infanta of our mine,
 Hundreds of bold Leanders do confront,
 For this lov'd Hero, the rough Hellespont.
 'Tis an Armado royal doth engage
 For some new Helen, with this equipage:
 Prepar'd too, should we their addresses bar,
 To force this mistress with a ten years war;
 But that our Mine 's a common good, a joy,
 Made not to ruin, but enrich our Troy.

But oh! these bring it with them, and conspire
 To pawn that idol for our smoke and fire.
 Silver 's but ballast, this they bring on shore,
 That they may treasure up our better ore:
 For this they venture rocks and storms, defy
 All the extremity of sea and sky.
 For the glad purchase of this precious mold,
 Cowards dare pirates, misers part with gold.
 Hence is it, when the doubtful ship sets forth,
 The naving* needle still directs it North;
 And Nature's secret wonder to attest
 Our India's worth discards both East and West
 For Tyne. Not only fire commends this spring,
 A Coal-pit is a mine of every thing.
 We sink a Jack-of-all-trades shop, and found
 An inverse burse, an Exchange under ground.
 This Proteus Earth converts to what you 'll ha't,
 Now you may wear 't to silk, now coin 't to plate;
 And, what 's a metamorphosis more dear,
 Dissolve it, and 'twill turn to London beer:
 For whatsoe'er that gaudy city boast,
 Each month doth drive to our attractive coast.
 We shall exhaust their Chamber, and devour
 The Treasure at Guildhall, and Mint i' th' Tower.
 Our Staiths their mortgag'd streets will soon divide,
 Blazon their Cornhill-stella, share Cheapside:
 Thus shall our Coal-pits Charity, and Pity
 At distance undermine and fire the city.

* Perhaps "Moving needle."

Should

Should we exact, they'd pawn their wives, and treat,
 To swop those coolers, for our sovereign heat.
 'Bove kisses and embraces fire contralls,
 No Venus heightens like a peck of coals.
 Medea was the drug of some old fire,
 And Æson's bath a lusty Sea-coal fire.
 Chimneys are old men's mistresses, their inns*,
 A modern dalliance with their meazled shins.
 To all defects a Coal-heap gives a cure;
 Gives youth to age, and raiment to the poor.
 Pride first wore cloaths, Nature disdains attire,
 She made us naked, 'cause she gave us fire.
 Full wharfs are wardrobes, and the taylor's charm
 Belongs to the Collier, he must keep us warm.
 The quilted alderman, in all's array,
 Finds but cold comfort in a frosty day;
 Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet, with all this stir,
 Scarce warm when smother'd in his drowfy fur;
 Not proof against keen Winter's batteries,
 Should he himself wear all's own liveries:
 But chill-blains under silver spurs bewails,
 And in embroidered buck-skins† blows his nails.

Rich meadows and full crops are elsewhere found,
 We can reap harvests from our barren ground.
 The bald parch'd hills, that circumscribe our Tyne,
 Are no less pregnant in their happy mine.
 Their unfledg'd tops so well content our palates,
 We envy none their nosegays and their fallats.
 A gay rank foil like a young gallant grows,
 And spends itself that it may wear fine cloaths;

* "Sins" al. ed.

† "Buskins" al. ed.

Whilst all its worth is to its back confin'd,
 Ours wears plain out-side, but is richly lin'd.
 Winter's above, 'tis summer underneath,
 A trusty Morglay in a rusty sheath;
 As precious fables sometimes interlace
 A wretched serge, or grogram cassock case.
 Rocks own no spring, are pregnant with no showers,
 Crystals and gems are there instead of flowers:
 Instead of roses, beds of rubies set,
 And emeralds recompense the violet.
 Dame Nature, not like other madams, wears
 (Though she is bare) pearls in her breasts and ears.
 What though our fields present a naked sight,
 A paradise should be an Adamite.
 The northern lad his bonny lass throws down,
 And gives her a black bag for a green gown.

CONTENT. BY THE SAME.

FAIR stranger! winged maid, where dost thou rest
 Thy snowy locks at noon? or on what breast
 Of spices slumber o'er the fullen night?
 Or, waking, whither dost thou take thy flight?
 Shall I go seek some melancholic grove,
 The silent theatre of despair and love?
 There court the Bittern and the Pelican,
 Those airy Antipodes to the tents of man?
 Or, sitting by some pretty prattling spring,
 Hear hoarse Nyctimene her dirges sing?
 Whiles the rough Satyrs dance Corantoes to
 The chattering Semibriefs of her "Woo hoo, hoo?"
Or

Or shall I trace some ice-bound wilderness
 Among the caverns of abstruse recess,
 Where never prying sun, nor blushing day,
 Could steal a glimpse, or intersqueeze a ray?

If not within this solitary cell,
 O whither must I post? where dost thou dwell?

Shall I let loose the reins of blind desire,
 And surfeit every ravening sense? give fire
 To any train, and tire voluptuousness,
 In all her soft varieties of excess?

And make each day a history of sin?
 Drink th' *à la mort* Sun down and up again?
 Improve my crimes to such a roaring score,
 That when I die, where others go before

In whining venial streams, and quarto pages,
 My floods may rise in folio, sink all ages?

Or shall I bathe myself in widows' tears,
 And build my name i' th' curse of them and theirs?

Shipwreck whole nature to crawl out a purse
 With th' molten cinders of the universe?

Belch nought but ruin? and the horrid cries
 Of fire and sword? and swim in drowned eyes?

Make lanes to crowns and sceptres through th' heart's
 veins

Of Justice, Law, Right, Church, and Sovereigns?

No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way

Of Death, this scarlet streak'd Aceldama.

Shall I then to the house of mourning go?

Where the Salt-petre Vats do over-flow

With fresh supplies of grief, fresh tides of brine?

Or traverse the wide world in every line?

Walk

Walk through the bowels of each realm and state
Simpling for rules of policy, to create
Strange forms of government of new molds and wastes,
Like a French kickshaw of a thousand tastes?
Or shall I dive into the secrecy
Of Nature, where she most retir'd doth lie?
Or shall I waste the taper of my soul
In scrutinies, where neither Northern Pole
Nor Southern Constellation darts a light,
To constitute a latitude or height?
Or shall I float into the watery pale
Wan kingdom of the Moon, and there set sail
For all the Orbs? and keep high holy-day
With the Nectar tipling-Gods in th' milky way?
Swell Bacchus' tripes with a tun of lusty sack?
And lay the plump 'Squire flat upon his back?
O no, these revels are too short, too sour,
Too sad, hugg'd and repented in an hour.

Shall I then plough the seas to foreign soils,
And rake the pregnant Indies for hid spoils?
Or with the Anchorite abhor the eye
Of Heaven, and banish all society?
Live in, and out o' th' world? and pass my days
In treading out some strange mysterious maze?
Taste every human sweet, lily and rose,
With all the sharp guard that about them grows?
Climb where despair would tremble to set foot;
Spring new impossibles, and force way to 't?
Make the whole globe a shop of Chemistry,
To melt down all her atoms, and descry

The

The small Iota, that last pitied grain
Which the gull'd sons of men pursue in vain?
Or shall I grasp those meteors, Fame and Praise,
Which breathe by th' charity of the vulgar voice?
Pile honour upon honour, till it crack
The Atlas of my pride, and break its back?
Hold, Fancy, hold! for whither wilt thou bear
My sun-burnt hope to loss? 'Tis, 'tis not here.

Soar then, my soul, above the arched round
Of these poor spangled blisses: here 's no ground
To fix the sacred foot of pure Content,
Her mansion 's in a higher element.

Hast thou perceiv'd the sweetness of a groan?
Or tried the wings of Contemplation?
Or hast thou found the balm of tears, that press,
Like amber, in the dregs of bitterness?
Or hast thou felt that secret joy that flows
Against the tide of common overthrows?
Or hast thou known the dawning of a God
Upon thee, when his love is shed abroad?
Or hast thou heard the secret harmony
Of a calm Conscience, echoing in thee
A Requiem from above? a sealed peace
Beyond the power of Hell, Sin, or Decease?
Or hast thou tasted that communion
Between a reconciled God and Man?
That holy intercourse; those precious smiles
Dissolv'd in holy whisperings between-whiles?

Here, here 's the steps lead to her blest'd abode;
Her chair of state is in the throne of God.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

B Y T H E S A M E.

THE World's a gilded trifle, and the state
 Of sublunary blifs adulterate;
 Fame but an empty sound, a painted noise,
 A wonder that ne'er looks beyond nine days.
 Honour's the tennis-ball of Fortune: though
 Men wade to it in blood and overthrow;
 Which like a box of dice uneven dance,
 Sometimes 'tis one's, sometimes another's chance.
 Wealth but the hugg'd consumption of that heart,
 That travels sea and land for his own smart.
 Pleasure, a courtly madness, a conceit
 That smiles and tickles without worth or weight;
 Whose scatter'd reckoning, when 'tis to be paid,
 Is but repentance lavishly inlaid. [then

The World, Fame, Honour, Wealth, and Pleasure
 Are the fair rack and gemonies of men.

Ask but thy carnal heart, if thou should'st be
 Sole Monarch of the world's great family,
 If with the Macedonian Youth there would
 Not be a corner still reserv'd that could
 Another earth contain? If so, what is
 That poor insatiate thing we may call blifs?

Question the loaden Gallantry asleep;
 What profit now their Laurels in the deep
 Of Death's oblivion? What their Triumph was
 More than the moment it did prance and pass?

If

If then applause move by the vulgar cry,
Fame 's but a glorious uncertainty.

Awake Sejanus, Strafford, Buckingham,
Charge the fond favourites of the greatest name,
What faith is in a Prince's smile, what joy
In th' high and grand *Concilio le Roy*?
Nay, Cæsar's self, that march'd his honours through
The bowels of all kingdoms, made them bow
Low to the stirrup of his will and vote,
What safety to their master's life they brought,
When in the Senate in his highest pride
By three and twenty wounds he fell and died!
If Height be then most subjected to fate,
Honour's the day-spring of a greater hate.

Now ask the groveling soul, that makes his gold
His Idol, his Diana, what a cold
Account of happiness can here arise
From that ingluvious surfeit of his eyes?
How the whole man 's enslav'd to a lean dearth
Of all enjoyment for a little earth?
How, like Prometheus, he doth still repair
His growing heart to feed the Vulture Care;
Or, like a Spider's envious designs,
Drawing the threads of death from her own loins,
Torturing his entrails with thoughts of to-morrow,
To keep that mass with grief, he gain'd with sorrow?
If to the clinking pastime in his ears
He add the orphan's cries, and widow's tears,
The music 's far from sweet, and if you found him,
Truly, they leave him sadder than they found him.

Now touch the dallying Gallant, he that lyes
Angling for babies in his Mistrefs' eyes,
Thinks there 's no heaven like a bale of dice,
Six horses and a coach with a device,
A cast of lacquies, and a lady-bird,
An oath in fashion, and a gilded sword,
Can sinoak tobacco with a face in frame,
And speak perhaps a line of sense to th' same,
Can sleep a Sabbath over in his bed,
Or, if his play-book's there, will stoop to read,
Can kiss his hand, and *congé à la mode*,
And when the night 's approaching, bolt abroad ;
Unless his Honour's Worship's rent's not come,
So he falls sick, and swears the carrier home.
Else if his rare devotion swell so high
To waste an hour-glass on Divinity,
'Tis but to make the Church his stage, thereby
To blaze the Taylor in his ribaldry.
Ask but this Jay, when his distress shall fall
Like an arm'd man upon him, where are all
The rose-buds of his youth ? those antick toys,
Wherein he sported out his precious days ?
What comfort he collects from hawk or hound ?
Or if, among his looser hours, he found
One of a thousand to redeem that time
Perish'd and lost for ever in his prime ?
Or if he dream'd of an eternal bliss ?
He 'll swear, God d—n him ! he ne'er thought of this,
But, like the Epicure, ador'd the day
That shin'd, rose up to eat, and drink, and play :
Knows

Knows that his body was but dust, and die
It once must, so have mercy, and God b'w'y.

Thus having travers'd the fond world in brief,
The lust of th' eyes, the flesh, and the pride of life,
Unbias'd and impartially, we see
'Tis lighter in the scale than vanity.

What then remains but that we still should strive
Not to be born to die, but die to live?

THE GENERAL ECLIPSE.

BY THE SAME.

LADIES, that gild the glittering noon,
And by reflection mend his ray,
Whose beauty makes the sprightly fun
To dance, as upon Easter-day;
What are you, now the Queen's away?

Courageous eagles, who have whet
Your eyes upon majestic light,
And thence deriv'd such martial heat,
That still your looks maintain the fight;
What are you, since the King's good-night?

Cavalier-buds, whom Nature teems,
As a reserve for England's throne;
Spirits, whose double edge redeems
The last age, and adorns your own;
What are you, now the Prince is gone?

As an obstructed fountain's head
 Cuts the intail off from the streams,
 And brooks are disinherited;
 Honour and Beauty are mere dreams,
 Since Charles and Mary lost their beams.

Criminal Valours! who commit
 Your gallantry, whose Pæan brings
 A psalm of mercy after it;
 In this sad solstice of the King's,
 Your Victory hath mew'd her wings.

See how the Soldier wears his cage
 Of iron, like the captive Turk,
 And as the guerdon of his rage!
 See how your glimmering Peers do lurk,
 Or at the best work journey-work!

Thus 'tis a General Eclipse,
 And the whole world is *à la mort*;
 Only the House of Commons trips
 The stage in a triumphant sort:
 Now e'en John Lilburn take them for 't!

EPITAPH ON A DECEASED FRIEND.

BY THE SAME.

HERE lies the ruin'd cabinet
 Of a rich soul more highly fet.
 The dross and refuse of a mind,
 Too glorious to be here confin'd.
 Earth for a while bespake his stay,
 Only to bait, and so away:

So that what here he doted on
 Was meer accommodation.
 Not that his active soul could be
 At home, but in eternity.
 Yet, while he blest us with the rays
 Of his short continued days,
 Each minute had its weight of worth,
 Each pregnant hour some star brought forth.
 So whilst he travell'd here beneath,
 He liv'd when others only breathe:
 For not a sand of time slipp'd by
 Without its action sweet as high.
 So good, so peaceable, so blest,
 Angels alone can speak the rest.

BLACK EYES. BY THE SAME.

IN faith, 'tis true, I am in love;
 'Tis your black eyes have made me so,
 My resolutions they remove,
 And former niceness overthrow.
 Those glowing charcoals set on fire
 A heart, that former flames did shun,
 Who, as Heretic to desire,
 Now's judg'd to suffer martyrdom.
 But, Beauty, since it is thy fate,
 At distance thus to wound so sure,
 Thy virtues I will imitate,
 And see if distance prove a cure.

Then farewell, Mistress; farewell, Love,
 Those lately-entertain'd desires;
 Wise men can from that plague remove;
 Farewell, black eyes; and farewell, fires.

If ever I my heart acquit
 Of those dull flames, I'll bid a pox
 On all black eyes, and swear they're fit
 For nothing but a tinder-box.

UPON PHILLIS WALKING IN A MORNING
 BEFORE SUN-RISING.
 BY THE SAME.

THE fluggish morn as yet undress'd,
 My Phillis brake from out her East,
 As if she 'd made a match to run
 With Venus, usher to the Sun.
 The Trees, like yeomen of the guard
 (Serving more for pomp than ward),
 Rank'd on each side with loyal duty,
 Weav'd branches to enclose her beauty.
 The Plants, whose luxury was lopp'd,
 Or age with crutches underpropp'd,
 (Whose wooden carcases were grown
 To be but coffins of their own)
 Revive, and, at her general dole,
 Each receives his ancient soul.

The

The winged Choiristers began
 To chirp their matins, and the fan
 Of whistling winds, like organs, play'd
 Until, their voluntaries made,
 The waken'd earth in odours rise
 To be her morning sacrifice.
 The Flowers, call'd out of their beds,
 Start and raise up their drowfy heads;
 And he that for their colour seeks,
 May find it vaulting to her cheeks,
 Where roses mix; no civil war
 Divides her York and Lancaster.
 The Marygold (whose Courtier's face
 Echoes the Sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs, and shuts up her gaudy shop)
 Mistakes her cue, and doth display:
 Thus Phillis antedates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
 Who, fearing that his kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizled locks,
 To see what Saint his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves, through which he play'd,
 Dappling the walk with light and shade,
 (Like lattice-windows) give the Spy
 Room but to peep with half an eye,
 Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
 And bid us all good-night in him,
 Till she should spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what religious palsy 's this,
 Which makes the boughs divest their blifs?
 And, that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe?
 Phillis perceiv'd, and (lest her stay
 Should wed October unto May;
 And, as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

MOUNT IDA, OR BEAUTIES CONTEST.

B Y T H E S A M E.

THREE regent Goddesses they fell at odds,
 As they sat close in counsel with the Gods,
 Whose beauty did excel! And thence they crave
 A Moderator of the strife to have:
 But lest the partial Heavens could not decide
 The grudge, they stoop to mortals to be try'd.

Mantled in clouds, then gently down they fall
 Upon Mount Ida to appease the brawl:
 Where Priam's lovely boy sporting did keep
 His father's lambs and snowy flocks of sheep,
 His lily hand was soon ordain'd to be
 The harmless Umpire of the fond decree.

To him, to him, they gave the Golden Ball,
 O happy Goddess upon whom it fall!

But, more unhappy Shepherd! was 't not pity,
Thou didst not send it at a Close Committee?
There, there, thou hadst surpass'd what did befall;
Thou might'st have crowned One, yet pleas'd All.

First then imperious Juno did display
Her coronet of glories to the Boy,
And rang'd her stars up in an arched ring
Of height and majesty most flourishing;
Then wealth and honour at his foot did lay,
To be esteem'd the Lady of the day.

Next Pallas, that brave Heroína, came,
The thundering Queen of action, war, and fame,
Dress'd with her glittering arms, wherewith she lays
Worlds waste, and new ones from the dust can raise;
These, these, she tenders him advanc'd to be,
With all the wreaths of wit and gallantry.

Last Venus breaks forth of her golden rays,
With thousand Cupids crown'd, ten thousand Boys,
Sparkling through every quadrant of her eyes,
Which made her beauty in full glory rise;
Then, smiling, vow'd so to sublime his parts,
To make him the great Conqueror of hearts.

Thus poor distracted Paris, all on fire,
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to desire;
The sweet temptations pleaded hard for all,
Each Theatre of Beauty seem'd to call
For the bright prize: but he amazed, he
Could not determine which, which, which was she.

At

At last the Cyprian Girl so struck him blind
 In all the faculties of soul and mind,
 That he, poor captiv'd wretch, without delay
 Could not forbear his frailty to betray,
 But, maugre honour, wisdom, all above,
 He ran, and kiss'd, and crown'd, the Queen of Love.

Pallas and Juno then, in high disdain,
 Took snuff, and posted up to Heaven again,
 As to a high Court of Appeal, to be
 Reveng'd on men for this indignity.

“Hence then it happens that the Ball was lost,

“’Tis two to one but Love is always crost.”

FUSCARA, OR THE BEE ERRANT.

BY THE SAME.

NATURE'S Confectioner, the Bee,
 (Whose suckets are moist Alchemy,

The still of his refining mold
 Minting the garden into gold)

Having rifled all the fields
 Of what dainties Flora yields;

Ambitious now to take excise
 Of a more fragrant Paradise,

At my Fuscara's sleeve arriv'd,

Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.

The airy freebooter distrains

First on the violet of her veins,

Whose tincture could it be more pure,

His ravenous kiss had made it bluer:

Here did he sit, and essence quaff,

Till her coy pulse had beat him off;

That

That pulse which he that feels may know
 Whether the world 's long-liv'd or no.
 The next he preys on is her palm,
 That Almoner of transpiring balm;
 So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
 Tender as 'twere a jelly glov'd.
 Here, while his canting drone-pipe scann'd
 The mystic figures of her hand,
 He tipples palmestry, and dines
 On all her fortune-telling lines:
 He bathes in bliss, and finds no odds
 Betwixt this nectar and the gods'.
 He perches now upon her wrist
 (A proper hawk for such a fist),
 Making that flesh his bill of fare,
 Which hungry Cannibals would spare:
 Where lilies, in a lovely brown,
 Inoculate carnation:
 Her Argent skin with Or so stream'd
 As if the Milky way were cream'd.
 From hence he to the woodbine bends,
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 That runs division on the tree,
 Like a thick-branching pedigree.
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers;
 It is the rose that bleeds when he
 Nibbles his nice phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 I' th' fashion of a wedding-ring,

And

And bids his comrades of the swarm
 Crawl like a bracelet 'bout her arm.
 Thus when the hovering Publican
 Had suck'd the toll of all her span,
 (Tuning his draughts with drowsy hums,
 As Danes carouze by kettle-drums)
 It was decreed (that posy glean'd)
 The small Familiar should be wean'd.
 At this the Errant's courage quails,
 Yet, aided by his native fails,
 The bold Columbus still designs
 To find her undiscover'd mines :
 To th' Indies of her arm he flies,
 Fraught both with East and Western prize :
 Which when he had in vain assaid ;
 Arm'd like a dapper Lance-prefade,
 With Spanish pike he broach'd a pore,
 And so both made and heal'd the fore.
 For as in gummy trees there's found !
 A salve to issue at the wound,
 Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a balsam too.
 But, oh ! what Wasp was't that could prove
 Ravilliac to my Queen of Love ?
 The King of Bees, now jealous grown,
 Left her beams should melt his throne :
 And finding that his tribute slacks,
 His Burgeses and State of Wax
 Turn'd to an Hospital ; the combs
 Built rank-and-file like beads-men's rooms,

And

And what they bleed, but tart and four
 Matcht with my Danae's golden shower,
 Live honey all, the envious elf
 Stung her, 'cause sweeter than himself.

Sweetness and She are so ally'd,
 The Bee committed parricide.

U P O N A F L Y
 THAT FLEW INTO A LADY'S EYE,
 AND THERE LAY BURIED IN A TEAR.
 B Y T H E S A M E.

POOOR envious Soul ! what could'st thou see
 In that bright Orb of purity ?
 That active globe ? that twinkling sphere
 Of beauty, to be meddling there ?
 Or didst thou foolishly mistake
 The glowing morn in that day-break ?
 Or was 't thy pride, to mount so high
 Only to kiss the Sun and die ?
 Or didst thou think to rival all,
 Don Phaeton and his great fall ?
 And in a richer sea of brine
 Drown Icarus again in thine ?
 'Twas bravely aim'd *, and, which is more,
 Thou hast sunk the Fable o'er and o'er.

* This reminds one of the E. of Rochester's attempting to
 scale a lady's chariot, and failing in the attempt :

“ By Jove, 'twas boldly done,
 “ Thus to attempt the chariot of the Sun,
 “ And then to fall like Phaeton.” D.

For

For in the single death of thee
Thou hast bankrupt all Antiquity.

O had the fair Egyptian Queen
Thy glorious Monument once seen,
How had she spar'd what Time forbids,
The needless tottering Pyramids!
And, in an emulative chafe,
Have begg'd thy Shrine her Epitaph?
Where, when her aged marble must
Relinquish her honour unto dust,
Thou might'st have canonized her
Deceased Time's Executor!

To rip up all the Western bed
Of spices where Sol lays his head,
To squeeze the Phoenix and her nest
In one perfume that may write BEST,
Then blend the gallery of the skies
With her Seraglio of eyes,
T' embalm a name, and raise a tomb,
The miracle of all to come,
Then, then, compare it: here's a gem,
A pearl, must shame and pity them.
An amber drop, distilled by
The sparkling limbec of an eye,
Shall dazzle all the short essays
Of rubbish worth and shallow praise.

We strive not then to prize that tear,
Since we have nought to poise it here.
The World's too light. Hence, hence, we cry,
The World; the World's not worth a Fly.

SQUARE-

S Q U A R E - C A P . B Y T H E S A M E .

C O M E hither, Apollo's bouncing girl,
 And in a whole hippocrene of sherry
 Let 's drink around till our brains do whirl,
 Tuning our pipes to make ourselves merry;
 A Cambridge lass, Venus-like, born of the froth
 Of an old half-fill'd jug of barley-broth;

She, she 's my mistress, her suitors are many:

But she 'll have a Square-cap *, if e'er she have any.

And first, for the plush-fake, the Monmouth-cap comes,
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle,

With his new fangled oath "by Jupiter's thumbs,"

That to her health he 'll begin a pottle:

He tells her, that, after the death of his grannam,
 She shall have God knows what *per annum*.

But still she replied, "Good Sir, *La-be* †;

"If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me."

Thin Calot Leather-cap strongly pleads,

And would fain derive the pedigree of his fashion;

The Antipodes wear their shoes on their heads,

And why may not we in their imitation?

Oh, how the foot-ball noddle would please,

If it were but well tofs'd on Sir Thomas's lees.

But still she replied, "Good Sir, *La-be*;

"If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me."

* With the leave of the present Chancellor (the Duke of Grafton) all the under-graduates now wear square caps. D.

† Contraction of *Let be*; i. e. Desist, let me alone.

Next comes the Puritan in a Wrought-cap,
 With a long-waisted conscience towards a sister;
 And, making a chapel of ease of her lap,

First he said grace, and then he kifs'd her.
 "Beloved," quoth he, "thou art my Text!"
 Then falls he to Use and Application next.

But then she replied, "Your Text, Sir, I'll be;
 "For then, I am sure, you'll ne'er handle me."

But see where Sattin-cap scouts about,
 And fain would this wench in his Fellowship marry,
 He told her, how such a man was not put out,
 Because his wedding he closely did carry:
 He'll purchase induction by simony,
 And offers her money her incumbent to be.

But still she replied, "Good Sir, *La-be*;
 "If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me."

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his Round-cap,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
 The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
 And yet this wench he fain would have bridged.
 'Come leave these thread-bare Scholars,' quoth he,
 'And give me livery and seisin of thee!'
 "But peace, John-a-Nokes, and leave your oration,
 "For I never will be your impropriation.

"I pray you, therefore, good Sir, *La-be*;
 "For if ever I have a man, Square-cap for me."

A SATIRE. BY JOHN HALL.

PRAY let m' alone, what do you think can I
 Be still, while pamphlets thus like hailstones fly
 About mine ears? when every other day
 Such huge gigantic volumes doth display,
 As great Knockfergus self could hardly bear,
 Though he can on his knee th' ale-standard rear,
 To see such paper-tyrants reign, who press
 Whole harmless rhymes to death, which ne'ertheless
 Are dog'd by worser fates, tobacco can
 Calcine them soon to dust, the dripping-pan
 Pack them to th' dunghill, if they grocery meet,
 They do the office of a winding-sheet:

How

* This poet, who was born at Durham in August, 1627, after one year spent at St. John's College, Cambridge, removed to Gray's Inn, London, where he was called to the Bar; but entering into the politics of the Times, and writing on subjects of that sort, he attracted the notice of parliament, who sent him into Scotland to attend Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards distinguished him by other marks of favour: but being too much addicted to pleasure, he fell a sacrifice to its indulgence, and returning to his native city of Durham, died there, Aug. 1, 1656. In 1646, (during his short residence at Cambridge) being then but 19 years of age, he published his "Horæ Vacivæ, or Essayes," a sufficient proof of his abilities. His poems came out the same year. He published the first English version of Longinus, which he intituled "The Height of Eloquence, Lond. 1652,"

How better were it for you to remain
 (Poor quires) in ancient rags, than thus sustain
 Such antick forms of tortures, than to lie
 In sweating tubs, and thus unpitied fry,
 Y' are common-drudges of the world, if 't chance
 A pedant mend his shoes, you must advance

8vo. This he translated from the Greek, as he also did "Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras;" before which is an account of the ingenious translator and his works, by John Davis of Kidwelly, by whom it was published in 1657, 8vo. More of him and his writings may be seen in Wood's Athen. Oxon. 2d Ed. Vol. I. p. 534. The poems here reprinted are taken from a little volume (thus intituled, "Poems by John Hall, Cambridge, printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to the Univerfitie, 1646, for J. Rothwell at the Sun in Paul's Church Yard, to which in 1647 was added "The Second Booke of Divine Poems by J. H.") which is now become exceedingly scarce. Recommendatory verses are prefixed to it by Jo. Pawson (his tutor), H. More, W. Dillingham, W. Harrington, Ja. Windet, R. Marshall, T. Smithby, and Edw. Holland. In the second part of Cleiveland's Works, 8vo. 1687, (intituled "Cleiveland Revived;" which contains some pieces by Fletcher, Denham, Jasper Mayne, and Tho. Weaver, &c. see Wood, II. p. 317.) are the following poems by J. Hall, who seems to have formed himself on Cleiveland's model, viz. On a little Gentleman, p. 297. On an ugly Woman, p. 298. On Parsons, the great Porter, p. 302. To Chloris. [rather Julia] p. 309. Upon Wood of Kent, p. 315. To his Mistress, p. 334. On an Eunuch, p. 353. The Flight, p. 358. On a Burning Glasse, p. 375. Not to Travel, p. 377.

To

To Francfort mart, and there demurely stand,
Cloath'd in old fustian rags, and shake the hand
With every greasy Dutchman, who perhaps
Puts ye i' th' self same pocket with his scraps;
Or if you into some blind convent fly,
Y' are inquisition'd straight for heresy,
Unless your daring frontispiece can tell
News of a relic, or brave miracle;
Then are you entertain'd, and desk'd up by
Our lady's psalter and the rosary;
There to remain till that their wisdoms please
To let you loose among the novices:
But if you light at court, unless you can
Audaciously claw some young nobleman,
Admire the choicest beauties of the court,
Abuse the country parson, and make sport,
Chalk out set forms of compliments, and tell
Which fashions on which bodies might do well,
No surer paints my lady, than you shall
Into disgrace irrevocably fall:
But if you melt in oily lines, and swell
With amorous deep expression, and can tell
Quaint tales of lust, and make antiquity
A patron of black patches, and deny
That perrucks are unlawful, and besaint
Old Jesebel for shewing how to paint,
Then th' art my golden book, then may'st thou lie
Adorn'd with plush or some embroidery
Upon her ladyship's own couch, where ne'er
A book that tastes religion dares appear:

Thus must ye, wretched shreds, comply and bend
To every humour, or your constant friend
The stationer will never give you room,
Y' are younger brothers welcomest from home.
Yet, to speak truly, 'tis your just deserts
To run such various hazards and such thwarts,
Suppose ye that the world is peopled now
With cockneys or old women, that allow
Canon to every fable; that can soon
Persuade themselves the ass drank up the moon,
That fairies pinch the peccant maids, that pies
Do ever love to pick at witches' eyes,
That Monsieur Tom-thumb on a pin's-point lay,
That Pictrees feed the Devil nine times a day?
Yet such authentic stories do appear
In no worse garb than folio, and still bear
No meaner badge than Aristotle's name,
Or else descent from reverend Pliny claim;
One in a humour gives great Homer th' lye,
And pleases to annihilate poor Troy;
Another scourges Virgil, 'cause 'tis said
His fiction is not in due order laid:
This will create a monster, this will raise
A ne'er-found mountain, this will pour out seas,
This great Camillus to a reckoning calls,
For giving so much money to the Gauls,
This counts how much the state of Egypt made
Of frogs that in the slime of Nilus laid:
We 'll not digest these gudgeons, th' world is now
At age, if 't do not towards dotage grow,
That

That starch'd-out beard that fits i' the Porph'ry chair,
 And but for 's crown 's light headed, cannot err,
 Barthius has read all books, Jos. Scaliger
 Proportion'd lately the diameter
 Unto the circle Galileo's found,
 Tho' not drunk, thinking that the earth ran round;
 Tycho has tumbled down the orbs, and now
 Fine tenuous air doth in their places grow;
 Maurolycus at length has cast it even
 How many pulses journey 'tis to Heaven:
 A world of such knacks know we, think ye then:
 Sooner to peep out than be kick'd from men;
 Whether ye gallop in light rhymes, or choofe
 Gently to amble in a Yorkshire prose;
 Whether ye bring some indigested news
 From Spanish surgeons, or Italian stews;
 Whether ye fiercely raise some false alarm,
 And in a rage the Janizaries arm;
 Whether ye reinforce old times, and con
 What kind of stuff Adam's first suit was on;
 Whether Eve's toes had corns; or whether he
 Did cut his beard spadewise, or like a T:
 Such brokage as is this will never do 't,
 We must have matter and good words to boot,
 And yet how seldom meet they? must our rhymes
 Rally in tunes, but speak no sense like chimes?
 Grave deep discourses full as ragged be
 As are their author's doublets, you 'll not see
 A word creep in, that cannot quickly show
 A genealogy to th' ark of Noah,

Or, at the least, pleads not prescription
From that great cradle of confusion :
What pamphlet is there, where some Arabic
Scours not the coast ? from whence you may not pick
Some Chinese character or mystic spell,
Whereon the critics for an age may dwell,
Where there 's some sentence to be understood
As hard to find as where old Athens stood :
Why do we live, why do our pulses beat ?
To spend our bravest flames, our noblest heat,
On such poor trifles ? to enlarge the day
By gloomy lamps, yet for no other prey
Than a moth-eaten radix, or to know
The fashion of Deucalion's mother's shoe ?
It will not quit the cost, that men should spend
Themselves, time, money, to no other end ;
That people should with such a deal of pains
Buy knowing nothing, and wisemens disdains :
But, to prevent this, the more politic sort
Of parents will to handicrafts resort,
If they observe their children do produce
Some flashings of a mounting genius,
Then must they with all diligence invade
Some rising calling or some gainful trade,
But if it chance they have one leaden soul
Born for to number eggs, he must to school,
Especially if some patron will engage
Th' advowson of a neighbouring vicarage ;
Strange heedly heedly ! who would make his swine
Turn grey-hounds, or hunt foxes with his kine ?

Who

Who would employ his faddle-nag to come
And hold a trencher in the dining-room?
Who would engage Sir James, that knows not what
His cassock's made of, in affairs of state?
Or pluck a Richelieu from the helm, to try
Conclusions to still children when they cry?
Who would employ a country schoolmaster
To construe to his boys some new-found star?
Poor leaden creatures, yet shap'd out to rule,
Perpetual dictators in a school;
Nor do you want your rods, though only fed
With scraps of Tully and coarse barley bread;
Great threadbare princes, who like chess-kings brave
No longer than your masters give you leave,
Whose large dominions in some brew-house lies,
Asses command o'er you, you over boys;
Who still possess the lodgings next the leads,
And cheat your ladies of their waiting-maids;
Who, if some lowly carriage do befriend,
May grace the table at the lower end,
Upon condition that ye fairly rise
At the first entrance of th' potato pies,
And, while his lordship for discourse doth call,
You do not let one dram of Latin fall;
But tell how bravely your young master swears,
Which dogs best like his fancy, and what ears;
How much he undervalues learning, and
Takes pleasure in a sparrow-hawk well mann'd;
How oft he beats his foot-boy, and will dare
To gallop when no serving-man is near;

How he black berries from the bushes caught,
 When antidoted with a morning's draught;
 How, rather than he 'll construe Greek, he 'll choose
 To English Ovid's Arte into prose:
 Such talk is for his lordship's palate, he
 Takes much delight in such-like trumpery:
 But still remember ye forbear to press
 Unseasonably some moral sentences,
 Take heed by all means how rough Seneca
 Sally into your talk, that man, they say,
 Rails against drinking healths, and merits hate
 As sure as Ornis mock'd a Graduate;
 What a grand ornament our gentry would
 Soon lose, if every rug-gown might be bold
 To rail at such heroic feats: pray, who
 Could honour 's mistress' health, if this did grow
 Once out of fashion? 'las, fine idols they
 E'er since poor Cheapside Cross in rubbish lay,
 E'er since the playhouses did want their prease,
 And players lay asleep like dormouses,
 Have suffer'd too, too much, be not so sour,
 With tender beauties they had sent some power;
 Take that away, what do you leave them? what?
 To marshal fancies in a youngster's hat:
 And well so too, since feathers were cashier'd,
 The ribbands have been to some office rear'd;
 'Tis hard to meet a Lanispresado, where
 Some ells of favours do not strait appear
 Plaister'd and dawbed o'er and garnished,
 As feathers on a southern hackney's head,

Which

Which, if but tied together, might at least
 Trace Alexander's conquests o'er the East,
 Or, stitch'd into a web, supply anew
 With annuary cloaks the wandering Jew;
 So learn'd an age we live in, all are now
 Turn'd poets, since their heads with fancies glow;
 'Las, poets! yes! O bear me witness, all
 Short-winded ballads, or whate'er may fall
 Within the verge of three half quarters, say,
 Produce we not more poems in a day
 (By this account) than waves on waves do break,
 Or country justices false English speak?
 Suppose dame Julia's meslet thinks it meet
 To droop or hold up one of's hinder feet,
 What swarms of sonnets rise! how every wit
 Capers on such an accident, to fit
 Words to her fairship's grief! But if by fate:
 Some long presumptuous flit do boldly grate
 Don Hugo's doublet, there's a stir as though:
 Nile should his ancient limits overflow,
 Or some curs'd treason would blow up the state,
 As sure as gamesters use to lie too late:
 But if some fortune cog them into love,
 In what a fifteenth sphere then do they move?
 Not the least tittle of a word is set,
 That is not flank'd with a stout epithet,
 What rocks of diamonds presently arise
 In the soft quagmires of two squinting eyes?
 How teeth, discolour'd and half rotten; be
 Transformed into pearl or ivory?

How

How every word 's chang'd to a finest note,
 And Indian gums are planted in her throat !
 Speak in good earnest, are they not worse than boys
 Of four years old, to dote on painted toys ?
 Yet, O how frequent ! most our fages shake
 Off their old furs, and needs will laurels take,
 That it will be no wonder to rehearse
 The crab'dest of geometry in verse ;
 Or from the dust of knotty Suarez see
 A strange production of some poetry.
 But stay, too lavish Muse, where run you ? stay,
 Take heed your tongue bite not your cares away ;
 Besides, you 've other business, and you might
 More fitly far with tears than gall indite.

SONG. BY THE SAME.

DISTILL not poison in mine ears,
 Aerial Syrens ! nor untie
 These fable fetters : yonder spheres
 Dance to a silent harmony.

Could I but follow where you lead,
 Disrob'd of earth, and plum'd by air ;
 Then I my tenuous self might spread,
 As quick as fancy, every where.

But I 'll make fallies now and then ;
 Thus can my unconfined eye
 Take journey, and return again,
 Yet on her crystal couch still lie.

TO THOMAS STANLEY, ESQ.
BY THE SAME.

STARS in their rising little show,
And send forth trembling flames; but thou
At first appearance dost display
A bright and unobscured day:
Such as shall fear no night, nor shall
Thy setting be Heliacal,
But grow up to a fun, and take
A Laurel for thy Zodiac;
That all which henceforth shall arise
May only be thy Paralys.

THE MORNING STAR.

BY THE SAME.

STILL herald of the morn, whose ray
Being page, and usher to the day,
Doth mourn behind the fun, before him play;

Who sets a golden signal, ere
The bat retire, the lark appear,
The early cocks cry comfort, screech-owls fear.

Who wink'ft, while lovers plight their troth
Then fall'ft asleep, while they are loth
To part without a more engaging oath:

Steal in a message to the eyes
Of Julia, tell her that she lies
Too long, thy lord the fun will quickly rise.

Yet

Yet is it midnight still with me,
 Nay worse, unless that kinder she
 Smile day, and in my zenith seated be.

But if she will obliquely run,
 I needs a calenture must shun,
 And, like an Ethiopian, hate my fun.

T H E E R M I N E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

THE Ermine rather chose to die,
 A martyr of its purity,
 Than that one uncouth soil should stain
 Its hitherto preserved skin;
 And, thus resolv'd, she thinks it good
 To write her whiteness in her blood.
 But I had rather die, than e'er
 Continue from my foulness clear;
 Nay, I suppose, by that I live
 That only doth destruction give;
 Madman I am, I turn mine eye
 On every side, but what doth lie
 Within I can no better find,
 Than if I ever had been blind.
 Is this the reason thou dost claim
 Thy sole prerogative, to frame
 Engines against thyself? O fly
 Thyself as greatest enemy;
 And think thou sometimes life will get
 By a secure contemning it.

A P O.

A POETICAL PARLEY
WITH A THREADBARE CLOAK.

BY THOMAS JORDAN*.

CLOAK! (if I so may call thee) though thou art
My old acquaintance, pr'ythee, now let 's part;
Thou wert my equal friend in Thirty-one,
But now thou look'st like a mere hanger-on:

And

* Mr. Jordan was a performer belonging to the company at the Red Bull, and acted the part of Lepida in the tragedy of Messalina. He had the honour of reciting before King Charles the First a poem of his own, "at the Dedication of Mr. Tho. Bushe's Rock at Euston in Oxon, 1638, in the person of Calliope;" and was one of the few players and poets who lived to see the Restoration. In 1657 he published a comedy, intituled, "The Walks of Islington and Hogsdon, with the Humours of Woodstreet Compter," and a Masque called "Fancy's Festivals." He was also author of a volume, called "Wit in a Wilderneffe of promiscuous Poesie," addressed, "To the liberall Lover, charitable Cherisher, and pious Preserver of Industry, Honesty, chaste Ingenuity, Science and Civility, the much honored George Lord Bishop of St. Asaph." This volume is undated; but must have been published between 1660 and 1667, while Bp. Griffith filled the see of St. Asaph. In 1668 he published "Money is an Ass," a comedy. On the death of John Tatham Mr. Jordan became poet to the city of London, and regularly composed their pageants from the year 1671 to 1684, when it may be presumed, he died, and was succeeded by Taubman. Another dramatic production by Mr. Jordan, called "Love hath

And art so useleſs to me, I ſcarce know
 Sometimes, whether I have thee on, or no;
 But this I needs muſt ſay, when thou goeſt from me,
 Theſe ten years thou haſt been no burthen to me:
 Yet that 's thy accuſation, for if I
 Divorce thee from me, 'tis for levity;
 Thou haſt abus'd my bed, that is, thou haſt
 Not kept me warm when thou wert overcaſt:
 Transparent garment, proof againſt no weather,
 Men wonder by what art thou hang'ſt together;
 Nor can the eyes of the beſt reaſon pry
 Into thy new occult geometry.
 A fellow & other day but caſt his eye on,
 And ſwore I went mantled in dandelion:
 Another aſk'd me, who was ſomewhat bolder,
 If I did wear a love-bag on my ſhoulder;
 I fear a fire, as fair maids the ſmall-pox,
 And dare not look towards a tinder-box;
 Nor he that ſells them up and down, I know,
 If he come near it, 'tis but touch and go:

hath found out his Eyes," was once in the poſſeſſion of Mr.
 Warburton the Herald, but deſtroyed by the careleſſneſs of a
 ſervant. In the little volume of Jordan's poems are ſeveral
 to and from "his much honored Friend, Hen. Stoneſtreet,
 Gent. on London Bridge," the ſame, probably, whoſe poems
 are in my fifth volume, p. 73—81. There is alſo "an Epi-
 taph on Thomas Milward, Gent. whoſe face (by general con-
 ception) was very like that of K. Charles the Firſt;" and a
 very good one on Sir Nath. Brent, knt. LL. D. who died in
 1653. Jordan's "Encomium on Red Noſes" has much hu-
 morous merit. N.

A red

A red-fac'd fellow frights me, though some fear,
 That which makes his nose red, made my cloak bare;
 They say, my thick back and thin cloak appear
 Very like powder'd beef and vinegar.

Another vow'd (whose tongue had no restriction)
 It was no garment, but the poet's fiction.

Did ever man discover such a knack,
 To walk in querpō with a cloak on 's back?

A very zealous brother did begin
 To jeer, and say, "Sir, your original sin
 Is not wash'd out, (pray do not take it ill)
 I see you wear your father's fig-leaf still."

A scholar (in an elevated thought)
 Protested, "'twas the web Arachne wrought,
 When she contended with Minerva;" but

Another rascal had his finger cut,
 And begg'd a piece to wrap about it; thus
 You see, kind Cobweb, how they laugh at us:
 Good cambric lawn depart, let me not be
 For ever, thus fetter'd in tiffany:

Although I never yet did merit praise,
 I 'd rather have my shoulders crown'd with bays,
 Than hung with cypress, if this fortune be
 Always dependent upon poetry,

I would my kinder destiny would call
 Me to be one o' th' clerks of Blackwell hall;
 For though their easy studies are more dull,
 Yet what they want in wit they have in wool.

Once more farewell, these are no times for thee;
 Thick cloaks are only fit for knavery:

The

The only cloaks that now are most in fashion,
 Are Liberty, Religion, Reformation;
 All these are fac'd with zeal, and button'd down
 With jewels dropp'd from an imperial crown:
 He that would cloak it in the new translation,
 Must have his taylor cut it pulpit-fashion.
 Do not appear within the city, there
 They mind not what they are, but what men wear:
 The habit speaks the man; how canst thou thrive,
 Where a good cloak's a representative?
 The females will not wear thee, they put on
 Such cloaks as do obscure the rising sun.
 How canst thou hope for entertainment, when
 Women make cloaks even of committee-men?
 Farewell poor coverwit, upon this brier
 I'll hang thee up, if any do enquire,
 Where his brains were, that let his cloak there swing,
 Tell them his wits are gone a wool-gathering.

THREE EPIGRAMS, BY T. JORDAN.

1. **O**UR God and Soldier we alike adore,
 Just at the brink of ruin, not before:
 The danger past, both are alike requited;
 God is forgotten, and the Soldier flighted.
2. **RANT** is, they say, indicted for a Wit:
 To which he pleads "Not Guilty;" and is quit.
3. **A CAVALIER** did, in a highway theft,
 Lose one of 's arms, but his *right* hand was left.

TO THREE AMIABLE SISTERS,

WITH HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

BY MR. KYNASTON*.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful Love;
 And oh ! let pity your soft bosoms move.
 Whilst Hammond, hapless youth ! for Delia† burns,
 The plaintive Muse in sweetest accents mourns :
 What Belle so savage, but their force must own ?
 What heart that melts not, but an heart of stone ?
 Read then, and listen to the Muse's voice :
 Let this example sanctify your choice.
 When the fond youth his passion strives to prove,
 By Hammond's symptoms try the force of love :
 Mark well the speaking eye, th' impassion'd tear,
 The pulse quick-throbbing, and the sigh sincere.
 Then, then be banish'd every meaner guest,
 Nor avarice, nor ambition, fire your breast.
 Ye fairer Delias ! chuse the better part,
 Nor slight the youth who gives you all his heart ;
 But crown with mutual love the generous flame,
 And happier Hammonds shall record your name.

1755.

* Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford. To this gentleman I am happy thus publicly to return thanks for many obliging communications and useful hints in the progress of these volumes. N.

† Miss Catharine Dashwood, who died Feb. 17, 1779, one of the bed-chamber women to the Queen. N.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR

WITH A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

BY THE SAME.

THE Poets (fabling tribe!) aver,
 That once the ruthless God of War,
 (Who, bred amid the din of arms,
 Defy'd the power of Beauty's charms,
 And long had, proudly, scorn'd to wear
 The pleasing fetters of the Fair)
 Struck with the graceful air and mien,
 And roseate bloom of Cyprus' Queen;
 His savage fierceness all forbore,
 Subdued by Venus' magic lore;
 And soon became, her power to prove,
 A convert to the force of Love.

The wily Goddess then, 'tis said,
 All with an heavenly-temper'd braid
 Of net-work, circled him around,
 And to her snowy bosom bound;
 Secur'd the conquest of her eyes,
 And, by the rulers of the skies,
 From the fierce God of War so tam'd,
 Thenceforth was BEAUTY'S GODDESS nam'd.

Thus say the Poets — who in fiction,
 In figure, and in contradiction

To

To all the laws of modest Nature,
 Trick out a strange romantic creature,
 Which, after all they quaintly feign,
 No where exists, but in the brain.

Might I the genuine truth reveal,
 And would you listen to the tale;
 Would you, indulgently, supply
 Whate'er I pass in silence by —
 Whose was the dull, insensate breast,
 Which Beauty's power, at length confess'd —
 Who soon became, that power to prove,
 A convert to the force of love : —
 Would you conceive who 'tis I mean —
 The rest 'twere easy to explain :

“ The heavenly net-work, Venus' snare,
 Was this — A RINGLET OF HER HAIR :
 And She, to give her ALL her due,
 Some faint resemblance was of — YOU.”

1755.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

BY THE EDITOR.

YE serious few, who tread this sacred ground,
 In pensive Meditation's awful round,
 Regard this spot ; nor check the starting tear ;
 A Youth, whose merits claim it well, lies here :
 One who had scarce the joys of manhood tried ;
 He found them fading, clos'd his eyes, and died.

1765.

TO THE INGENIOUS AND LEARNED
DOCTOR MATANASIUS,
ON HIS MOST ELABORATE COMMENTARY
ON THE EXCELLENT MASTER-PIECE
OF AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR*.

BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

GREAT Matanase, in quest of this rich ore
You boldly have launch'd out new worlds t' explore.
You've found a fruitful foil by none yet trod,
Reserv'd for heroes, or some demi-god.
The product here you've bravely made your own,
And by just title you deserve a crown.

No

* Prefixed to the sixth edition of the "Chef d'Oeuvre
"d'un Inconnu. A la Haye, 1732." — Of this work the
following account is given by M. Camusat, in his "Critical
"History of Journals:" "Peu de livres ont eu le succès
"du 'Chef d'Oeuvre d'un Inconnu.' La Preface de la
"premiere édition nous fait comprendre que le commentaire
"du 'Chef d'Oeuvre' est imité d'après cette vaste compilation
"de notes qui fit naître en 1712 le 'Pervigilium Veneris'
"sous la forme d'un gros 'Variorum,' à la Haye chez
"Scheurler. Le 'Pervigilium' est une piece à la verité plus
"importante que la chanson de 'Catin Catos:' mais il
"falloit repandre le ridicule sur une compilation où l'on trou-
"voit beaucoup d'inutilités. Peu de personnes savent que le
"plan de commentaire de Maître Matanase sur le 'Chef
"d'Oeuvre'

No undisputed monarch govern'd yet,
With universal sway, the realms of Wit:

“ d'Oeuvre’ se fit à table au commencement de l’année 1714,
“ entre cinq ou six amis, qui la plupart travailloient alors au
“ premier Journal Littéraire. M. Themiseuil fut chargé de
“ l’exécution, et réussit admirablement. Ce que je viens de
“ rapporter peut expliquer ce qu’a dit l’Auteur de l’ ‘Etat de
“ l’homme’ dans le peché originel.’ Cet Auteur a cru desho-
“ norer le ‘Chef d’Oeuvre’ en disant, ‘que ce n’étoit qu’un
“ fruit de vint et quatre heures conçu à table entre la poire et
“ le fromage.’ Un tel mépris ne sert qu’à mieux faire l’éloge
“ de ce ‘Chef d’Oeuvre’, et de son Auteur.”

“ Je dois remarquer encore à l’occasion du ‘Chef d’Oeuvre’
“ que le ‘Spectateur’ Anglois a taché de l’imiter par une
“ chanson qu’il suppose deterrée dans quelque ancien Manu-
“ script, et qu’il accompagne de notes qui consistent unique-
“ ment en ces leçons connues chez les savans sous le nom
“ de ‘Variantes.’ Vois ‘Spectateur,’ tom. V. 15 discours.
“ Mais quelle différence entre l’imitation et l’original! La
“ chanson et le commentaire de l’Anglois n’ont rien d’agre-
“ able et de piquant; et le froid de l’original est fidèlement
“ conservé dans la traduction qu’on nous a donnée du ‘Spec-
“ tateur.’ Histoire Critique des Journaux, tom. II. p. 152.
“ n. 1. A Amsterdam, 1734.” — The English reader will
reflect that the writer is a Frenchman; and that a French-
man has no idea of the dry English humour, in which Ad-
dison (for “The Critique” referred to is his) so eminently
excelled.—For the communication of these remarks, and the
poem which gave rise to them (which I had barely mentioned
in vol. IV. p. 324), I am indebted to Mr. Kynaston.—The
Spectator alluded to (N^o 470) was published August 29, 1712;
the Commentary in the “Chef d’Oeuvre” not till 1714. N.

Nature could never such expence afford ;
 Each several province had a several lord :
 But now, become extravagantly kind,
 With all her treasures she adorns your mind :
 Her different powers are here united found,
 And you Wit's universal monarch crown'd.
 Your mighty sway your great desert secures,
 And every Muse and every Grace is yours.
 To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy ;
 Sated with this, you to another fly :
 So, Sultan like, in your seraglio stand,
 Whilst wishing Muses wait for your command :
 Thus no decay, no want of vigour find ;
 Sublime your fancy, boundless is your mind :
 Not all the blasts of Time can do you wrong ;
 Young, spite of age ; in spite of weakness, strong :
 Time, like Alcides, strikes you to the ground ;
 You, like Anteus, from each fall rebound.

HENRICUS DE BOLINGBROKE, ANNÆ *à Secretis*.

THREE POEMS BY COWLEY.

I. DE FELICI PARTU REGINÆ MARIÆ*.

DUM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
 Et populum pascit relligiosa fames,
 Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam :
 Pene iterum nobis, læte December, ades.

Ite,

* From the “ ΣΥΝΩΔΙΑ, five Musarum Cantabrigien-
 sium Conventus et Congratulatio, ad serenissimum Britan-
 niarum

Ite, quibus lufum Bacchusque Ceresque ministrant,
Et rifum vitis lacryma rubra movet.

Nos fine lætitiæ ftrepitu, fine murmure læti:

Ipfâ dies novit vix fibi verba dari.

Cum corda arcanâ faltant ftiva choreâ,

Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente fonet?

Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, falutem?

Sint mea pro tanto fobria vota viro.

Crede mihi, non funt, non funt ea gaudia vera,

Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera fuâ.

“ niarum Regem Carolum, de quinta fua fobole [Prinçefs
“ Anne], clariffima Principe, fibi nuper feliciffimè nata. Can-
“ tabrigiæ, 1637.” I doubt not but it will prove a pleafing
amufement to the curious reader, to trace the firft dawnings
of genius in fome of our firft-rate poetic characters; and to
compare them with the eminence they afterwards attained to,
and the rank they at laft held among their brethren of the
laurel. Some early fpecimens of Dryden’s genius have already
been given, vol. I. p. 181; and vol. II. p. 90. Thofe of Cow-
ley, here printed, abound with ftrokes of wit, fome true, but
the far greater part falfe; which thoroughly eharacterife the
writer, and may be juftly pronounced to point out his genius
and manner, in miniature. K.— This fpecies of entertain-
ment the kind attention of Mr. Kynafton (the friend to whom
I owe thefe remarks) enables me confiderably to extend, by
furnifhing the earlieft poetical productions of fome writers
who are now univerfally looked up to as excellent; none of
which are to be found in any edition of their refpective works.
In fuch juvenile performances, it is well obferved by an ad-
m’rable critic, “ the abfurd conceits and extravagant fancies
“ are the true feeds and germs, which afterwards ripen, by
“ proper culture, into the moft luxuriant harvefts.” See An-
nual Register, 1779, p. 180.

VICISTI tandem, vicisti, casta Maria ;

Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.

A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!

Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.

Jam tua plus vivit pictura ; at proxima fiet

Regis, et in methodo te peperisse juvat.

O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri !

O sancta hæc inter jurgia vetus amor !

Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro

Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille) placet.

Da veniam, hîc omnes nimium quòd fimus avari ;

Da veniam, hîc animos quòd fatiare nequis.

Cúmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux ferior annis)

In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,

Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago

Non minus in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.

ABRAHAMUS COWLEY, *T[rin]. C[oll].*

2. IN FELICISSIMAM REGINÆ MARIÆ.

FERTILITATEM*.

NATURÆ facies renovatur quolibet anno,
Et sese mirum fertilis ipsa parit.

Sic quoque Naturæ exemplar Regina, decusque,

In foetu toties se videt ipsa novam.

Penè omnem signas tam sæpè puerpera mensem,

Et cupit à partu nomen habere tuo.

Quæque tuos toties audit Lucina labores,

Vix ipsa in proprio sæpiùs Orbe tumet.

* From the "Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigi-
"ensibus pro novissimo Caroli et Mariæ Principe Filio,
"emissæ. Cantabrigiæ, 1640." K.

Fœcundam semper spectabis Jane, Mariam,
Sive hâc sive illâ fronte videre voles.

Discite, subjecti, officium : Regina Marito
Annua jam toties ipsa tributa dedit.

DUM redit à sanctis non fessus Carolus aris,
Principis occurrit nuntia fama novi.

Non mirum, existat cùm proximus ipse Tonanti,
Vicinum attingunt quòd citò vota Deum.

Non mirum, cùm fit tam sanctâ mente precatus,
Quòd precibus merces tam properata venit.

Factura ô longùm nobis jejunia festum !

O magnas epulas exhibitura fames !

En fundunt gemitum et lacrymarum flumina ; turbam
Cum Reginâ ipsam parturiîsse putes.

Credibile est puerum populi sensisse dolores ;
Edidit hinc mœstos flebilis ipse sonos.

A. COWLEY, A. B. *T[rin]. C[oll].*

3. UPON THE HAPPIE BIRTH OF THE DUKE*.

WHILST the rude North Charles his slow wrath
doth call,

Whilst warre is fear'd, and conquest hop'd by all,
The severall shires their various forces lend,
And some do men, some gallant horses send,
Some steel, and some (the stronger weapon) gold :
These warlike contributions are but old.

* Henry, who was declared by his father Duke of Gloucester in 1641, but not so created till May 13, 1659. He died September 13, 1660.—The verses are taken from the "*Voces Votivæ*," &c 1640. N.

That countrey learn'd a new and better way,
 Which did this royall Prince for tribute pay.
 Who shall henceforth be with such rage posselt,
 To rouse our English Lion from his rest?
 When a new sonne doth his blest stock adorn,
 Then to great Charles is a new armie born.
 In private births hopes challenge the first place:
 There's certaintie at first in the King's race;
 And we may say, Such will his glories be,
 Such his great acts, and, yet not prophesie.
 I see in him his father's boundlesse sprite,
 Powerfull as flame, yet gentle as the light.
 I see him through an adverse battel thrust,
 Bedeck'd with noble sweate and comely dust.
 I see the pietie of the day appeare,
 Joyn'd with the heate and valour of the yeare,
 Which happie Fate did to this birth allow:
 I see all this; for sure 'tis present now.
 Leave off then, London, to accuse the starres
 For adding a worse terrour to the warres;
 Nor quarrell with the heavens, 'cause they beginne
 To send the worst effect and scourge of sinne,
 That dreadfull plague, which, wherefoe're 't abide,
 Devours both man and each disease beside.
 For every life which from great Charles does flow,
 And 's female self, weighs down a crowd of low
 And vulgar souls: Fate rids of them the earth,
 To make more room for a great Prince's birth.
 So when the Sunne, after his watrie rest,
 Comes dancing from his chamber of the east,

A thousand

A thousand pettie lamps spread ore the skie,
 Shrink in their doubtfull beams ; then wink, and die:
 Yet no man grieves ; the very birds arise,
 And sing glad notes in stead of elegies:
 The leaves and painted flowers, which did erewhile
 Tremble with mournfull drops, beginne to smile.
 The losse of many why should they bemone,
 Who for them more then many have in one?

How blest must thou thy self, bright Mary, be,
 Who by thy wombe canst blesse our miserie?
 May 't still be fruitfull ! May your offspring too
 Spread largely, as your fame and virtues do !
 Fill every season thus : Time, which devours
 It's own sonnes, will be glad and proud of yours.
 So will the year (though fure it wearid be
 With often revolutions) when 't shall see
 The honour by such births it doth attain,
 Joy to return into it self again.

A. COWLEY, A. B. *T[rin]. C[oll].*

EPIGRAM*, BY MR. WALLER.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

SEDIBUS emigrans solitis, comitatus inermi

Rex turbâ, simplex et diadema gerens,
 Ecce redit bino Carolus diademate cinctus ;

Hæc ubi nuda dedit pompa ; quid arma dabunt ?

ED. WALLER, *Armiger, Coll. Regal.*

* From "Rex Redux;" being Cambridge verses on the
 return of Charles I. from Scotland, after his coronation there
 in 1633. See Gentleman's Magazine, 1780, p. 216. N.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS MARY*,
BY MR. EDWARD KING†.

QUALIS ab Oceano, rerum qui semen et auctor,
Exurgit laxis rubicunda Aurora capillis,
Exhilarátque novo perfusum lumine mundum,
Infantémque diem promit, cœlúmque serenat,
Nigrantes faciens non sponte rubescere nubes
Purpureis victas radiis : sic parvula nobis
Princeps, Lucinæ ac cœli dulcissima cura,
Reginæ ex utero prodit, magnæque superbâ
Lætitiæ nos lucē beat, rugasque resolvit

* Eldest daughter of Charles I. afterwards Princess of Orange, and mother of William the Third. It is remarkable that this Princess was married before she was ten years old, being born Nov. 4, 1631, and married May 2, 1641. D.

† From the “*Genethliacum illustrissimorum Principum Caroli et Mariæ à Musis Cantabrigienfibus celebratum. Cantabrigiæ, 1631.*”—The Publick will be pleased to find here some of the earliest poetical pieces of Edward King, of Christ’s College, Cambridge, that excellent youth, whose untimely death (for “he was drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas”) gave occasion to the admirable “*Lycidas*” of Milton. How well — “He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme,”

the elegant specimens here given abundantly testify; of which it is not easy to determine whether his Hexameters, his *Alcæic* Ode, or his *Iambics*, have the greater share of merit. Even his *Epigrams*, allowing the matter of them to be truly epigrammatic, shew the hand of a master; and the whole of his performances prove him to be possessed of a genius which was by no means over-rated, though honoured with the attention and the friendship of Milton. K. Cris-

Crispantes frontem, et contracti nubila vultûs.
 Nimirum partu datus est Tibi, Carole, primo
 Virtutis, Regni, et generosi Nominis Hæres,
 Qui regat invictos maturâ ætate Britannos.
 Hunc verò (voluit sic pronuba Diva) laborem
 Sume Tibi, soboles Borbonum augusta Maria;
 Quòd sit nempè tui non infima gloria sexûs.
 Infantis blandum hoc caput et cunabula cernis,
 Eximii teneros quæ servant corporis artus?
 Sic abdunt auri terræ nigra viscera venas:
 Sic solis facies nebulis elucet amicta:
 Lactea contemptas sic gemma intermicat algas.
 Non pretium, non artis honos, non igneus astri
 Splendor, et undantes aurato firmate vestes
 Tales nobilitant cunas: sed corpus in illis,
 Et pretiosorum membrorum gloria, et horror
 Infitus, et sacri cogens reverentia vultûs.
 Regia progenies, cui fata volentia flecti
 Cœlesti ex auro neverunt stamina vitæ,
 Propitii et risere dii, multoque favore
 Fulserunt placida optatis natalibus astra;
 Cresce vigenti ævo, faciliq̃ utare senectâ,
 Currentesq̃ æquent virtutes passibus annos.
 Has dotes, nî me Phœbea oracula fallant,
 Et Natura tibi, et donabit prodigus æther.
 Ipsa Venus roseo formabit pollice corpus,
 Et Nymphæ digitis fingentes membra venustis
 Ornatum nativum addent, inque ore sedebunt
 Mille tibi Charites: oculorum nobile fulgur,
 Dentis ebur, frontis nix, non mentita genarum

Purpura, quæcunque et divinæ gratia formæ est,
 Sponte Tibi, Princeps, inerit : præcordia Pallas,
 Limabit, Musæ linguam, Saturnia Juno
 Magnificum dabit incessum ; vis ignea mentis
 Cognatum in cœlum flammato ardore feretur.
 Tandem justa tuæ cùm vitæ adoleverit ætas,
 Externo Regi, felicitis lumine tædæ,
 Tunc faustus te junget Hymen, prægnansque frequenti
 Ipsa puerperio ditabis Regibus orbem.
 Fama tuum tollet nomen gemmantibus alis,
 Atque ubi mors veniet, Superis plaudentibus ipsis,
 Stella nova in cœlo virtute evecta nitebis.

DE PRÆMATURO REGINÆ ENIXU.

MIRARIS, quòd Te, illustris Regina, levârit
 Tam festinanti Conjuga Juno manu,
 Et præmaturæ compulsam in lumina vitæ
 Naturâ sobolem sic properante, paris ?
 Regius hic ortus, veréque heroicus : ipsis
 Plebeiis justo mense licet parere.
 Dissecto Cæsar Romanus ventre parentis
 Prodiit, et vitam de moriente tulit.
 Tu viva edûxti prærepto tempore prolem :
 Haud potuit nasci nobiliore modo.

EDV. KING, *Coll. Christi Socius.*

ON THE KING'S RECOVERY FROM THE
MEASLES*. BY MR. E. KING.

S O R S illa misera, et durus Epimethei status,
(Inauspicatâ qui reclusâ pyxide
Totum per orbem cuncta diffudit mala)
Attingit omnes, quos parens tellus alit.
Torquet catenâ ferreâ immitis Dolor;
Deturbat animum vanus et præceps Furor;
Carnifice nullum liberum Curâ caput.
Jubila, triumphos, gaudia minuunt Febres,
Alacrîsque frangunt mentis ardentem impetum.
Annos volantes turba Morborum incitat,
Suamque vitæ sæva brevitatem invidet,
Æterna tanquam sæcla pertimesceret.
Pars nulla nostri corporis morbo vacat;
Et mille sentit oculus ægritudines.
Et cum juventæ blanda mors pepercerit,
Longâ senectus morte perimit indies.
Conditio vitæ nulla, quin fati parem
Severitatem, ac tetricas leges ferat:
Ipsoque Reges jura Parcarum premunt,
Morbisque quatiunt; regnat in Reges febris,
Eosque cogit tremere, quos orbis tremit.

* From the "Anthologia in Regis Exanthemata: seu
"Gratulatio Musarum Cantabrigiensium de felicissimè con-
"servatâ Regis Caroli valetudine. Cantabrigiæ, 1632." K.

Chari

Chari bonique non salutem Principis
Vis ulla sceptri servat, aut ostrî nitor,
Altique fulgor gemmeus diadematis ;
Sed cura cœli, et maximi favor Dei.
Floret salute Principis Populi salus,
Idemque morbus Regis et Regni : vicens
Et vegeta salvo Rege stat Respublica ;
Illo jacente pallet, ac languens cadit :
Nam corpus angit maximè Capitis Dolor.
Cùm rediit alnum Regii vultûs jubar,
Quod nube fûrvâ texerat morbus gravis,
Mœroris abeunt pessimæ caligines,
Exul profundam tristitia noctem petit,
Gaudiaque geminat solida post morbum salus,
Et sanitatem firmat, ut Medici ferunt :
Tuamque firmet, Carole, quem nuper ferox
Violare morbus ausus ; at vitæ tamen
Ut in periculum venires, noluit.
Inopina venit, vidit, ac fugit Febris ;
Medicina nempe, vota populi fervida,
Precumque thura, et lacrymarum balsama :
Cui soli habemus gratias, Medicus, Deus.

E. KING, *Coll. Christi Socius.*

ON THE BIRTH OF JAMES DUKE OF YORK,
SON OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST*.

BY MR. E. KING.

— — — — — A N G L I A,
Felicittis confcia et tenax fuæ,
Jam gloriari cœpit, erectum caput
In astra torquens. Juſta fat animos dabat
Superbiendi cauſa, gemini Caroli,
Geminæ Mariæ: unde illa jam tandem ſibi
Utroque ſexu viſa erat dives ſatis;
Nec ergo votis protinus cœlum ſuis
Laceſſere auſa, definere voluit precum,
Non immodeſto læta ſub ſilentio.
Sed antevertit numinis facilis favor
Matura nondum vota, et infantis preces,
Quas paſſa nondum eſt copia ut adoleſcerent,
In gratias abire lætitiæ indices,
Teneraſque ſpes in gaudium ſolidum, jubet.
Paremus, et gaudemus, et quo poſſumus
Thure veneramur Principis cunas novi.
Urbs illa †, primus Arcticiæ ſplendor plagæ,
Elata faſtu, et nunc ſuo tumens Duce,

* From the “ Ducis Eboracenſis Faſciæ à Muſis Cantabrigienſibus raptim contextæ. Cantabrigiæ, 1633.” K.

† Eboracum. D.

Dominâ videtur vix sibi Augustâ * minor:

Totique regno gloriæ fulgor suæ

Apparet orbe major;

Et cuncta regna vincimus, quaquâ jacet

Flagrante curru flammeam Phœbus facem:

Nam parcus illis regius sanguis fluit;

Tyrannidem queruntur, aut bello fremunt.

Regina macte, tot neque jugalis tori

Pigeat laborum, nostra quibus oritur quies,

Titulosque comple Regiæ soboli datos.

A D R E G I N A M.

CUM regno indulges prolem, Regina Maria,

Ingenii et nobis vim paris inde novam;

Non in monte sopor, non laurus morsâ poëtas

Nos, aut Pyrenes pallida lymphâ facit;

Non Phœbi, infanos quæ vates entheat, aura:

Sed Lucina Tui sic repetita tori.

Mnemosyne Musas peperit fœcunda novenas:

Hæc in Te meruit fabula ficta fidem.

De Jovis exiluit Pallas vix una cerebro:

Ex utero prodit multa Minerva tuo.

ED. KING, *Coll. Christi Socius, Art. Mag.*

* Londinio. KING.

ON THE BIRTH OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH*.

B Y M R. E. K I N G.

AD REGINAM, ET ILLUSTRISSIMAM INFANTEM,
QUAM PEPERIT V CALEND. JANUAR.

MITESCIT auræ blandior halitus,
Et bruma partûs conscia regii
Frigus remisit, vinculisque
Præcipitant fluvii solutis.

Regina, quintæ jam sobolis Parens,
Lucina cujus fausta laboribus
Constanter indulget salutem ;
Quid Tibi tot populi rependent

Fœcunditatis præsidio tuæ
Securiores, milite quàm truci,
Circumflui aut fluctu profundi,
Aut ratibus numero tremendis ?

Jaçtare vires, Galle, soles tuas,
Molemque regni nobilis integram ;
Hispanus auro vincit orbem,
Et tremor est utriusque solis :

Munita condunt oppida Teutones ;
Audax superbit Belgia navibus ;
Et sancta majestas Cathedræ
Dat placidam Italiæ quietem :

* From the "Carmen natalitium ad cunas illustrissimæ
"Principis Elisabethæ decantatum intra Nativitatis Dom.
"solennia per humiles Cantabrigiæ Musas. Cantabrigiæ,
"1635." K.

Fœcunda Princeps nos Britonas beat,

Et conjugalis fidus Hymen tori,

Ac tutiùs, Regum, aula fulgens

Sanguine, quàm rutilantis ostri.

Tu macte proles fiderea, et licèt

Vagire cunis parvula splendidis

Digneris, ut surgas ad annos

Floridior, tibi fata debent!

Augusta surgas gloria virginum,

Captoſque Reges luminibus trahens,

Magnoque ſponſo nupta, et ipſa

Purpureos paritura reges!

ED. KING, *Coll. Chriſti Socius.*

ON THE BIRTH OF A PRINCESS,
THE FIFTH CHILD OF CHARLES I.*

BY MR. E. KING.

INEUNTE vere terra jam pandit finum,

Glebaſque molles ſolvit, et ſolis novi

Reſecta radiis, roribuſque gemmeis,

Aurâque Zephyri blandiore, femina

Commiffa reddit, atque fœcundum tumens

Eſſundit herbas, furculos, florum comas.

* From the “ΣΥΝΩΔΙΑ, five Muſarum Cantabrigienſium
“Concentus et Gratulatio ad ſereniſſimum Britanniarum Re-
“gem Carolum, de quinta † ſua ſobole, clariſſimâ Principe,
“ſibi nuper feliciffimè natâ. Cantabrigiæ, 1637.” K.

† This does not agree with the fifth line of p. 83. “quintæ
[—ſobolis—]” in 1637. But one perhaps was dead. D.

Et

Et Tibi, Maria, candidi veris tepor
 Laxavit uterum, Tuque victâ Chloride
 Conjuge Favonî, quæ cluet florum Dea,
 Formosiora lilia, et rosas paris.
 Regina mactæ : Principibus ex Te fatis
 Ditescat orbis, lacteasque Virgines
 Dona maritis Regibus : sanguis tuus
 Spargatur, ingens quâ patet mundi plaga,
 Populisque pacem fanciat frequens Hymen.
 Nec Tu, Maria, Carolo sponso invidere
 Viros feroces, arma, fulmineas rates :
 Tu ventre præstas, quicquid Ille classibus.
 Sic regna munis ; et senatûs integri
 Fœcunditati consilia cedunt tuæ.

ED. KING, *Coll. Christi Socius.*

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

BY MR. COTTON†.

MARS filet, et tōto ludit pax aurea cœlo,
 Cùm cingit teneram fascia prima Deam.
 Est Venus in cunis : posuit sua murmura Mavors,
 Ne Veneris sōmnum læderet ipse suæ.
 Ergo verecundi tenuêre silentia venti ?
 Et tu Musa strepis ? garrula Musa, tace.

JOANN. COTTON, *fil. et hæres* THO.

COTTON *Baronetti, Coll. Magd.*

* From the same collection “ ΣΤΥΝΩΔΙΑ, &c. Cantabrigiæ, 1637.” K.

† Of whom, see vol. I. p. 139. and vol. II. p. 154. N.

ON THE DEATH OF
GEORGE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

BY NATHANAEL LEE*.

ARISE, ye ghosts of ancient Heroes, fled
To shades below,
Where all things hush'd in silence gently flow;
Forfake awhile the mansions of the Dead:
In all your honours mantled,
With all your glories garnished,
With laurels crown'd, draw near,
Approach with panic fear;
Come all, with jealous wonder come,
And, kneeling, bow your heads before our General's tomb.
Bow: lest his powerful manes should start forth,
And, lightning all around,
Your formal pomp confound;
And totally eclipse your glimmering worth.

* From the "Musarum Cantabrigiensium Threnodia in
" obitum incomparabilis Herois ac Ducis illustrissimi Georgii
" Ducis Albæmarlæ [General Monk] regiarum copiarum
" Archistrategi, Regis, et Regnorum Magnæ Britanniae feli-
" cissimi Restauratoris. Cantabrigiæ, 1670."—These verses
are highly characteristic of the genius of the author; which,
as has been properly observed, vol. I. p. 47, was "turgid, un-
" bridled, and apt to break the bounds of sense." K.

Your

Your urns decay, your honours die,
Nor can your memory
Flourish eternally ;
In you these were immoderate desires :
But He, this mighty HE,
Shall shine beyond posterity,
Encircled all about with loyal fires.

That which we real virtue call,
Did only rest
Within the bulwark of his generous breast ;
For you are fictions all,
He the true General.
Cæsar and Pompey could not bear the hate
O' th' Gods, but sunk beneath the weight,
Murmuring at Fate :
But This, the man so worthily admir'd,
Smil'd at the shock of death, and peacefully retir'd.

Sorrow in purple clad,
With royal gravity array'd,
To 's mighty hearse did come,
Attended by the beauties of the court
In solemn form, and melancholy sort.
All fate and sigh'd their woe,
Stunn'd by this fatal blow.
Greatness and Goodness wept about the room ;
Princes with terror did behold his fall,
Staggering beneath so great a funeral.

But oh !
What pen, what tongue can show
Infinite woe ?
The Earth, which lately was o'erspread
With a vast icy coverlid,
Which Nature had awhile obdurate kept,
At such, so great a loss did seem concern'd ;
She thaw'd o' th' sudden, wept,
And her great bowels with compassion yearn'd.

Farewel, great Conquerour,
Our better genius, and our morning star ;
Who having chac'd with happy war
Usurping fires away,
Did usher to his throne
Our long-expected Sun,
With golden beams to crown and blefs the day :
Then with the kindest aspect hurl'd
O'er England's every part,
On every English heart,
He shot away to gild the other world.

NATHANAEL LEE, A. B. *Trin. Coll.*

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE LADY MARY,
WITH THE PRINCE OF ORANGE*.

BY GEORGE GRANVILLE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS LORD LANSDOWNE.

O MANSURA Domus! non exit Pronuba Juno
Quàm Lucina suum Juno peregit opus:
Sic frondet ramis semper felicibus arbos,
Quæ croceos foetus fert, viridesque simul.
Non temerè est, Frater† quòd tam opportunus in ipsum
Conjugium erupit, lætitiæque dedit.
Progeniem invictam hinc fore, foecundosque Hymenæos
Ille repromittit, masculus ille puer:
Progeniem certè Angelicam, quam proferet olim
Pulchrior Hæc sexu, fortior Ille suo.
Sit faustum hoc, precibus, Deus, O si flecteris ullis;
Omne tam læto nubat et Anna soror!

GEORGIUS GRANVILLE, *Nobilis è Coll. Trin.*

* From the “Epithalamium in desideratissimis Nuptiis serenissimorum et illustrissimorum Principum Gulielmi Henrici Arausii et Mariæ Britanniarum ab Academia Cantabrigienfi decantatum. Cantabrigiæ, 1677.” — When it is considered that the author was then but ten years of age (still two years earlier than the time of his repeating the verses to the dutchess of York) the severity of criticism must certainly be disarmed. This little copy of verses is at the same time a proof that this young writer was of Trinity College, a circumstance not noticed by his great Biographer. N.

† A son, the duke of Cambridge, was born to the duke of York at the time of the lady Mary’s marriage. K.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,
AND THE LADY ANNE*.

BY CHARLES MONTAGU,
AFTERWARDS LORD HALIFAX.

I.

HINC, hinc, Camœnæ, cedit inutiles,

Nam cor potenti numine gaudium

Afflavit, exultansque pectus

Corripuit meliore flammâ.

Talesque cantus fundere gestio,

Ismene, quales auribus hauseras

Utrisque, quandò Dithyrambis

Pindarus incaluit solutis.

Dum nescit æquo flumine gaudium

Prolabi, et arctis limitibus, vagè

Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorsum,

Vorticibus furit inquietis.

Adsis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,

Adsis, Cupido, illabere pectori:

Dum personamus te, decoris

Carminibus, bona Cypris, adsis.

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683." — See an English poem by Mr. Montagu, on the same occasion, in the "English Poets," vol. XII. p. 220. This Latin Ode (or rather MEDLEY) is much better than his English piece. K.

Cypron beatam sperne volatilis,
Huc, huc Amorum septa cohortibus,
Molire gressus, ad Britannos
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.

Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte fereni
Diva vocata venit?

Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
Tranat inane rotis.

Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima, Martem
Qualis adire solet.

Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
Spargit ubique Jocos.

Lascivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliusque puer.

Adventu dispersa Deæ sunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuère minis.

Dum Nymphas una ante alias formosior omnes,
Dignaque cura Deæ,

Sic pæana canit, cœlum et modulamine complet
Vox fociata lyræ:

“Egregiam laudem, Venus, et spolia ampla refertis.
Tuque, Puerque tuus; si Virgo Britannica victa,
Agnoscat numen (mentem jam faucibus) vestrum.
Si votis, si sæva ullis insueta moveri,
Aut precibus præbere suas tractabilis aures,
Illum jam sentit, quem non miserata furorem est.

Fervidus et Daniæ Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
(Detestata Tibi) pictis et splendor in armis,
Qui nec militiam vestram, nec castra, Cupido,

Novit,

Novit, sed flammæ et inania spicula risit,
 Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
 Jam Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
 Extendit palmas ad numina læsa rebelles.

Jam non bella placent, et lituo lyram
 Præfert, atque caput Itali casside ferreâ
 Urgeri solitum, divitis Itali

Unguentum redolens, suæ

Reclinat gremio Conjugis ; immemor
 Somni, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
 Perlustrat, roseis oscula quæ labris

Libavit sitiens bibit,

Deponitque gravi militiâ latus
 Defessum in thalamo lætus amabili :
 Hæc mercede juvant vulnera, sic caput
 Objecisse periculis.

Plaudit, Dione, læta Britannia,
 Olim cruentum nec meminit mare,
 Fusosve Cives indecorè, aut

Regna Dano populata forti ;

Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia
 Pulchris ocellis Anna, Georgium
 Ducensque captivum catenis,
 Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

Tuisque surgit laudibus Hæffnia,
 Volvendo retrò secula præcinens,
 Cum Cimber Anglo junctus omni
 Det trepido sua jura Mundo.

Iö Dione! Suecia jam canit,
Pulsos colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.

Vos, Par beatum, ter, ter et ampliùs,
Vos obligatam ferte Deæ dapem,
Semperque amantes Hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate plaufu!"

CAROLUS MONTAGU, *Generosus, et A. M. Trin. Coll.*

ON THE MARRIAGE OF GEORGE PRINCE
OF DENMARK, AND THE LADY ANNE*.

B Y M R. P R I O R.

CONjunctum Veneri Martem, Danosque Britannis
Dum canit altisonis docta caterva modis,
Affero sincerum culto pro carmine votum,
Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.

Vivant

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683." This copy, notwithstanding the signature, is beyond a doubt the property of the facetious MATT Prior. — Hear my reasons. — It appears from a copy of Prior's admission, printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1779, p. 640, that Prior was admitted of Saint John's in Cambridge, April 2, 1683; and on the 3d of that month was appointed a SCHOLAR of the house, on the Dutcheſs of Somerſet's foundation, by her Grace's own nomination. — Now this year 1683 is the year of the Publication of the Cambridge Verſes on the Marriage of the Prince of Denmark. — PRIOR's copy has the ſignature of a SCHOLAR of St. John's College. The reaſon of the miſtake in the *chriſtian* name I take to be this.

—All

94 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Vivant Ambo diu, vivant feliciter, opto;
 Diligat hic Sponsam, diligat illa Virum.
 Junctos perpetuâ teneas, Hymenæe, catenâ;
 Junctos, Juno, die protege; nocte, Venus!
 Exultent simili felices prole Parentes,
 Ut petat hinc multos Natio bina duces!
 Cumque senes pariter cupiant valedicere terris,
 Nè mors augustum dividat atra jugum:
 Sed qualis raptum transvexit currus Elijam,
 Transvehat ad superas talis utrumque domos!

A. PRIOR, *Coll. Div. Job. Alumn.*

— All our College Exercises are given up, signed only, by us, with our SURNAME. — The Dean of the College, to whom, in right of his office, Prior's Verses were delivered, not knowing, or mistaking Prior's name, who was then a Freshman, marked them with A. instead of M. when he gave them in to the UNIVERSITY INSPECTORS for their approbation: or, probably, he might have made so awkward an M. that THEY MISTOOK it for an A. — For the Verses themselves, I have not, as I before observed, the least doubt but they are HONEST MATT'S: and hope you will restore them to him. — They bear INTERNAL evidence of their being written by one, though a Freshman, *used to write Latin Verse*; and to write it too, in a *Great School*, under a *Great Master* — as was Prior's — Dr. Busby. There is a classical terseness in the diction; and ease, and harmony in the Numbers. And the distant imitation of Martial's admirable lines on the HAPPY MARRIED PAIR — or rather the ALLUSION to that excellent little piece (for it can hardly be called an IMITATION of it) shews the TASTE of a MASTER, at the YEARS of a BOY, and is not unworthy the NAME, or the FAME of PRIOR. K.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF GEORGE PRINCE
OF DENMARK, AND THE LADY ANNE*.

B Y M R, S T E P N E Y.

Circumvolantum blanda Cupidinum
Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,

Dum sævientis flagra dextræ

Chaoniæ metuant Columbæ.

Seu, ne jugales heu ! nimium pigros

Damnent Amantes, ociùs, ociùs

Impelle currum fortiori

Remigio volitans Olorum.

Junctum marinæ Pelea Conjugi †,

Senique junctam Cyprida Troico,

Delira ne jactet vetustas,

Connubio superata nostro :

Illuf-

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigienfis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."—"It is reported, says Dr. Johnson, that the juvenile compositions of Stepney *made grey authors blush*. I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age. One cannot always easily find the reason for which the world has sometimes conspired to squander praise. It is not very unlikely that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote ; and the performances of youth have many favourers." The present poem is earlier than any one by Stepney in the "English Poets," and will therefore without doubt be acceptable to the publick. N.

† Mr. Addison has made a fine use of the same allusion, in his beautiful verses to Kneller—

"The troubled Ocean's Queen

Match'd with a Mortal," &c.

But he had the advantage of being able to add,

"—her short-liv'd darling son." D.

Illustriori stemmate regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens;
Virtute et Ænean Nepotes,
Viribus et superent Achillem.

Quin bellicosæ gloria Cimbriæ,
Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,
Ira, horror, et vultus minaces
In Dominae tumultentur ulnis.

Cessate lites; spicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi; libret et unicus,
Præbent Puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus sagittas!

Quàm dulce vultu virgineo rubet
Pandora! (quantum, dum rubet, allicit!)
Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam
Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis:
Nec non Tonantis pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacæna nunquam damna modestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ si puer huc vagus
Errâisset, ardentes videret
Funere tergemino penates,

Flammæque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet? quis timeret
Oenomai fremitum sequentis?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò: fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuere tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, et
Basiolis superate conchas.

Cum dextra Cœli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britanniaë
Oblita, et hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem aut secundum;

Te, spes ruentis faustior imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves:
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris et os referant Puellæ.

GEORGIUS STEPNEY *, *Coll. Trin.*

* The intrinsic excellence of this Ode will recommend it as a proper supplement to the poem on the Death of King Charles, inserted in vol. IV. p. 315. K.

ON THE BIRTH OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. SAMUEL WESLEY†.

WHEN Ariosto in the fields of light
Look'd down, and saw our under-world so bright,
Soon did he in our joys and triumphs share,
Soon knew of Este's and England's wondrous heir;
Resolv'd his vocal picture fame should give,
And with his great forefathers make him doubly live.
And now he strikes some soft, some mighty thing,
Soft as his own Italian Virgins sing:
Divinely mix'd the great and good appear,
And all alike is scatter'd every where.
What should it mean? but need it twice be seen?
Each stroke, each line confesses—'Tis the Queen.
Her face, as if she brought great James a boy,
Almost by turns discovering pain and joy.
'Thus Semele with pangs and thunder strove,
And thought her life too cheap to give an heir to Jove.
What has he done? such dazzling lustre shin'd
Around her eyes, there's not one grace behind,
And yet the royal father's not design'd.

Yet }

* From the "Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiæ Oxoniensis in
"cellissimum Principem. Oxonii. 1688." K.

† This excellent Divine was born at Winterborn Whit-
church in Dorsetshire, of which his father was vicar; and ad-
mitted of Exeter College, Oxford, 1684; was rector of
South Ormesby and Epworth, in the county of Lincoln; and
died April 25, 1735. He was a very voluminous author;
having published, besides other things, "Maggots, or Poems on
several

Yet he recovers all:—his pencil spread
 A modest veil around his radiant head:
 He shades what was too bright to be express'd,
 And in his little image speaks the rest.

'Tis done: each look, each glance, must needs surprise;
 His father's soul shines through his mother's eyes.
 The planets in his composition strove,
 And form'd him all of bravery and love.
 Thus look'd great James, when he in Dunkirk field
 Before hard fate retir'd, but could not yield:
 Or when his thunders, at Batavia hurl'd,
 Pale Neptune scar'd, and all his watery world.

several subjects, 1685," 8vo; "Elegies on Queen Mary and Archbishop Tillotson, 1695," folio; "The Life of Christ, an heroic Poem, 1693," folio; reprinted with large additions and corrections in 1697; "The History of the New Testament, in Verse, 1701," 12mo; "A Treatise on the Sacrament;" and "Dissertationes in Librum Jobi," for which last proposals were circulated in 1729, and which were finished after his death, by his son Samuel, 1735. His poetry, which is far from being excellent, incurred the censure of Garth; but he made ample amends for it by the goodness of his life, and the "Dissertations upon Job." He left a very numerous family of children; four of whom are not unknown in the annals of English literature; viz. 1. Samuel, sometime usher of Westminster school, author of an excellent Poem, called "The Battle of the Sexes," and several humorous tales, printed, together with other poems by him, in 4to. in 1736, and afterwards in 12mo. He died Nov. 6, 1739, being at that time head master of Tiverton school. 2, 3. John and Charles, the two celebrated Methodist Preachers. 4. Mrs. Wright, authoress of several Poems printed in the sixth volume of the Poetical Calendar. N. He

He 'as finish'd all : now the great work is past,
Which Fate has said shall Time and Age outlast :
Each piece of his creation he review'd,
And knew their worth, and dar'd pronounce them good.
“ Hail, child of miracles !” all rapt he cried ;
Hail, son of prayers we thought too long denied !
I feel, I feel the rising God within :
There, there I see the glorious mystic scene.
In decent ranks each coming bliss appears,
And in their hands lead up the harness'd years.
Here he defends his father's mighty throne ;
And there he conquers others of his own :
Here rides in triumph o'er the watery plain,
And vindicates his title to the main ;
And there so thick the vanquish'd colours lie,
As if each foldier beat a company.
Here, when his arms have given Europe peace,
And rugged war's tumultuous glories cease,
I see his valiant brothers, yet to come,
Share in his triumphs, and attend him home.
I see thy loyal waters, Isis ! mov'd
(For never English prince but Isis lov'd)
When he comes there : these venerable men,
Who met great James, how do they crowd again !
Again each cluster'd street and house prepare,
With flowers and hearts t' attend great James's heir.
The lively youths their valour fain would try,
And almost wish for some new enemy ;
Greater than him * who but too quickly fell,
Whom they prepar'd to entertain so well.
Soft music plays ; and yet a brighter scene,
And a new face of things and a new world begin.

* D. of Monmouth. D.

Rivers of honey and of nectar glide
 Along the laughing fields, and by their side
 Fair troops of happy, thoughtless lovers stray,
 And look, and smile their flowing hours away.
 Kind Peace and heavenly Friendship here shall reign,
 And bring the blissful golden age again.
 No cloudy forehead, no contracted brow,
 No scar of all those wounds are bleeding now,
 Almost I'd leave Elysium here to stay—
 But Fate too soon recalls—I must away—”
 He said; when o'er the hills he saw the rising day:
 Then in those flames, which joys like his express'd,
 He mounts, and fills his seat among the blest'd.

SAM. WESLEY, A. B. of *Exeter Coll.*

TO THE QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II*.

BY MR. HIGGONS.

THE Heavens at last the mighty work have done,
 Have blest'd your womb, and given the King a Son.
 Long we expected, and impatient grew;
 And quarrel'd Heaven for being unjust to you:
 But mighty things take longer time to frame,
 Than those of lesser note, and lesser fame.
 The amorous Jove three nights compell'd in one
 To bless the fair Alcmena with a Son,
 Though he was not for half so much design'd,
 But to tame brutes—This Prince to rule mankind.
 So Heaven awhile stood in suspense to find
 Out bright materials for so brave a mind.

* From the “*Illustrissimi Principis Ducis Cornubiæ et Comitum Palatini, &c. Genethliacon. Cantabrigiæ. 1688.*” See some account of Mr. Higgons, vol. I. p. 128. and vol. III. p. 312. K.

For Kings are cast with more peculiar care;
 That they on earth who their Vicegerents are,
 Should, like those Gods they represent, appear.

But at thy birth why did no Star attend,
 To tell what fortune the kind Gods would send?
 Thy glorious * Uncle was conducted in
 By shining lights which at mid-day were seen;
 Though he to Heaven was not more dear than you,
 Nor born, great Babe, more miracles to do.

Go on, illustrious Queen, be fruitful still
 Each year, and, like the Gods' great Mother, fill
 The world with Princes sprung from you, as she
 The seats above with her blest progeny;
 Till the thrice happy James has counted more
 Than to great Edward fair Philippa bore;
 Till from your heavenly bed we happy count
 A young Black Edward, and a John of Gaunt:
 When led, we hope, by your victorious son
 To gain the lilies, which those heroes won.
 The house of Stuart, and of Estè join'd,
 Assures the world the best of human kind;
 And royal blood which in his veins doth run,
 Doth promise all that can by man be done.
 Then hear, ye Gods, a humble Muse's prayer:
 (For ye, O Gods, are still the Muse's care)
 We to the world commend your deathless names;
 We form your thunder, and destructive flames:
 May he but to his father's virtues soar,
 We'll Heaven acquit, for Heaven can give no more!
 BEVILL HIGGONS, *Fellow-Commoner of Trinity Hall.*

* King Charles the Second. D.

O N

ON THE BIRTH OF A PRINCESS,

THE FIFTH CHILD OF CHARLES I*.

BY MR. CRASHAW †.

Principi recens natæ omen maternæ indolis.

CRESCE, ô dulcibus imputanda Divis,
 O cresce, et propera, puella Princeps,
 In Matris propera venire partes.
 Et cùm par breve fulminum minorum,

Illinc

* From “ΣΥΝΩΔΙΑ, sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium
 “Concentus et Gratulatio ad serenissimum Britanniarum Re-
 “gem Carolum, de quintâ suâ sobole, clarissimâ Principe,
 “sibi nuper felicissimè natâ. Cantabrigiæ, 1637.” K.

† This writer, who was in his life-time honoured with the
 friendship of Cowley, and since his death by the praise of Mr.
 Pope, who condescended both to read his poems and to bor-
 row from them, was the son of an eminent divine, and was edu-
 cated in grammar learning in Sutton's Hospital, called the
 Charter-House. From thence he removed to Pembroke Hall,
 Cambridge, of which he became a scholar, and afterwards to
 Peter House, where he was chosen a fellow. At this place,
 as in the former, he was distinguished for his Latin and Eng-
 lish poetry. He took the degree of Master of Arts; but being
 soon after ejected from his fellowship for denying the cove-
 nant, during the time of the civil wars, he was reduced to
 great indigence. At length he took the resolution of going
 beyond sea, and changed his religion, but without obtaining any

Illinc Carolus, et Jacobus indè,
 In Patris faciles subire famam,
 Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
 Cùm terror facer, Anglicique magnum
 Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
 Latè Bosporon, Ottomannicasque
 Non ficto quatiet tremore Lunas;
 Te tunc altera, nec timenda paci,
 Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici
 Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
 Latè dulcia fata dissipabis.
 O cùm flos tener ille, qui recenti
 Pressus fidere jam sub ora ludit,
 Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
 Evolvat latus aureum per ignes;
 Quique imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
 Puris expatiabitur genarum
 Campis imperiosior Cupido;
 O quàm certa superbiore pennâ
 Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
 Exultantibus hinc et indè turmis,
 Quoquò jusseris, impigrè volabunt!

advantage from it, as in 1646 he was discovered at Paris in a miserable condition by Cowley, who recommended him to Queen Henrietta, and by her means he obtained letters of recommendation to several persons in Italy, whither he soon went. On his arrival at Rome he became secretary to a cardinal there, and in the end one of the canons or chaplains of the church of Loretto, where he died in 1650. Mr. Pope's character of him may be seen in the 26th Letter to Mr. Cromwell. R.

O quot

O quot corda calentium deorum
 De te vulnera delicata discunt !
 O quot pectora Principum magistris
 Fient molle negotium sagittis !
 Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
 Cui Matris finus atque utrumque fidus
 Magnorum patet officina Amorum ?
 Hinc fumas licet, ô puella Princeps,
 Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetrâ.
 Centum fume Cupidines ab uno.
 Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
 Et centum Veneres : adhuc manebunt.
 Centum mille Cupidines ; manebunt
 Ter centum Veneresque, Gratiaque
 Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

RIC. CRASHAW, A. B. *Coll. S. Pet. Socius.*

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. EDMUND SMITH.

JAM non vulgares, Isis, molire triumphos,
 Augustos Isis nunquam tacitura Stuartos.
 Tu quoties crebris cumulâsti altaria donis
 Multa rogans numen, cui vineta jugalia curæ !

At

* From the " *Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiæ Oxoniensis*
 " in celsissimum Principem. Oxonii, è Theatro Sheldoniano.
 " An. Dom. 1688." — The uncommon excellence of Edmund
 Smith's productions must ensure them a favourable reception ;
 espe-

At jam votivam Superis suspende tabellam ;
 Sunt rata vota tibi, sævique oblita doloris
 Amplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
 Languentes dudum priscus vigor afflat ocellos,
 Infans et caræ suspensus in oscula Matris
 Numine jam spirat blando, visumque tenellum
 Miscet parva quidem, sed vivida Patris imago.
 O etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
 Vivat canitie terris venerandus eâdem !
 Omen habet certè superâ quod vescitur aurâ
 Tum primum, lætos æstas cum pandat honores,
 Omnia cum vireant, cum formosissimus annus.
 Et Vos felices optatâ prole Parentes !
 Quos nunc Parca piis respexit mota querelis :

En f

especially when it is considered that at the time of their composition he was only one remove from a school-boy. Had Dr. Johnson seen the first of these publications, he would not have been at a loss to determine, in the excellent life he has given the world of Smith, whether the latter was admitted in the university in the year 1689, as he would thence have been enabled to pronounce with certainty that he was in 1688 a Member of Christ Church. I take this to have been the year of Smith's admission ; and that he was then just come off from Westminster, in time to signalise his abilities by writing on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, when a FRESHMAN (according to the university phrase) and before he was appointed to a Studentship ; for his name is subscribed to that Copy of Verses, with the addition of COMMONER. The great superiority of genius that is displayed in this first — School-boy's — produc-

tion

En ! vestræ valuêre preces ; victrixque Deorum
 Fata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti :
 Proles chara datur senio, inconcessa juventæ.
 Si citiùs soboles nullo miranda daretur
 Prodigio, sanctis vix digna Parentibus esset :
 O quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus ?

I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
 Et semper magni vestigia Patris adora :
 Hic primâ nondum indutus lanugine malas
 Inviâctis orbem per totum inclaruit armis.
 Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuêre ; Jacobum
 Agnovit dominum summissis navita velis.
 Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi
 Fulmina, cujus adhuc miserè conservat hiantes

tion of Smith, beyond what Addison has discovered in his first performance — the Pastoral on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary — sufficiently serves to account for Smith's being, as Dr. Johnson observes, "one of the
 "murmurers at fortune ; and wondering, why he was suf-
 "fered to be poor, when Addison was caressed and pre-
 "ferred." Smith could not but be conscious of the greater degree of literary merit he himself possessed even in the very department to which Addison owed the earlier part of his fame, THE WRITING OF LATIN VERSE ; — and on comparing their juvenile performances, it is evident that Smith had reason enough for that consciousness. — Addison first recommended himself to notice by his dedication of the *Musæ Anglicanæ* to Lord Halifax, and by the poems of his own therein inserted. But what are his poems in comparison of SMITH'S ? See the note in vol. IV. p. 62. K.

Ore cicatrices, vastæ et monumenta ruinæ.
 Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas :
 Ipse tuo da jura mari.
 Cumque Pater tandem divis miscebitur ipse
 Divus (at ô ! tardè sacra ducite flamina, Parcæ,)
 Affere tu nostri jus immortale Monarchæ;
 Tu rege subjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

EDMUNDUS SMITH, *Ædis Christi Commensalis.*

ON THE INAUGURATION OF
 KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

BY MR. SMITH.

MAuritii ingentis celso de sanguine natum,
 Mauritioque parem, solenni dicere versu
 Te, Gulielme, juvat : nunc ô ! mihi pectora flammâ.
 Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,
 Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
 Instigat, mediosque ardentem impellit in hostes.
 Te tenero latè jaçtabat fama sub ævo :
 Cæpisti, quâ finis erat; maturaque virtus
 Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque sequentes
 Annos præcurrit longè, et post terga reliquit.
 Jam Te, jam videor flagrantès cernere vultus,
 Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas :

* From the "Vota Oxoniensia pro serenissimis Guilhelmo
 "Rege et Maria Regina M. Britannicæ, &c. nuncupata.
 "Oxonii, è Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1689." K.

Jam cerno oppositas acies, quanto impete præceps
 Tela per et gladios raperis ; quo fulmine belli
 Adversum frangis cuneum, et media agmina misces.
 Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
 Inviâctis semper clarus Turennius armis,
 Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni ?
 Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
 Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipse Batavis.
 Congrederis ; non Te Gallorum immania terrent
 Agmina, non magni Turennius agminis instar.
 Heu quas tum ferro strages, quæ funera latè
 Ecideris, quantosque viros demiseris orco !
 Sic cum congestos struxêre ad sidera montes
 Terrigenæ fratres, superos detrudere cœlo
 Aggressi, posito tum plectro intonsus Apollo
 Armatâ sumpsit fatalia spicula dextrâ :
 Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
 Et Martem, atque ipsas longè anteit fulminis alas.

Extremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores !
 Quàm vellem sævi superata pericula ponti !
 Cui meritò nunc jura dabis : quam flebile fatum
 Tristesque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
 Immeritos, canere ; at jamjam sub pondere tanto
 Deficio, heroemque sequor non passibus æquis.
 Sed fesso memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannûm
 Debita, quâ sacros sceptri regalis honores
 Accipies, cingesque aureo diademate frontem.
 Anglos servasti ; da jura volentibus Anglis.
 Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
 Fulcivit patriam, quem mox possedit, Olympum.

E. SMITH, *Ædis Christi Alumnus.*

ON THE RETURN OF
KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,
AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

BY MR. SMITH.

O Ingens Heros ! O tot defuncte periclis !
Ergo iterum victor nostris allaberis oris ?
Atque os belligerum, torvumque in prælia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete ?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum ?
Oraque divinum spirant jam mitia lumen ?
Non sic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos ;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, ensenque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
Invitus : (neque enim crudeles edere strages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem fatiare Tuorum.)
Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiisse Tonantem
Fama est, terribilem nigranti fulmine et igni :
Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
Inque suam invitum trahit inscia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi assucta triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immensos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tædia pacis
Exosus, rursusque ardens in Martia castra,

* From the "Academiæ Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Guilielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Sheldoniano. Anno Dom. 1690." K.

Sanguineasque acies, fulgentesque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum se misit in arma.

Gallus enim sævit, miserosque cruentus Hibernos
Servitio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
Horrendum strident: iterumque resurgere credas
Macquirum squalentem, atque Anglo sanguine foedum,
Exultantem immane, et vastâ clade superbum.
O Gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
Frustra Bufo tuis, et Aranea cessit ab oris,
Dum pecus Ignatî invisum, foedique cuculli,
Et Monachi sanctè protenso abdomine tardi
Vipeream inspirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
Assurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
Qui juga captivo excutiat servilia collo:
Sed frustra: securo hostis munimine valli
Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque sequentem.
Augendis restat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
Vindiciis semper Gulielmi fata reservant
Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.
Sic frustra Atrides, frustra Telamonius heros,
Ad Trojam frustra pugnarunt mille carinæ,
Nec nisi Achilleâ funduntur Pergama dextrâ.
Ergo, Boanda, tuis splendet Gulielmus in arvis,
Magna Boanda, ipsi famâ haud cessura Mosellæ.
Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in igneis
Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore fervent!
Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ gratia frontis
Purpurei metuenda, et non inamabilis horror!
Sic cum dimissum fertur per nubila fulmen,

Et

Et juvat, et nimiâ perstringit lumina flammâ.
 Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum infilit alveum !
 Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hostem !
 Dum vastas strages et multa cadavera passam
 Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo :
 Dum pergenti obstat moles immensa fuorum,
 Et torpet misto concretum sanguine Flumen.
 Pergit atrox Heros ; frustra olli tempora circum
 Spicula mille canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ :
 Frustra hastatæ acies obstant, firmæque phalanges ;
 Frustra acres Celtæ : furit Ille, atque impiger hostes
 Et fugat, et sternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
 Versus retro hostis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
 Torpentesque lacus cæno, horrendosque recessus
 Dumorum ; et cæci prodest injuria cæli.

Attamen ô, non sic fausto movet alite bellum
 Schombergus ; non sic nobis favet alea Martis.
 Occidit heu ! Schombergus iniqui crimine cæli ;
 Non illum vernans circum sua tempora laurus
 Conservat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.

At nunc ad cœlum fugit, et pede fidera calcat,
 Spectat et Heroes, ipse et spectandus ab illis.
 Hunc dicet veniens ætas, ferique nepotes,
 Et quicumque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem.
 Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
 Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque reposcit.
 Cresseas iterum lauròs magnique tropæa
 Henrici repetit : media Lodoicus in aulâ
 Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

EDM. SMITH, *Ædis Chr. Alumn.*

ON THE RETURN OF
KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,
AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

BY MR. ADDISON.

CUM Domini impatiens excussit Ierna catenas,
Tota ruens in Martem, intestinosque labores,
Integri quicunque graves vidère tumultus
(Constitit heu! tanti virtus) in vincula missi,
Exosam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.
Latè agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
Luxuriant segete spinarum, autumnus Iernæ
Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis.
Passim turba dolis inflat peregrina secundis,
Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem;
In lacrymas Gens omnis abit, manifestat ulique
Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.

* From the "Academiae Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Guilielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Sheldoniano, Anno Dom. 1690."—Mr. Addison's Latin verses "on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary, 1689," (which gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster) are in the *English Poets*, vol. XXIII. p. 69. "His Latin compositions," we are told by an admirable judge, "are entitled to particular praise, and seem to have had much of his fondness." Several of them are already preserved in his works; and I flatter myself that I shall not be censured for admitting one of the earliest of them. N.

Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia poenas,
Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ:
Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
Si minor horrendas Gulielmi fenserat iras.

Anglia in ignavam dudum resoluta quietem,
Imperiis rediviva tuis, Nassove, veternum
Excutit, et longum sopitos fuscitat ignes.
Te duce quas fecit strages! quæ prælia movit?
Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
Assiduræ sudant peragendo pensa sorores,
Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis.
Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
Vindex, atque trahit partem sua quamque ruina:
Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminùs illa
Glande cadit, frustra que evitat missile ferrum.
Altera dum poenas differt fugiendo sequaces,
Infidæ sese credit moritura paludi.
His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
Nobilia petit vincla, optatasque catenas
Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.

Gens nimium dilecta Deo! nimiumque Britanni
Felices! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus
Frænâsset dolor, et Ducis * haud ignobile fatum
Lætitiæ nimios non castigaverat æstus.
Ille triumphato toties securus ab hoste,
Exulibus Dîs ille, ille aris fidus avitis

* The great duke of Schomberg, whose death has been frequently lamented by our poets. See vol. VI. p. 246. N.

Ah!

Ah! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
Hei mihi! quale jaces venerandâ mole cadaver!
Qualis honor vultûs! et frontis læta senectus!
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! et bellica virtus
Quando habitura parem!

Musa, tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
Melpomene, taceas; non hoc fine numine Divûm
Evenisse puto: Senis aspera fata triumphi
Famam auxêre Tui, victor Gulielme, nec ulla
Æmula divisos virtus partitur honores.

I, decus, i, nostrum! agnoscat fera Gallia dextram
Victtricem, et quæ Te vidit prima arma gerentem,
Sentiat expletas maturo in corpore vires.
Sed caveas, dum Te in bellum rapit impetus ardens,
O caveas, nimio ne Marte impulsus in hostes
Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.

Infano tandem parce indulgere labori,
Parce, Jacobe, ultra Lodöici innitier armis.
Discerptos frustra nunc lugens frontis honores;
Sera sibi veniunt tandem suspiria, serô
Nunc quereris, quanquam, nisi mens tibi læva fuisset,
Et nisi credideras fallaci uxorius arti,
Jam lætus poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
Et rexisse gregem, fato meliore, paternum;
Sed nunc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

JOS. ADDISON, *è Coll. Magd.*

ON THE DEATH OF HIS HIGHNESS
GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ADDRESSED TO THE QUEEN.

B Y M R. T R A P P *.

WHEN weeping Majesty through clouds appears,
And all Britannia's hope dissolves in tears;
'Tis universal grief: and all would show
Their zeal to lessen such important woe.

While

* From the "*Exequiæ celsissimo Principi Georgio Principi Danicæ ab Oxoniensi Academia solutæ. Oxonii, 1708.*" This poem is preserved, not only on account of its own merit (a very few languid, unpoetical lines excepted); but as it is, I presume, no where to be met with, except in the Collection from which it is here transcribed. N.

† Dr. Joseph Trapp, born at Cherington in Gloucestershire, in 1669, was educated at Wadham College, where he took the degree of M. A. May 13, 1702. In 1708 he was chosen the first professor of poetry, soon after the foundation of that professorship by Dr. Birkhead, and published his lectures under the title of "*Prælectiones Poeticæ*;" the first volume of which is dedicated to Mr. Secretary St. John; to whose father, in the early part of his life, he had been chaplain. His church preferments were, the rectory of Harlington in Middlesex, of Christ-church in Newgate-street, and St. Leonard, Fosterlane; with the Lectureships of St. Lawrence Jewry, and St. Martin in the Fields. He was created D. D. by diploma, Feb. 1, 1727; was long esteemed as an agreeable

While others various arts of comfort use ;
 Accept of ours, great Princess, nor refuse
 The consolations of th' officious Muse ;
 Who sighs for you, and labours in her turn
 To heal that sorrow, which whole kingdoms mourn.

With cause indeed you grieve, with mighty cause:
 Lament harsh Destiny's resistless laws :
 When the dear partner of your joys and cares
 No more survives, no more your counsels shares ;
 No longer lives t' adorn your court, and bless
 Your warlike reign with all the sweets of peace :
 To heighten Fortune's smiles, allay her frowns,
 And ease the long fatigues that wait on crowns..

and pathetic preacher ; and died Nov. 22, 1747. Four volumes of his Sermons are in print ; as are his controversial treatises against the Papists and Methodists, which have much merit. He published a translation of Virgil, in blank verse, indifferently executed ; and another of "Paradise Lost" in Latin, still worse. He was also the author of "Abramule," a tragedy, in 1704 ; and of several occasional Miscellanies. He was chaplain to the lord chancellor of Ireland in 1711 ; and published in that year "A Character of the present Set of Whigs ;" which Swift, who conveyed it to the printer, calls "a very scurvy piece ;" see the Journal to Stella, May 14, 1711. In a short time after, he printed at Dublin a poem on the duke of Ormond, which was re-printed at London, "and the printer sold just eleven of them ;" see Journal, Aug. 24, 1711. Having mentioned to Stella, that Trapp and Sacheverell had been to visit him ; Swift adds, "Trapp is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep ; and their judgement in things of wit and sense is miraculous." Journal, March 17, 1711-12.

All was harmonious : no dispute between
 Th' ambiguous rights of consort, and of queen :
 When mutual tenderneſs unqueſtion'd ſway'd,
 And both, or neither, govern'd or obey'd.
 How did the pious royal pair improve
 The brighteſt patterns of connubial love !
 Which ſtill in all ſhall admiration raiſe ;
 O ! would they imitate, as well as praiſe !

In life's decay, to ſickneſs forc'd to yield,
 He fought, 'tis true, no laurels in the field.
 How could he then thoſe tedious toils ſuſtain
 With labouring lungs that heav'd for breath with pain ?
 How range the thickening ſquadrons into form,
 Or teach th' uncertain battle when to ſtorm,
 As when his ſtrength, not yet in it's decline,
 Stood firm, and gave the hero leave to ſhine ;
 When oft renown'd in northern wars he led
 His hardy Danes, and, charging at their head,
 With ſwift deſtruction crush'd the valiant Swede ;
 Reſcu'd his ſinking brother from the foe,
 And ſav'd a king and kingdom at a blow ?
 Or when he march'd, with William's arms to join,
 And ſhar'd with him the glory of the Boyne ?
 Nor, when retir'd, did all his labours ceaſe ;
 Silent, but not inglorious, was his eaſe.
 Your realms with delegated rule he aw'd ;
 Gentle at home, as rough and brave abroad.
 Thus always led by Fame's or Virtue's charms,
 And hero ſtill in piety, or arms.

Though all theſe honours to himſelf are due,
 One more conſpicuous he derives from you :

Conſort

Confort to such a QUEEN!—That deathless name
 Shall add the brightest lustre to his fame;
 Immortalise his glory, and outshine
 All regal titles, but the right divine.
 A Prince so excellent you needs must grieve
 To lose, but Heaven rejoices to receive.
 Cease then your sighs; while languishing you sit,
 Britannia's genius weeping at your feet,
 The business of the world suspended stands,
 Nor circulates without your dread commands.

So if that part which all the body guides,
 Where the nerves meet, and where the soul resides,
 The least disorder feel; the whole machine
 Is pale without, and all untun'd within:
 The vital springs their active force forget,
 And all the lazy pulses faintly beat.

Enough to grief you then resign'd your breast,
 Profuse and lavish of your royal rest,
 When negligent of all your pomp and state,
 Close by the gasping Prince you pensive sat:
 Outwatch'd the stars with watry sleepless eyes,
 With vows incessant importun'd the skies;
 And vainly struggling with relentless death,
 Hung on his trembling lips, and catch'd his flying breath.
 As much as could from destiny be gain'd,
 Your unexampled piety obtain'd.
 Long doubtful did its lifted hand forbear
 The threaten'd stroke, which hovering hung in air:
 Your prayers with Heaven maintain'd a dubious strife,
 His soul long fluttering on the verge of life,

And by a gradual death at last set free,
To soften fate, and smooth its harsh decree.

Nor weep, as if your glory too were dead,
And all your joys with your lov'd comfort fled.
No more he holds your power in either hand,
One to controul the sea, and one the land;
Yet Sovereign o'er these isles you still remain,
And in our willing hearts triumphant reign:
Yet still your fleets the liquid empire keep,
And ride majestic o'er the boundless deep.
Abroad your conquering troops lament your loss,
In dreadful grief, pernicious to your foes.
Soon as the news was to the camp convey'd,
On Lisle's retarding citadel employ'd,
Murmuring they paus'd, the tidings to enquire,
With arms reclin'd, and stopp'd their storms of fire;
But soon discharg'd their fury on the Gauls,
And pour'd fresh ruin on their shatter'd walls.
Eugene and Marlborough still your thunder wield,
In spite of winter, and maintain the field:
Always victorious, they the foe engage,
Like winter tempests, with redoubled rage;
Teaching his scatter'd troops no more to dare
To stand the sweeping whirlwind of their war.
Fir'd with new courage, farther we advance
On hostile ground, and closely press on France;
Britannia's Queen, and all Britannia's powers
Level their bolts at Gallia's haughty towers,
More terrible in grief: so lightnings fly, [sky.
Reddening the horrid gloom, when clouds obscure the
Let

Let all your conquests for his death atone ;
 Forget Fate's triumphs, and improve your own.
 Chiefly to you the godlike Prince is lost:
 But think, oh ! think, you grieve at Europe's cost,
 And least should mourn him, though you lose him most. }

And you *, who near your weeping Sovereign wait,
 And share the melancholy pomp of state ;
 Use all your female tendernefs, and find
 The gentlest arts to recompose her mind :
 Nor with unskilful, pious haste increase
 The swelling passion which you strive to ease ;
 But sooth the pain awhile, and bring relief
 With all the softest elegance of grief.
 In sad, complaining sounds her sighs return,
 And own your Queen has wondrous cause to mourn.
 But then intreat her to regard our fears,
 And count the vast expence of royal tears.
 May Heaven, and she, if Heaven our crimes can spare,
 Make that inestimable life their care !
 That we implore, with anxious fears oppress'd,
 Solicitous for that, and thoughtless of the rest.

JOSEPH TRAPP, M. A. *Fellow of Wadham
 College, Publick Lecturer of Poetry.*

* An apostrophe to the dutchess of Marlborough. N.

ON THE INAUGURATION
OF KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

BY MR. ROBERT FREIND†.

SUccessful Cyrus, Fortune's darling son,
By prophecies predestin'd to a throne,
Resolv'd (when now his vigorous youth was fir'd
With just ambition, and his soul aspir'd
As ripe for empire) to anticipate
The lazy course and slow designs of fate.
No sooner did the valiant Prince declare
His noble resolutions for a war,
But zealous Persians to his standard run,
And paid their homage to the rising sun.

* From the "*Vota Oxoniensia pro serenissimis Guilhelmo Rege et Maria Regina M. Britannix, &c. nuncupata. Oxonii. 1689.*" K.

† This excellent scholar was born at Croton in Northamptonshire, where his father was rector. He was sent early to Westminster school, and elected thence to Christ Church, where he proceeded M. A. June 1, 1693. B. and D. D. July 7, 1709. He was second master of Westminster school in 1711, when he drew up the preamble to the earl of Oxford's patent of peerage; and succeeded Duke the poet in the rich living of Witney in Oxfordshire. He was afterwards head master of Westminster school, and obtained a canonry of Christ Church. The living of Witney he resigned to his son in 1734; and died April 15, 1745. N.

The

The youth his arms on Media's confines plac'd
 To fight with enemies, but friends embrac'd :
 Revolting troops came from the distant plain ;
 Brave Harpagus renounc'd the Tyrant's reign ;
 And poor Astyages with envy saw
 The laurel flourish on his nephew's brow.
 So great an action in so short a space
 Fully accomplish'd, with so little loss
 Of blood and soldiers, such unanimous
 Propensions to a foreign prince's cause
 Providence left unparallel'd till now—
 Religion call'd aloud for aid, and you,
 Illustrious Prince, her mighty champion came
 With fresh supplies to Vesta's dying flame ;
 Commanding her to live, and shine eternally the same.

Your character great Cyrus still pursues ;
 You free the Christians as he freed the Jews :
 And to this noble enterprize you were,
 Like him, preserv'd by Heaven's peculiar care.
 But now that debt you gratefully repay,
 And on the Gods new obligations lay :
 Themselves, their altars, all their sacred store
 You now defend, as they did you before.
 While the loud fame of this exploit resounds,
 A thousand more within these narrow bounds
 Crowd for admittance, and demand their shares
 In your encomium ; but they, like the stars,
 When the meridian sun exalts his face,
 Must disappear, and yield to brighter rays.

Triumphant Prince ! who sitt'st upon a throne
 By merit, not by dull succession ;

White

With what advantage does thy reign begin,
 Who learn'dst to rule before thou wert a king!
 We in this happy choice at once may see
 The Nation's gratitude and policy:
 Who could more safely be advanc'd, than he,
 To whom she owes her rescu'd liberty?
 A sceptre and three kingdoms with regard
 To former merits, is a small reward:
 And yet, great Cyrus, new engagements press
 For your assisting hand; new services
 Expect your conduct; wealthy Croesus roars,
 And threatens vengeance from the neighbouring shores:
 With bombs he thunders; but where they have fail'd,
 A gentler shower has frequently prevail'd.
 He does not trust so much in steel, as gold:
 'Tis this that gives him hopes, and makes him bold;
 Whilst they who can't be conquer'd, may be fold.
 But let him know, that generous souls defy,
 With equal scorn, his arms and bribery:
 Let the base Tyrant understand, too late,
 Another Henry rules the British state.

Go on, heroic prince, and since a crown
 And kingdom you so easily have won;
 (Our highest wishes can no more express)
 May you defend them with the same success!

R. FREIND, *Student of Christ Church.*

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE*.

BY D. R. FREIND†.

AD PRÆNOBILEM ET ILLUSTRISSIMUM THOMAM,
 DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE,
 SERENISSIMO REGI GEORGIO SECUNDO
 SECRETARIUM PRINCIPALEM,

DEsueta nostro, Melpomene, diu
 Comes labori, in vota novissima
 Dignare posci, et tange præfens
 Tange lyram semel insolentem.

Nec non favebis, Cultor et artium
 Fautor bonarum, nec renues Tuum,
 Dilecte Mæcenæ, supremis
 Præsidium precibus roganti.

Favere dixi? quin propius meis
 Accede curis, Tu quoque particeps
 Doloris, et ne parce mecum
 Planctibus ingeminare planctus.

Illa, Illa doctis, occidit, occidit
 Amica Musis! Illa Britannia
 Suborta lux, extincta dormit
 Perpetuam Carolina noctem.

* From "Pietas Academiæ Oxoniensis in obitum augustissimæ et desideratissimæ Reginae Carolinæ. Oxonii, 1738." K.

† Dr. Freind's Latin poetry is much superior to his English. For an epigram by Pope on his verbose epitaphs, see vol. V. p. 316. D.

Cui

Cui non recurrit (proh nimium frequens!)

Augusta imago? Gloria Curiae

Lætantis (ut Mater Dearum

Cœlicola comitata cœtu)

Tecti reclusis è penetralibus

Nunc prodiens; nunc undique Gratiis

Stipata sistens, mox per omnem

Nobilium gradiens coronam.

Repente, versa jam vice, regiam

Possedit Aulam triste silentium:

Et cœpit hinc primum Geōrgi

Magnanimum trepidare pectus.

An Te vigentem fama et honoribus,

Aut me remoti ruris ab angulo

Super calentem dedecebit

Solvier in lachrymas favillam?

Fleamus; at quam flemus, et invicem

Miremur una. Quam bene pendere

Momenta rerum maximarum

Calluit; imperii, nec impar,

Vices obivit! cernere perspicax

Mentes sequaces flectere qua tenus

Fando valeret, quosve posset

Insinuando ciere motus.

O quæ solebat, quæ et quoties loqui!

Quam sæpe cum sola Illius, Illius

Sereniores inter horas,

Dulcibus alloquiis retenti,

Deposta in imis sensibus hausimus
Responsa! Vox ô non hominem sonans!
Sermoque dignus qui beatas
Ad superum referatur aures!

O spes inanes! hei mihi quam cito
Sublata nostris ex oculis procul
Audire nos et multa, multa et
Dicere deseruit volentes!

Ecquis superstes, vel studio pari
Vel arte pollens, moribus imbuat
Prolem tenellam, Principesve
Formet ad imperium minores?

Ecquis, duelli dum medium inserit
Pacisque sese Georgius arbitrum,
Expertus æque Regni habenas
Hic premat, hic moderetur? Ecquis—

Sed Te repossunt rebus ad Exteros
Dispertiendis mille negotia:
Et consulentem Te vicissim
Mille vocant super Urbe curæ.

Tu perge, felix, et patriæ decus
Tuere longum. Me dolor intimo
Sub corde defixum tenebit,
Me Dominam propere sequentem.

ROBERTUS FREIND, S. T. P.

Ædis Christi Canonicus.

R O N D E L A Y.

THE flower of Phœbus, on a summer's morn,
 Advanc'd her head, to shew her painted pride,
 And gaily lofty, with disdainful scorn,
 O'erlook'd the plants that blossom'd by her side.

The rose, the lily, violet, and balm,
 Whose beauties scarce were warm'd into a flower,
 With envious wrath near to a watery calm,
 Beheld my Cynthia, in a happy hour.

Not quite awake, nor too much won with sleep,
 But sweetly slumbering they beheld the faint;
 The rose and lily separately creep,
 And o'er her face diffuse their beauteous paint.

The violet and balm to air consum'd,
 Her breath with their united odours fill'd,
 Apollo, smelling all the skies perfum'd,
 His glittering beams into her eyes distill'd.

His flower, amaz'd, sunk down into her place,
 Folded her leaves, and pin'd herself to death;
 The rose and lily bloom in Cynthia's face,
 The violet and balm enrich her breath.

Cease then, fond men, henceforth to boast your flowers,
 Balm, roses, lilies, violets are ours;
 Ev'n Phœbus' flower must, vanquish'd, yield the prize,
 Since his own beams are lost in Cynthia's eyes.

O V I D,

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY III.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY MR. CHARLES HOPKINS*.

BE just, dear maid; an equal passion prove,
 Or shew me cause why I should ever love.
 I do not at your cold disdain repine,
 Nor ask your love, do you but suffer mine.
 I dare not aim at more exalted bliss,
 And Venus will bestow her votary this.
 Take him, who will for endless ages serve;
 Take him, whose faithful flame will never swerve.
 Though no illustrious names my race adorn,
 Who am but of equestrian order born;
 Though a few ploughs serve my paternal fields,
 Nor my small table many dishes yields;
 Yet Bacchus, Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine,
 Are all my friends, and to my side incline,
 And Love's great God, at last, will make me thine.
 Heaven knows, dear maid, I love no other fair;
 In thee lives all my love, my heaven lies there.
 Oh! may I, by indulgent Fate's decree,
 With thee lead all my life, and die with thee!
 Thy beauties yield me my transporting theme;
 And while I celebrate thy charming name,
 My verse shall be as sacred as my flame.

* This excellent writer's history has been already given,
 with several of his poems, vol. II. p. 183. & seq. N.

VOL. VII.

K

Jove's

Jove's feveral rapes, his injur'd Io's wrongs,
 Are made immortal in his Poet's songs.
 Verse still reveals where Leda's flame began,
 Rais'd by the secret godhead in the swan.
 The story of the rape, Europa bore,
 Shall last while winds shall rage, or waters roar.
 Your name shall live like theirs, while verse endures,
 And mine be ever writ, and read with yours.

SONG. BY MR. CHARLES HORKINS.

IN all the dismal rage of war,
 Undaunted and unmov'd I stood,
 I march'd insensible of fear,
 Through storms of fire, and showers of blood.

Amidst the dangers of the field,
 Defensive arms can aid afford;
 Fate finds resistance from the shield,
 And foes are conquer'd by the sword.

Here I am left without a guard,
 Helpless as naked Indians, slain;
 And fear to seize the least reward,
 In lieu of all my mighty pain.

I dare not snatch the smallest bliss,
 Such is the awful love that charms me;
 Should I presume to force a kiss,
 One angry glance from her disarms me.

SONG.

SONG. BY THE SAME.

WHILE others, with the taste of bliss,
 The faith of loyal slaves approve,
 And oft engage them with a kiss,
 You more unkindly starve my love.

Soldiers, oppress'd with too much toil,
 Halt often ere the battle's done,
 Till, having partly shar'd the spoil,
 They spur with fiercer courage on.

Thus Israel's host began to faint,
 In marching o'er the desert sand,
 Their vigour and their patience spent,
 Ere yet they reach'd the promis'd land.

But when they saw, in showers of rain,
 The wondrous food profusely given,
 Encourag'd to renew their pain,
 They journey'd on to purchase Heaven.

TO MR. CHARLES HOPKINS,
 ON READING HIS TRANSLATIONS.

BY MR. CHARLES GILDON*.

THUS sweetly once the love-sick Orpheus sung,
 When on his voice the sylvan audience hung;
 Thus smooth his numbers, and thus soft his song,
 That calm'd the native rage of the infernal throng.—

* Already mentioned, vol. IV. p. 23. A farther account
 of him may be seen in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

—Ah! no—my friend, I wrong thy nobler fame,
He only Woods, Stones, Brutes, and Hell could tame;
And female madness strove in vain t' assuage,
Falling a victim to their thoughtless rage:
But thou canst melt a woman's boundless hate,
Bend all her stubborn pride, and all her rage abate:
Exalt her sordid mercenary mind,
And make the sex soft, generous, just, and kind.

Go on, dear youth, with lucky omens move,
And teach the British ladies how to love.
Shew every spring by which the passions rise,
How admiration first attacks the eyes,
Thence how it gently does the heart surprise:
How there it kindles that unruly fire,
That melts our past indifference to glowing hot desire.
Shew the mistaken methods of the Fair,
Who drive their fighting slaves to curs'd despair.
Ah! let thy verse more tender thoughts inspire,
And make relentless fair-ones burn with equal fire.
Like Ovid's shall thy picture then be worn,
And the glad hand of every youth adorn,
As a sure philtre 'gainst his mistress' scorn.

TO LORD CARTERET*,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

BY DR. GEORGE SEWELL†. 1721.

“ — — — Animæ, quales non candidiores

“ Terra tulit — — —”

HOR.

SURE there's a fate in excellence, too strong
To struggle with the mortal fabric long;
Whether the weaken'd springs of life decay,
As active thoughts their energy display;
Or the Soul, scornful of her seat, aspires,
And, like a guest unsatisfy'd, retires.
Or is Earth robb'd by a resuming Sky,
Only to show it can as fast supply?

Here

* Afterwards Earl Granville. N.

† This gentleman, who was universally esteemed for his amiable disposition, is better known as an elegant writer and an excellent poet than in his own profession. He was born at Windsor, where his father was treasurer and chapter-clerk of the college. He received his education at Eton-school, and at Peter-house, Cambridge; where having taken the degree of B. M. he went to Leyden, to study under Boerhaave, and on his return practised physic in the metropolis with reputation. In the latter part of life he retired to Hampstead, where he pursued his profession with some degree of success untill three other physicians came to settle at the same place, when his practice so far declined as to yield him very little advantage. He kept no house, but was a boarder. He was much esteemed, and so frequently invited to the tables of

Here scythe-arm'd Death the full-grown Virtues mows,
 There the restoring hand of Plenty sows :
 Thus patriots die, and patriots mount the sphere,
 As some stars set, that others may appear.

Give me profuse of tears o'er Craggs to mourn,
 And, grateful, consecrate the much-lov'd urn.

Severe

gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that he had seldom occasion to dine at home. He died the 8th of February, 1726; and was supposed to be very indigent at the time of his death, as he was interred on the 12th of the same month in the meanest manner, his coffin being little better than those allotted by the parish to the poor who are buried from the workhouse; neither did a single friend or relation attend him to the grave. No memorial was placed over his remains; but they lie just under a hollow tree which formed a part of a hedge-row that was once the boundary of the church-yard. Besides seven controversial pamphlets, he wrote, 1. "The Life of John Philips;" 2. "A Vindication of the English Stage, exemplified in the Cato of Mr. Addison, 1716;" 3. "Sir Walter Raleigh, a Tragedy, acted at Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1719," and part of another play intended to be called "Richard the First," the fragments of which were published in 1728 with "Two moral Essays on the Government of the Thoughts, and on Death," and a collection of "Several Poems published in his life-time." The following single poems of his are enumerated by Jacob and Cibber (by both of whom those here selected are unnoticed): 1. "On Conscience, Beauty, the Force of Music, Song of Troilus, &c." dedicated to the duke of Newcastle. 2. "To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, on his going into Germany;

Severe Disease *! what power shall mock thy speed,
Elusive of the skilful hand of Mead?

Yet was his course complete, though finish'd soon;
His sun was strong, though darken'd in its noon.

O may no tongue profane thy tomb invade,
Nor envy posthumous pursue thy shade!

Fair shine thy fame, and be thy praises just,
And mix with Addison's thy social dust!

The sweet-tongu'd Addison, whose happy vein
First rival'd, Plato, thy immortal strain;

"Germany, 1712." 3. "Upon his Majesty's Accession."

4. "Verses to her Royal Highness the Princess, on the
"Death of the young Prince." 5. "A Description of the

"Field of Battle, after Cæsar was Conqueror at Pharsalia,
"from the Seventh Book of Lucan." 6. "Walpole, or the Pa-

"triot." 7. "Translations from Lucan, occasioned by the
"Tragedy of Cato." 8. "The Fifth Elegy of the First Book

"of Tibullus, translated, and addressed to Delia." 9. "An
"Apology for loving a Widow." 10. "The Fifth Psalm

"paraphrased." 11. "A Poetical Epistle, written from
"Hampstead, to Mr. Thornhill, upon Mr. Addison's Cato."

12. "An Epistle to Mr. Addison, on the Death of the Earl
"of Halifax." 13. "Cupid's Proclamation, or a Defence of

"Women; a Poem from Chaucer." 14. "The Second
"Book of Quillet's Callipædia." Dr. Sewell was an oc-

casional assistant to Harrison in the fifth volume of "The
"Tatler;" was principally concerned in the ninth volume

of "The Spectator;" and published a translation of "Ovid's
"Metamorphoses", in opposition to the edition of Sir Samuel

Garth. N.

* Small pox. D.

K. 4

Though

Though Tully with a strong resemblance vy'd,
 And Lewis crowded Academies try'd.
 Illustrious friends ! (if this poor verse can give
 Life to your names) your friendly names shall live,
 Long as the structure that your urns contains,
 Or liberty with George's line remains.

Who thinks of liberty, but Stanhope's * name
 Beats in his breast, and sets his soul on flame ?
 O much-lamented ghost ! thy virtues show
 Like stars which through yon azure convex glow ;
 A beauteous train, that speak the power divine,
 And strong in brightness, as in number shine.
 Grant Heaven some influence from his ashes dart,
 To warm and actuate each British heart !
 Divide his gifts ! This be the Warrior's heir,
 Here let the Statesman, there the Scholar share :
 In him were all these various prospects crost,
 And future Marlboroughs and Godolphins lost.

Nor thou, O Carteret, with a frown disdain
 The Muse that tunes this melancholy strain ;
 For who the virtuous grave with incense strows,
 The fairest mark to living merit shows.
 To count our loss, is only to foresee
 What the demanding age expects from thee.
 Then let it give its proudest wishes scope,
 Thy deeds shall justify its boldest hope.

What is the dark-drawn scene of life supine ?
 A dream of entity without design,
 A useless space 'twixt Nature's rise and fall,
 Forgetting all things, and forgot of all ?

* James, earl Stanhope. D.

What is the land of sciences when past ?
A wild of thistles, or a barren waste ;
Or vainly wordy, fruitful of dispute ;
Or deep-reserv'd, unprofitably mute.
Few, very few, have on this dross refin'd,
To polish nations, and improve mankind.
These too at mighty distances are seen,
And many a lazy age must pass between.
Fate various æras mix'd, and doubtful draws
Between a Solon's and a Parker's laws.
From our first William's trace to George's days,
Few Walsinghams, and fewer Carterets blaze.
Thee, early ripe, with every grace endued,
The Muses with an eye of blessing view'd :
They form'd thy manners ductile to the lyre,
And bade thee to the noblest seats aspire :
Hence wit and elegance of spirit flow'd,
And the sweet habitude of doing good.
As in the seed to curious eyes appear
The gay unfolded beauties of the year,
The future grove looks green in lesser lines,
And the next harvest in its nonage shines :
The statesman thus was figur'd in thy prime,
And waited but the ripening hour of Time ;
Nor waited long ; thy Genius took a flight,
Out-wing'd thy years, and hasten'd to its height.
As the sun's rays the wakening plants prepare,
As the wing'd whirlwind moves the passive air,
Such is the Genius to the human frame,
An active, vital, and dilating flame,

That

That mounts beyond the views of vulgar reach,
And puts the principles of life on stretch.

Such, Carteret, in thy breast thy Monarch saw,
And sent thee forth to give rough nations law ;
Long-harrais'd Sweden with new life to chear,
And bid War rest upon his iron spear.

Mad waste of rage ! how wide thy vengeance flew,
Nor breathing respite of the seasons knew ;
The Summer meadow, and the Winter flood,
Only distinguish'd by degrees of blood.

The plunderer's hand consuming unrestrain'd,
As jealous of her store, ev'n Nature drain'd ;
Her surface wasted, deeper still engag'd,
And in the centre of her treasure rag'd.

Then timely, Carteret, rose thy peaceful star,
To calm the Dane, and check the fiercer Czar :
What hand foe'er shall fix the great design,
The first plantation of that Olive's thine.

Now in thy councils let thy country share ;
She best deserves, and most will bless thy care :
An age in faction and corruption lost,
And only haunted by dead Virtue's ghost,
Asks a Lycurgus to correct the times,
And Draco's sentences for unmatch'd crimes.
The shatter'd state, though fearful of her doom,
Sees a new light break chearful through the gloom ;
And still secure the public vessel rides,
While Carteret ministers, and George presides.

A SPEECH

A S P E E C H
T O W E S T M I N S T E R A B B E Y.
B Y D R. S E W E L L

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON*.

YE sacred seats, ye venerable urns !
Where gilded Royalty to dust returns ;
Where Bards, who promis'd everlasting breath,
Mock their own boast, and meet their Kings in death ;
Receive the debt your cruel mansions crave,
As great as Nature ever paid the grave.

* The author of this sketch wanted no inclination, and was prompted by many reasons to pay his little tribute to the ashes of that excellent man ; but seeing another poem on the same subject [by Mr. Tickell, probably,] he left it unfinished ; and it now comes forth, rather as a testimony of his gratitude and esteem, than as a design equal to the merit of the deceased. The reader will see easily that the scheme is at least new to an English taste, and what a scope there was to have given it length, if not worth sufficient. The Ancients delighted much in this solemn kind of poetry ; and indeed if we speak with a true warmth of affection, it seems the most natural and best sort of Elegy. If the reader has a mind to see a noble specimen of this way of writing, let him read the great Dr. Bentley's " Allocutio ad Sepulchrum, on the Death of Prince George," which is by far the most excellent and finished piece of this sort that ever was produced. SEWELL.

Earth open wide ! rejoice thy greedy womb !
 Be proud, O Death ! and triumph o'er the tomb.
 This was a conquest — at a single spoil,
 To plunder half the learning of our isle.

In fields of battle where the sword wastes wide,
 And You o'er ruin heap'd in triumph ride,
 Sedate the thinking mind the fate surveys
 Of creatures form'd to last but half our days,
 And often feels a deeper loss in one,
 Mourning a Plato or an Addison.

Great Bard ! what various thoughts disturb'd my head,
 When I beheld thee number'd with the dead !
 Only distinguish'd by a decent care,
 To say — what late immortal guest lodg'd there : —
 “ Is this,” I cry'd — then rose the thought profane,
 But, by thy virtue check'd, recoil'd again —
 “ Such is the power that good mens' ashes crave,
 To shoot a secret influence from the grave ;
 Their tombs are lectures, and discharge the trust
 Of living eloquence from silent dust.”
 Recover'd thus, I view'd around thee spread
 The scepter'd Monarch, and the mitred head ;
 Kings more than dead, as seeming to accuse
 Thy fate, and want of thy recording Muse.

* * * * *

DR. SEWELL TO E. P. R. ESQ.

ON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEMS,
AFTER THE MANNER OF THE EARL OF DORSET.

“ON what strange Muses’ country are we thrown,
So long kept secret, and so lately known?
As if each sister on some Indian wild,
Were ravish’d, and withdrew to drop her child*;
A child, which can no careful nursing lack,
But runs, like partridge, with its egg on back.

Well may you, Sir, all Critics’ rules defy,
For they have none to judge your Poems by.
Your meaning they like Revelations guess,
The more they read, they understand the less.

Brave youth! what comments in a future age
Shall with the darkness of thy text engage?
While each shall labour to explain thy mind,
And make that sense — you ne’er for sense design’d:
And yet there may be some — thy verse affords
Letters and syllables, nay — perfect words.
And does not sense from these materials rise,
As sure as milk makes cheese, and dough makes pies?
The Chemists say, that dung-hill Earth contains
All principles of Nature in its veins;
But a dark coat the secret parts conceals,
Till purging Fire their elements reveals:

* A Parody on Dryden’s “Indian Emperor.” S.

Thus

Thus may all elegance, and wit profound,
 In the dark Somewhere of thy book be found:
 Fetter'd in mysteries which no eye can see,
 Till conquering Flames shall set the prisoner free.
 Thus must thy book a bright burnt-offering rise,
 Ere mortals shall its secret value prize.

Nor thou, O father, for thy child repine;
 The Sibyl burnt six volumes out of nine.

And equally mysterious is thy wit,
 At once for all things and for nothing fit.

As many oracles from thee shall come,
 By good expounders, as from her at Rome.

Oh! had you liv'd when Vandals, Goths, and Huns,
 Knock'd down the Friars, and debauch'd the Nuns;
 When foes the lands of Learning ravag'd o'er,
 And Heathen Greck and Christian Latin tore;
 Thy curious pages had escap'd alone,
 The rhyme and harmony so like their own!
 In admiration they had stood, to find
 A genius of the true Barbarian kind;
 And thy great name had borne the Laureat's style,
 From Scythia's frozen coast, to Thule's isle

PROLOGUE, BY DR. SEWELL*,

TO THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE, who gave our English stage its birth,
 Here makes a medley scene of war and mirth:
 He knew his countrymen's free spirit best,
 We laugh in earnest — but ne'er fight in jest.
 Now, he in easy scenes of nature charms;
 And now your hearts with martial fury warms;
 Proving that rival nations must submit
 To English courage, as to English wit.
 If sometimes devious from old rules he strays,
 And treads awry from Aristotle's ways,
 'Tis but to shew he dar'd to give offence,
 And laugh'd at slavish ties in any sense.
 Free, and at ease, the mettled sportsman rides,
 And by his game alone his motion guides;
 Dogs beat upon the scent, but he pursues,
 Seizes the prey, and mocks at distant views.
 Thus Shakspeare passes nations in his flight,
 And leaves the laggard Genius out of sight;
 Yet reins his Pegasus in full career;
 They frighten danger, who no danger fear.
 Yet you, great Judges, sometimes wink at crimes,
 Most were not his, but errors of the times.

* This Prologue was spoken by Mr. Wilkes on the revival of the comedy by Betterton. An Epilogue by Dr. Sewell, more humorous than delicate, was spoken by Pinkethman in the character of Feeble, a woman's taylor. N.

Sometimes,

Sometimes, yet half ashamed of what he writ,
 He quibbled like an errant Pulpit-wit.
 Like wanton fencers, some rude strokes he made,
 To show the strength and toughness of his blade.

But all apologies for him are wrong,
 He proves his value by his lasting long:
 And still with pleasure his bright fame surveys,
 Fresher in George's, than Eliza's days.

VERSES BY DR. SEWELL,
 WRITTEN AT HAMPSTEAD*.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day,
 Dost thou thy little spot survey,
 From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
 Pursue the progress of the year,
 What winds arise, what rains descend,
 When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noon-tide walks avail,
 To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
 Then wantonly to death decree
 An insect usefuller than thee?

Thou and the worm are brother-kind,
 As low, as earthy, and as blind.

* These verses, as coming from a physician, who knew his own case and danger, are particularly striking and pathetic. They are generally said to have been written "when he was in a consumption," but this does not appear certain. They first appeared in a posthumous essay, by Dr. Sewell, "On the Usefulness of Snails in Medicine," published after his death. N.

Vain

Vain wretch ! canst thou expect to see
 The downy peach make court to thee ?
 Or that thy sense shall ever meet
 The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet,
 Exhaling with an evening blast ?
 Thy evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green,
 (For vanity 's in little seen)

All must be left when Death appears,
 In spite of wishes, groans, and tears ;

Nor one of all thy plants that grow,
 But Rosemary will with thee go.

DR. SEWELL TO MAJOR PACK,

ON READING HIS POEMS. 1718.

SWay'd by the vulgar tide (forgive the wrong)
 I thought, before I heard your powerful song,
 In noisy war the Muse's voice was mute,
 Nor hop'd to find the Trumpet near the Lute.
 But now I see, from thy melodious lays,
 The Laurel well may mingle with the Bays ;
 The warrior's oak may tremble on the crest,
 And yet the lover's myrtle shade the breast.

Minerva thus in Homer's camp is seen :
 Now the maid threatens with a warlike mien ;
 Now in soft words persuades the giddy throng,
 And melts in music on Ulysses' tongue.
 So on the bosom of the Thames unite
 The fruits of gentle peace, and pomp of fight.

Here breathe the spicy gums from India's shores.

In thunder there the royal navy roars.

May Britain never want such sons as you,
To fight her battles, and record them too!

Tyrtæus so led Sparta's soldiers on,

Then sung the trophies which himself had won.

Be this thy double praise; while we commend

The wars you write the freedom you defend.

AN EPISTLE FROM LONDON,

TO RICHARDSON PACK*, ESQ

AT ST. EDMOND'S-BURY.

WRITTEN AT THE DECLINE OF THE SOUTH-SEA. 1722

“ ——— Te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canit, nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam fibi, quæ Vari prescripsit pagina nomen.”

WRAPT in the pleasures of a country seat,
Deserving and avoiding to be great;
You, Pack, enjoy fair Nature in her spring,
There soft-responsive to her music sing:
As she the Lily snows, or Roses arms,
Snatch her just pencil, and transcribe her charms.
Or, deeply musing in the curious strain,
Note how her hand dilates the teeming grain;

* Of Mr. Pack's poetical abilities a specimen shall be given. I have some notion that this poem is by Dr. Sewell. N.

Till

Till from the clefted coats the milky blade
Shoots forth, promissive of a future shade :
From whence recruited, by what gradual powers,
She spreads in foliage, or she breathes in flowers.

Such scenes thy well-chose Bury prospects claim,
To wake the sage's or the poet's flame ;
Such raptures as at Naples Virgil fir'd,
Or Tully in his Tusculum inspir'd.

There happy stay ; from guilty objects free ;
Nor see the sights that we are forc'd to see.
Ambition, climbing with a giant's pride,
Stretches o'er Faith and Justice at a stride ;
While mourning Virtue, hopeless now to save,
Looks out to find an honourable grave.
Here hasty Avarice, gathering in her store,
Grinds the sad visage of the heartless poor ;
All mute they stand, an uncompassion'd race,
Feeding the locusts, whom they dare not chace.
There the swollen sea of luxury o'erflows,
The treasur'd ruin no confinement knows,
Bursting the chambers where before it slept,
As loosely lost, as once severely kept.

By me, in such a wild of follies plac'd,
What's to be shunn'd, or what's to be embrac'd ?
Is there, that can the toilsome scene relieve,
And make our living worth the pains to live ?
Or were it better that we early rose,
Than sit the farce out, and in dullness close ?

Yes, were there nothing but the name of friend,
On Virtue rais'd without a private end ;

Self-conscious Nature would assert her claim,
 And Reason justify the righteous flame :
 That makes this day-light worthy of our strife,
 And gilds the swift-descending eve of life.
 Absent from him, kind wishes, tender thought,
 Warm with ideas past, with blessings fraught ;
 Should his dear image through the world pursue,
 And set him in the fairest, fondest point of view.

Then next to him (for changes we must grant,
 Since frail Humanity is still in want)
 Selected books might challenge our esteem,
 Still best, as nearest to the ancient stream.
 How the soul listens to the Siren prose,
 When Socrates's sense in Plato flows !
 Whether in visionary scenes he strays,
 And mighty truths in mystic terms conveys ;
 Or traces in smooth dialogue this whole,
 A first supreme, and an immortal soul.
 We now, great Wit ! perceive thy subtle strain,
 That banish'd poets from thy fancied reign * :
 In vain thy rigid rules their lays accuse,
 When yourself substitute a sweeter Muse ;
 Superior beauties may forbear to rail,
 When to display their charms — is to prevail.
 Yet see ! O, Plato ! how just Nature's laws,
 In after-days reveng'd the Muses' Cause,
 See thy great rival Roman 'Tully's curse,
 Damn'd to a drudging impotence of verse ;

* Plato de Republicâ.

The Sage's, Orator's, and Consul's pride
Grew sick for bays — and unattaining died.

Hail, sacred Poesy ; thy gentle powers
Be the soft sharers of our lonely hours !
Our infant years thy heavenly numbers sooth,
And lay the rugged paths of Science smooth :
Happy for learning ! that her sons of Fame
First chose, and best adorn'd the poet's name.
Else with her heroes had her tongues lain dead,
And dull priests puzzled o'er the Greek unread.
The mist of ages had o'er Virgil rose,
Lost in Monastic rhymes, or low Law prose.
The Muse's torch, diffusive of its light,
Secures her rivals from the shades of night ;
And by the flame that Homer's pages give,
Demosthenes and Aristotle live.

Who then, prophane of tongue, the Muses blame,
Devoutly ignorant their friend defame !
Like Oedipus, mistaken in the fray,
Murder their father, to dispute the way.

Not so the knowledge of the better few,
Granville and Congreve, Tickell, Pope, and You :
O ! guard their fame — far humbler views be mine,
And Homer to Hippocrates resign !
Too like their lots — the poet begg'd his meat,
The doctor gains it — when too old to eat.

ODE TO MR. HANDEL,
ON HIS PLAYING ON THE ORGAN, 1722.
BY DANIEL PRAT*, M. A.

HOW shall the Muse attempt to teach,
Artist divine! in fitting lays,
What voice with equal thought can reach
Thine and the sacred Organ's praise?
Oh! might the numbers flow with ease,
As thou our spirits dost command,
Which rise and fall by just degrees,
Each soul obsequious to thy hand!

With joy and wonder fill'd, we seem
Borne on the swelling sound on high,
Like Jacob in his blissful dream,
All Heaven approaching to descry!

Now in more lengthen'd notes, and flow,
We hear, inspiring sacred dread,
The deep majestic Organ blow,
Symbol of sounds that rouse the dead!

A pleasing horror fills the dome!
The statues o'er each antique tomb,
Attentive look! while we like them become!

* Rector of Harrietham, Kent; and some time chaplain to the household of King George the First at Kensington. N.

See!

See! All, resembling statues, stand,
Enchanted by thy magic hand!

A solemn pause ensues — — —

All things are hush'd, and every breath
Seems stopp'd as in the arms of death!

Each restless Passion's softly lull'd to peace,
And silent Thought seems only not to cease!
How dreadful is this place! What holy fear
Thrills through our shuddering veins! Hail, heavenly
That round th' Eternal sing! for surely here [choir,
Jehovah is! far, ye Profane, retire.

Again we hear! and silence now is drown'd
In rapturous notes, and ecstasy of sound!

Fix'd in one solid steadfast gaze,
The rustic hind, a human brute,
Devours the sounds in deep amaze,
Entranc'd, immoveable, and mute.

His wakening soul begins to guess
Some God within that frame must dwell,
Now full convinc'd that nothing less
Could speak so sweet, so wondrous well.

What sacred rage their breast alarms,
Whose more than barbarous zeal exclaims
Against the soft persuasive charms
Of Music, which the savage tames?

Such they that tore the Thracian Bard,
And with their frantic clamour drown'd
What woods and rocks with rapture heard,
Both Voice and Harp's melodious sound!

Ev'n me, untaught my voice to raise,
 Wont still to haunt the silent bower,
 Thy notes provoke to sing their praise,
 And oh ! that they inspir'd the power !

But as th' unheeded numbers flow,
 Thy skill no sooner they rehearse,
 Than (as too groveling all and low)
 My heighten'd fancy scorns the verse.

Thus the fond bird whom shade and silence cheers,
 Some great musician's varied solo hears :
 Her little soul alarm'd, his notes essays,
 She sings alternate as the artist plays :
 Warbling she strives, each modulation tries,
 Till tir'd, her weak wings droop, and griev'd, she dies !
 In Roman strains this Strada * sweetly sung,
 But sweeter Philips † in our ruder tongue.

While blest with thy celestial airs,
 How vain we count the views of life,
 The miser's hopes, the lover's cares,
 Domestic feuds, and public strife !

No more amus'd with gaudy fights,
 The world seems now to disappear,
 While found alone the soul delights,
 Which ravish'd would for ever hear !

* "Fidicinis & Philomelæ Certamen." P.

† Pastoral V.—We have been assured that Philips, being complimented on this beautiful imitation, disowned his previous knowledge of the original. *Credat Judeus !* D.

Thy

Thy music, like the sacred page,
 Tempers the fierce, uplifts the faint,
 Composes youth, enlivens age,
 Th' obdurate melts, inflames the faint!

Each now refin'd from low desires,
 Rais'd high by thee, and nobler grown,
 His elevated thought admires,
 And feels a spirit not his own!

But who can paint the Poet's fires?
 How are life's feeble strings oppress'd
 With the strong rage thy touch inspires,
 While glowing transports swell his breast?

Rising with thy exalted strain,
 His labouring soul now fain would fly,
 Fain would shake off this mortal chain,
 And re-ascend its native sky!

Thus led by Maro's Muse to Cuma's cave,
 We hear the Maid inspir'd divinely rave;
 Her changing colour and disorder'd hair
 Raptures too great to be sustain'd declare:
 With heighten'd features, and wild glaring eyes,
 Panting for breath, "The God, the God!" she cries:
 The voice not hers, and more than mortal sound,
 From vault to vault like thunder echos round!

Hark! Cornet and Cremona join,
 Deep Diapason and Bassoon,
 With Flute and Voice human, divine!
 A choir of instruments in one!

Now

Now loud all stops in concert blow !
 By the harmonious whirlwind driven,
 Our souls are ravish'd into Heaven,
 And seem to spurn the world below !

Blest emblem of seraphic joys !
 Where various forms and powers combine
 In harmony of thought and voice,
 While all to hymn their Sovereign join !

But man, unhappy man, whose mind
 In the same Heaven was fram'd for peace,
 Varies discordant (like the wind)
 Whom God nor Sovereign long can please*.

Swol'n thoughts in his tumultuous soul
 Now like the troubled billows roll ;
 Becalm'd, they now to spleen subside,
 Low, languid, as the ebbing tide !

Yet as thy volant touch pursues
 Through all proportions low and high
 The wondrous fugue, it peace renews
 Serene as the unfullied sky,
 Gladsome, as when Aurora's cheerful beams
 Dispell vain phantoms and delusive dreams.
 Th' attending Graces with thy fingers move,
 And as they interweave the various notes,
 Concord and ease, delight and purest love,
 Flow where the undulating music floats !

* Thus Dryden,

“ No King can govern, and no God can please.” D.

Base

Base spirits fly ; and all is Holy ground
Within the circle of the sacred sound !

See ! Discord of her rage disarm'd,
Relenting, calm, and bland as Peace ;
Ev'n restless noisy Faction charm'd,
And Envy forc'd thy skill to blefs !

Here Phrensy and distracted Care
Pleas'd and compos'd would ever dwell ;
While joys, unknown till now, they share,
And feel a Heaven possess'd for Hell !

Should Hate with Furies leagu'd combine,
Till all be into ruin hurl'd,
Say, would not Harmony like thine
Quell the wild uproar of the world ?

As when a raging tempest roars,
Some secret power the storm restrains,
Hush'd are the waves, gay smile the shores,
And peace o'er all the ocean reigns.

Oh then that they whose rage and hate
A brood of deadly mischiefs nurse,
Who secret all our ills create,
And then their own dire off spring curse,

That all in one assembly join'd,
Could hear thy healing soothing strain !
Soon shouldst thou calm their troubled mind,
And Reason should her seat regain :

Then in sweet sounds like thine, so soft a style,
Hoadly or Fleetwood silver-tongu'd should show
How rage would ravish, from our frightened isle,
The dear-bought blessings to the laws we owe :

How

How from just laws the world derives repose,
 And Harmony through all the glad Creation flows !
 Their voice th' enlighten'd crowd to peace should move,
 And fix for ever firm in loyalty and love.

TO HENRY WRIGHT, OF MOBBERLEY, ESQ.

ON BUYING THE PICTURE OF F. MALEBRANCHE.

BY JOHN BYROM*, M. A. F. R. S.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

WELL, dear Mr. Wright, I must send you a line ;
 The purchase is made, Father Malebranche is mine.
 The adventure is past, which I long'd to atchieve,
 And I'm so overjoy'd, you will hardly believe.

If

* This ingenious poet, a younger son of Mr. Edward Byrom, of Kerfall in Lancashire, was born in Manchester, 1691. He was educated, first in his native town, and afterwards at Merchant Taylors school in London, whence he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the famous Mr. Baker, July 6, 1708. He first distinguished himself in the world of letters in 1714 by the celebrated pastoral, " My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent," in the eighth volume of " The Spectator," and by two humorous letters on dreams in that volume. In the same year 1714, being then B. A. and having by his genius and regularity attracted the particular notice of Dr. Bentley, he was elected fellow of his college. Not chusing to enter
 into

If you will but have patience, I'll tell you, dear friend,
The whole history out from beginning to end.

Excuse the long tale; I could talk, Mr. Wright,
About this same picture from morning till night.

The morning it lower'd like the morning in Cato,
And brought on, methought, as important a day too;
But about ten o' clock it began to be clear;
And the fate of our capital piece drawing near,
Having sup'd off to breakfast some common decoction,
Away trudges I in all haste to the auction;
Should have call'd upon you, but the weaver committee
Forbad me that pleasure; — the more was the pity.

The clock struck eleven as I enter'd the room,
Where Rembrant and Guido stood waiting their doom,
With Holbein and Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoret,
Jordano, Poussin, Carlo Dolci, et cæt.

When

into orders, he vacated his fellowship in 1716, and went to Montpellier; where, applying himself closely to the study of physic, he acquired the appellation of Doctor. On his return to London, he became violently enamoured with a lady who was the second daughter of a rich uncle, which terminated in a match so disagreeable to their relations that they were reduced to great necessity. The Doctor, however, had recourse to an invention he had made whilst at Cambridge, of a curious method of writing short-hand; and, by passing the winter season in London, and the summer at Manchester, obtained from it a tolerable support for an increasing family. By the death of an elder brother the family estate devolved to him; and the business of short-hand being no longer necessary, he

When at length in the corner perceiving the Pere,
Ha, quoth I to his face, my old friend, are you there?
And methought the face smil'd, just as tho' it would say,
What, you 're come, Mr. Byrom, to fetch me away!

Now before I had time to return it an answer,
Comes a short-hander by, Jemmy Ord was the man, fir,
So, Doctor, good morrow: so, Jemmy, bon jour:
Some rare pictures here;—so there are to be sure:
Shall we look at some of 'em? with all my heart, Jemmy;
So I walk'd up and down, and my old pupil wi' me.
Making still such remarks as our wisdoms thought proper,
Where things were hit off in wood, canvas, or copper.

When at length about noon Mr. Auctioneer Cox,
With his book and his hammer, mounts into his box;

he retired to a domestic life, and indulged himself in bagatelles till his death, which happened at Manchester, in the seventy-second year of his age, Sept 26, 1763. Two volumes of his poetical productions were published at Manchester, in 1773, 8vo. By these he appears to have been a Behmenist. As it was his manner to commit his sentiments of every kind to verse; he is the author of many poems on subjects on which no one but himself would ever have invoked the Muses. His lighter verses he committed to the flames, and among them probably some of his best, if we may judge from this and his "Pastoral Ballad," compared with his "two volumes." One of his Poetical Dissertations is made famous by Mr. Pegge's animadversions on it in the fifth volume of the "Archaeologia." N.

Lot the first—number one—then advanc'd his upholder
 With Malebranche: so Atlas bore Heaven on his shoulder.
 Then my heart, fir, it went pit-a-pat, in good sooth,
 To see the sweet face of the searcher of truth:
 Ha, thought I to myself, if it cost me a million,
 This right honest head then shall grace my pavillion.

Thus stood lot the first both in number and worth,
 If pictures were priz'd for the men they set forth:
 I'm sure to my thinking, compar'd to this number
 Most lots in the room seem'd to be but meer lumber,
 The head then appearing, Cox left us to see 't,
 And fell to discoursing concerning the feet,
 "So long, and so broad—'tis a very fine head—
 Please to enter it, gentlemen"—was all that he said.

Had I been in his place, not a stroke of an hammer
 Till the force had been tried both of rhetorick and
 grammar;

"A very fine head!"—had thy head been as fine,
 All the heads in the house had veil'd bonnets to thine:
 Not a word whose it was—but in short 'twas an head—
 "Put it up what you please"—and so somebody said,
 Half a piece—and so on—for three pounds and a crown,
 To sum up my good fortune, I fetch'd him me down.

There were three or four bidders, I cannot tell whe-
 ther,
 But they never could come two upon me together;
 For as soon as one spoke, then immediately pop
 I advanc'd something more, fear the hammer should drop.
 I con-

I consider'd, should Cox take a whim of a sudden,
 What a hurry it would put a man's Lancashire blood in!
 Once—twice—three pound five—so, Nemine con.
 Came an absolute rap—and thrice happy was John.

“Who bought it?” quoth Cox. “Here’s the money,”
 quoth I.

Still willing to make the securest reply:
 And the safest receipt that a body can trust
 For preventing disputes is—down with your dust!
 So I bought it, and paid for’t, and boldly I say,
 ’Twas the best purchase made at Cadogan’s that day;
 The works the man wrote are the finest in nature,
 And a most clever piece is his genuine portraiture.

For the rest of the pictures, and how they were fold,
 To others there present, I leave to be told:
 They seem’d to go off, as at most other sales,
 Just as folks’ money, judgment, or fancy prevails;
 Some cheap, and some dear; such an image as this
 Comes a trifle to me: and an odd wooden Swift
 Wench’s head, God knows who—forty-eight guineas—
 if her

Grace of Marlborough likes it—so fancy will differ.

When the business was over, and the crowd somewhat
 Whip into a coach I convey number one. [gone,
 Drive along, honest friend, fast as e’er you can pin;
 So he did, and ’tis now safe and sound at Grays’-Inn:
 Done at Paris, it says, from the life by one Gery,
 Who that was I can’t tell, but I wish his heart merry;
 In the year ninety-eight; sixty just from the birth
 Of the greatest divine, that e’er liv’d upon earth.

TO HENRY WRIGHT, ESQ. 161

And now, if some evening, when you are at leisure,
You 'll come and rejoice with me over my treasure,
With a friend or two with you, that will in free sort
Let us mix metaphysics and short-hand and port,
We 'll talk of his book, or what else you 've a mind,
Take a glass, read or write, as we see we 're inclin'd:
Such friends and such freedom! what can be more clever?
Huzza! Father Malebranche and Short-hand for ever.

TO PEREGRINE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN,

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH THE

LADY ANNE SEYMOUR. 1719.

BY MR. THOMAS NEWCOMB*.

STAY, Phœbus! blooming God of light!

Those distant worlds, to which you fly,

No wonder boast to pay your flight,

No beauty to detain your eye;

No youths so blest, no nymphs so kind,

As those you chuse to leave behind.

Look

* Of this ingenious writer I have given some particulars in vol. IV. p. 356. I since find that he lived some time at Hackney in rather distressed circumstances; but was no relation to the Newcomes that keep the famous school there. Dr. Young was his friend. Besides the several poems I have here preserved, the long poem on the Last Judgement, and those I have before pointed out, he wrote, 1. "The Manners
" of the Times, in seven Satires," after Dr. Young had

Look down a while, great orb, below,
 And, wondering, ask thy golden skies
 What lamps above with lustre glow
 With brightness, fair as Seymour's eyes,
 Whose rival beams as they admire,
 Her beauty throws them back their fire.

Not to behold her purer light,
 To distant regions you repair;
 Thy evening rays not half so bright,
 Thy morning glories scarce so fair;
 Without a rival, from thy throne
 There thou may'st make a day alone.

Let

published his Satires; 2. "An Ode to the Queen, on the happy Accession of their Majesties to the Crown, 1727;" 3. "An Ode to the Right Honourable the Earl of Orford, on Retirement, 1742;" 4. "A Collection of Odes and Epigrams, &c. occasioned by the Success of the British and Confederate Arms in Germany, 1743;" 5. "An Ode inscribed to the Memory of the late Earl of Orford, 1747;" 6. "Two Odes to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; on his Return from Scotland, and on his Voyage to Holland, 1746;" 7. "A Paraphrase on some Select Psalms;" 8. "The Consummation, a Sacred Ode on the final Dissolution of the World, inscribed to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1752;" 4to. 9. "Vindicta Britannica, an Ode on the Royal Navy, inscribed to the King, 1759;" 4to, 10. "Novus Epigrammatum Delectus, or Original State Epigrams and minor Odes suited to the Times, 1760;" 8vo. 11. "The Retired Penitent. Being a poetical Version

Let others from each God implore,
 A new increase of glory crave,
 You, blest already, ask no more
 But to secure that bliss they gave;
 Possess'd of Seymour's charms to live,
 Is all their kindest love can give.

See Heaven, to grace th' auspicious day,
 Keeps back for her the rolling year;
 While Summer suns, with kind delay,
 The smiling brow of Autumn chear,
 Which does, to grace her nuptial, bring
 The flowers and verdure of the Spring.

Version of one of the Rev. Dr. Young's moral Contemplations. Revised, approved, and published, with the consent of that learned and eminent writer, 1760;" 12mo. 12. "A congratulatory Ode to the Queen, on her Voyage to England, 1761;" 4to. 13. "On the Success of the British Arms. A congratulatory Ode addressed to his Majesty, 1763;" 4to. [He was about 90 years old at this time.] 14. "The Death of Abel, a sacred Poem written originally in the German language, attempted in the Style of Milton, 1763;" 12mo. 15. In 1757 he published "Versions of two of "Hervey's Meditations" in Blank Verse;" and in 1764 the whole of them were printed in 2 vol. 12mo. I have also reason to think that he was the author of "A Supplement to a late excellent Poem, intituled, *Are these Things so?* 1740;" and of "Præexistence and Transmigration; or the new Metamorphosis, a Philosophical Essay on the Nature and Progress of the Soul; a Poem, something between a Panegyric and a Satire, 1743." N.

Oh, ask your heart, your beating heart,
As near her looks, confus'd, you lie,
If kindest Fate did e'er impart
A joy so soft, a bliss so high,
As her inspiring blushes give,
Which not to view were not to live.

We, when the Gods their smiles detain,
To blame their rigor are inclin'd ;
You, of their fondest love complain,
Alike, when too severe, or kind :
Excess of bliss may bliss destroy,
Nor make us feel, but suffer joy.

So when the shining sons of light
On earth their beauty would display,
Each form, with heavenly lustre bright,
O'erwhelms the world with too much day :
Around each head what glories live,
Obscure the morn they seem to give.

Those blessings, which your birth or fame,
Your youth and glory could impart,
For greater far, you now disclaim,
The triumph o'er fair Seymour's heart ;
Which in her smiles and beauties won,
Are all forgot, and all outdone.

How many joys at once inspire,
Your breast with pleasing transport move,
Her Virtue does your bosom fire
With wonder, and her eyes with love !
What passion must that soul destroy,
Where Love itself's but half her joy !

Yet

Yet thus possess'd of every bliss,
That Fate can give, or you implore,
Although you feel no pain but this,
To want a power of asking more ;
Of one great joy depriv'd you live,
To know your Heaven no more can give.

Thus the brave Greek no pleasure found,
But sigh'd (his crowns neglected by)
That he had still an arm to wound,
But Nature left no foe to die ;
The vanquish'd world with pain he view'd,
And almost wish'd it not subdued.

Though Seymour's beauties and her mind
Resistless charms could both impart,
She took the noblest way to find
A passage to your yielding heart ;
Chusing with Virtue to surprise,
And reach'd your soul before your eyes.

Oh say, what magic force you try,
Fair nymph, your triumphs to fulfil ;
When thus you throw your beauties by,
Yet boast a power to conquer still :
Those useless glories lay aside
For which a thousand youths have died.

Thus from their native inward light,
The sparkling gems a worth unfold ;
And with their own hid lustre bright,
Disclose a flame without the gold ;
Where needful aid their beams deride,
That gives to all things else their pride.

What passions must your soul confess,
 Through every sense what bliss convey !
 When Heaven, on purpose *more* to bless,
 Refuses to augment your joy :
 When Seymour's beauty fills your mind,
 'Tis goodness scarce to be more kind.

To bear a transport in your breast,
 Exceeding that you now sustain,
 Is with too great a weight oppress'd,
 But to indulge, a kinder pain ;
 When, stealing pleasures from her eye,
 You know not if you live or die.

To doat for ever on her charms,
 With mingled joy and pain oppress'd ;
 To breathe, to live within her arms,
 And fondly on her bosom rest ;
 To view her eyes, thy passion own,
 Look down—nor envy kings their throne.

The youthful warrior's pride survey,
 Just treading o'er the vanquish'd field ;
 Before your eyes his transport lay,
 When millions fall, and empires yield ;
 Then view thy own fair yielding prize,
 And all his wreaths and fame despise.

How different are the glories found,
 Heroes in love and battle try ;
Here, 'tis a fame to give a wound,
 A greater *there* to yield and die ;
 An equal triumph each pursues,
 While one submits, and one subdues.

What

What laurel binds the victor's brows,
The wretch's blood too deeply stains;
What fame from brightest conquest flows,
With fatal toil the hero gains:
In Love, the only shaft that flies
Is sent from Beauty's guiltless eyes.

Those pleasures which we hope from fame,
When blooming, haste to their decay,
What bliss we from ambition frame,
Just as we grasp it, glides away;
While that content which beauty gives
Is always new, and ever lives.

Just so the pure transparent tide,
That from some silver fountain came,
Taught through its flowery banks to glide
With clearest waves, and still the same,
Does to the distant ocean bring
The crystal of its parent spring.

If e'er thy bosom knew distress,
Forcing thy sorrows to complain;
If Heaven, so us'd thy fate to bless,
E'er hid her smiles, and gave thee pain;
For this fair moment left behind,
Absolve the Gods, and own them kind.

What tears your eyes have lately shed,
(When sighing near her hearse alone;
Close by the beauteous breathless dead,
You liv'd, but only liv'd to moan.)

Oh! think the Gods have well repaid,
Each bliss return'd, and grief allay'd.

Oh! think the *Fair* you now possess,
 Does all your Love and Virtue claim,
 Each parent view, and learn to guess
 Your own thus mingling with their fame:
 Each godlike action must be tried,
 To prove ourselves to Heaven allied.

Their great superior worth to trace,
 Must be your first, your fair design
 To follow—since with every grace
 Already theirs, you still must shine:
 Like them in Glory to improve,
 Forsake your earth, and think on Jove,

Whose great example else below,
 What Goddess' praise, what Hero's fame,
 Can teach your kindling breast to glow,
 With virtues worthy Seymour's name?
 Who but themselves can patterns give,
 And teach us like themselves to live?

Oh! place their glories ever fair
 Before your eyes, your soul to move;
 Revolve, what nations by *his* care
 Enjoy, what wretches by *her* love;
 And while their pity fills your mind,
 You strive in vain to be unkind.

Through kings, and kingly heroes veins,
 The noble stream already past,
 Still rolls impatient, till it gains,
 To mix with Osborne's blood at last:
 To higher fame despairs to rise,
 Till lost in that* above the skies.

[* Eridanus.

So

So the fair Tame, and Isis' waves,
At last together kindly go;
One common bank their current laves,
One mingling stream their waters flow.
Till to the ocean's conquering tide
They give their waves, and yield their pride.
Forgive, blest pair, the Muse who tries,
And would in verse your fame adorn;
Prefaging now with curious eyes
Kind hours and moments yet unborn;
Viewing in time's fair fruitful womb
A thousand scenes of bliss to come.
She now beholds the lovely boy
Divide each parent's soft surprise;
While, to indulge and feed their joy,
One boasts his cheeks, and one his eyes;
And from his infant looks presage,
And read the wonders of his age.
That doubtful grace which Nature draws,
By turns each melting heart beguiles;
While here the manly father awes,
And there the charming mother smiles;
Both in each look some glory find;
One views him brave, the other kind.
Still may your Heaven its smiles confess,
Not lessen, nor augment *their* store,
Whose love will ne'er behold them less,
Whose power can only make them more!
That joy to distant Time endures,
Which Virtue gives, and Fate secures.

TO CHARLES DUKE OF RICHMOND,
ON HIS BEING INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE GARTER,

WITH SIR R. WALPOLE, JUNE 16, 1726.

BY MR. NEWCOMB.

WITH every honour grac'd, thy youth appears,
Long to thy merits due before thy years:
Those titles, with which age is proud to shine,
Just in the early bloom of life are thine;
While monarchs thy great worth with trophies crown,
That give the bravest, fame; the best, renown;
Binding around thy leg the azure string,
Which sets the knight in glory next the king;
Edward's fam'd garter smiling to decree,
A gift familiar to a Richmond's knee;
Worn by a parent long—no new renown;
From sire to son transmitted greatly down;
Now thine—in future ages to adorn
Thy sons—and heroes of thy race unborn,
Who, emulous to reach a father's fame,
Shall claim thy star as well as boast thy name.

Others by slow degrees to fame arise,
You seize at once your virtue's noble prize:
Your glory like the sun's—whose sudden ray
Bursts from the cloud at once, and makes a day;
Whose titles by each other still surpass'd,
Each other shade—the fairest still the last;

Your second brighter than your first renown,
While Windsor's star eclipses Baia's crown :
Whose orb, upon thy breast more full and bright,
The monarch gave — but thou the nobler light,
The sacred ray which from the circle springs,
And adds a glory to the gift of kings.
In Henry's dome, a seat no longer thine,
Where Richmond's banners next to William's * shine,
Thy arms remov'd, that others may receive,
And grow renown'd with titles that you leave :
Each hero's envied fame, as well as pride,
To wear those trophies which you lay aside,
Which left by you to Princes add a grace,
To the lov'd youth of George's British race ;
No vulgar praise, for which the best might sue
Next to succeed, and merit next to you,
To wear those crowns, by birth and virtue yours,
Which nothing but your brighter star obscures,
While Windsor opens wide her royal gate
To introduce her youthful knight in state,
Proud of a name so lov'd her hero brings
To take his seat, and share a fame with kings.
As in the bow, which paints the evening skies,
Fair and more fair the beauteous tints arise,
By turns the varying colours strike our sight
With gay confusion, and with mingled light,
Till fainter now retires each dying hue,
The Green and Red, both conquer'd by the Blue ;

* Prince William Augustus, one of the Knights of the Bath, and afterwards duke of Cumberland. N.

Thus

Thus bright, and thus confus'd, thy honours bloom ;
One shedding but to yield another room :
So throng'd, within thy age's narrow sphere,
We lose the great, the greater are so near,
Which like thy Richmond's heavenly charms surprise ;
Her cheeks the fairest till we view her eyes,
Each beauty by some stronger charm surpass'd,
That pleasing most, our eye adores the last.
Thy glories thus, like streams that never stay,
Each other press, and drive themselves away.

Hail name belov'd! with kings and heroes plac'd,
Crown'd with each virtue, with each science grac'd ;
By Fate's indulgent gift the glory thine,
In camps alike, and polish'd courts to shine,
'To trace all Nature's hidden laws with ease,
With smiles to awe, with dignity to please ;
Who to her favourite does at once impart
The virgin's pity, and the warrior's heart ;
In him th' extremes of nature reconcil'd,
With titles humble, and in greatness mild,
To whom reality was ever dear,
Much better pleas'd to be than to appear,
Scorning the courtier's low inglorious part,
The smiling visage and the cursing heart,
'The statesman's crooked and mysterious way ;
The lip that first would flatter, then betray ;
The sober look that calmly would beguile,
And when it meant a stab, profess a smile,
With Friendship's name thy fate or fall pursue,
And in the fervent vow of love, undo.

Let

Let the great Saint, which now adorns thy breast,
 Inspire thee to relieve the soul distress'd;
 By his example be thy arm more brave,
 Lifted by Honour to avenge, or save!
 Drawing thy pious sword in Virtue's cause,
 For injur'd Freedom, or for dying Laws.
 While thus more dear thy glories seem to be,
 Obliging others, than adorning thee,
 Mankind instructed by a Richmond's name,
 That greatest virtues dwell with highest fame!
 That pity still inspires the noblest mind,
 Pleas'd to be great — but only to be kind;
 In thy full fame, too generous to disown
 A Muse unskill'd — but not to thee unknown.

Take then the wreath thy early worth supplies,
 Like Walpole merit, who with Walpole rise;
 Thy first, is to deserve so fair a name,
 And to deserve with him a second fame:
 It gives thy star new lustre in our eyes,
 To share a glory with the great and wise;
 With him who claims from each a like renown,
 Lov'd by the subject, favour'd by the crown.
 Zealous for both, whom both by turns commend,
 The monarch's guardian, and the people's friend,
 Who bids our fame by land and sea increase;
 Best guide in war, best counsellor in peace.
 Teaching our isle to scorn the proudest foe,
 Credit and wealth in larger streams to flow!
 Our fleets and armies nobly to disdain
 The fraud of Gallia, and the force of Spain.

Nor shall Britannia's statesman blush to wear
Thy titles, and a fame with thee to share :
Honour, integrity, good-nature, truth
His age may learn from thy experienc'd youth.
There view the seeds of worth and virtue sown,
Of ripening arts and prudence like his own :
Where Walpole's wisdom, early form'd, appears ;
To be matur'd, and equal that, by years.
Each precept plain, to his well-judging thought,
Which Solon practis'd, or Lycurgus taught :
From youth, each learned rule by him acquir'd
The Porch, the Stoa, or the Grove inspir'd ;
To act the friend's, or else the patriot's part ;
To curb the passion, or to guide the heart ;
To teach the soul its virtue to sustain,
Not warp'd by pleasure, or subdued by pain ;
To strike, if injur'd right his sword should need,
The tyrant quell, or with his country bleed.
Conscious, what various duties ought to sway,
Or kings who rule, or subjects who obey ;
What to ourselves, to others what we owe ;
To friends what love, what mercy to a foe !
What gave to Greece her triumphs and her fame,
What rais'd, and what debas'd, the Roman name !
Where Brutus aim'd the point aright, and where,
Striking himself, his sword betray'd his fear !
How fair that virtue, which a realm sustains !
That guilt how black, which loads her sons with chains !
To calm each sadness in the mourner's breast,
To dry the tear, and ease the heart distress'd :

Touch'd

TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Touch'd with each human woe, to feel a pain,
Hearing the prisoner sigh, the sad complain,
Well-pleas'd from all thy grandeur to descend,
To be the orphan's guide, or wretch's friend;
In its full height to throw thy fame aside,
In nothing proud — but in a scorn of pride;
Preferring (chang'd how little by a name!)
Goodness to birth, humanity to fame,
Are virtues, Walpole may with praise pursue,
May imitate from thee, but not outdo;
Proud to behold his star with lustre shine,
With rays resembling—almost drawn from thine.

Fill then their rival orbs with fullest light,
Already beauteous, make them still more bright;
Wipe off the rust that sullied them so long;
Be still their beams more fair, their light more strong,
That from each breast, where every merit lives,
Each star may take more lustre than it gives.

ODE TO MR. ELLIS,
OCCASIONED BY A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING
OF THE HON. GEORGE WALPOLE*,
ONLY SON TO LORD WALPOLE, 1741.
BY MR. NEWCOMB.

WHILE Princes give thy art applause,
The royal eye which oft beguiles;
While Frederick on thy canvas awes,
And in thy frames Augusta smiles;

* The present Earl of Orford. N.

Blush

ush not, fam'd artist, to descend
 To forms as fair though born less high;
 And the same colours nicely blend,
 For William's * and for Walpole's eye.

Though Beauty's self, from thy soft draught,
 We view more soft and beauteous still;
 Once let the poet's humble thought
 Direct the painter's forming quill.

Touch but the cloth as we inspire,
 Each piece a second life shall warm;
 The hero boast a nobler fire,
 With looks more soft the virgin charm.

Draw only as the Muse shall sing,
 Nor damp that flame her numbers give;
 The patriot, warrior, sage, and king,
 Each from thy hand shall breathe and live.

In the lov'd labour both may share,
 And both an equal rapture find;
 As you in colours shew him Fair,
 And I in verse record him Kind.

Try then the power of light and shade,
 If art can nature here pursue;
 And what the one so perfect made,
 If one can paint as beauteous too!

Each shall a different gift admire,
 A different grace shall each inflame;
 While you his eye with light inspire,
 And I his soul with thirst of fame.

* The duke of Cumberland. N.

With

With wonders crowd his little span,
Which our pleas'd thoughts by turns employ;
Viewing the genius of the man,
In life's first dawn inform the boy.
If sweetness for each look you want,
Let Cupid's cheek the blush supply;
If beauty to inspire the paint,
Take it, dear friend, from Venus' eye.
Still, still too faint thy colours glow,
Pour in fresh light; and on the whole
More flame, more sprightly life bestow,
And to the picture give a soul.
'Tis done!—suppress a thought so vain!
And once again thy quill assume;
Once more thy vigorous fancy strain,
And with more spirit warm his bloom.
That look how sweet! how soft that air!
Each beauty by the next surpass'd;
That feature seeming still most fair,
Which the pleas'd eye beholds the last.
Now all is try'd thy hand can do.
Yet own the weakness of thy skill;
To paint the soul as lovely too,
A task untry'd is wanting still.
A thousand latent sparks of light
Thy eye, though curious, cannot see;
And Graces, to the Muses' fight
That stand confess'd, are hid from thee.

His heart, inflam'd with love of praise,
Thy pencil, artist, cannot swell;
'Then leave him to his poet's lays,
When fir'd, and panting to excel.

Each outward charm thy colour shews,
Beauties less seen his thoughts employ;
Who the kind friend and patriot views
Just form'd, and opening in the boy.

Those looks the virgin's eye that blest
Thy hand may reach—but say whose art,
What pencil, can those gifts express,
Which please and touch a parent's heart?

'Tis thine to paint youth's native fire,
On beauty's cheek the blush to raise;
'Tis ours each virtue to inspire,
To lend the gift, and after, praise.

Mankind may own the piece entire,
The Muses skill, and thine admit;
Beauty with sense could they admire,
Good-nature join'd with manly wit.

When thus the sister-arts unite,
And make some favourite form their care,
Each eye the image must delight,
By turns presented kind and fair.

To paint each heavenly feature true,
By men, by Gods, to be admir'd;
Apelles thus his Venus drew,
Just as great Homer's thought inspir'd.

With

With silent pace life steals away ;
What then, lov'd artist, can we chuse,
Thus frail, to save us from decay,
But thou a pencil, I a muse ?

In this lov'd youth we each may live,
When Time has eat our crumbling bust ;
And the short praise our marbles give
Is, with the arch, o'erwhelm'd with dust.

To distant times his deathless name
May ours, however mean, convey ;
While thus we give a meaner fame,
A nobler only to enjoy.

The feather thus unmark'd before,
Reaching the eagle as he flies,
Is, with the arrow, upward bore
By Jove's great bird above the skies.

Unless we then extend our span,
By some fair deeds of virtuous fame,
The life Heaven gives to wretched man
Is lost—and scarce deserves a name.

We breathe, the phantoms of a day,
Till glory stretches out our date ;
Our acts this snatches from decay,
The rest we owe to Time and Fate.

That glory ours — who, to prolong
The actions of the good and brave,
Have power, in colours and in song,
To bear their fame beyond the grave.

A thousand eyes in Kneller's paint
 Nassau and Churchill still adore,
 Though the fam'd general, king, and saint
 Survive, to bless the world, no more.

When the great Patriot * of his race
 Late shall assert his native sphere;
 When envy shall no more debase
 His fame, or rage restrain its tear;

When one is lost — to fill our eyes
 With gladness and our joy renew,
 We view another Walpole rise,
 And thank thy pencil for the view,

His youth and smiles, which now demand
 My numbers and thy rival art;
 To draw his looks the painter's hand,
 The Muses skill to shew his heart;

When lost in time, and ripening years
 Shall once his country save or bless,
 And claim'd by Fate make Britain's tears
 For her lov'd dying guardians less,

A fairer piece thy thought shall feign,
 The Muse a nobler gift shall bring,
 When, in some future Brunswick's reign,
 You draw the Patriot which I sing.

* Sir Robert, grandfather of the present earl. N.

V E R S E S

LEFT IN A GROTTO IN RICHMOND GARDEN.

BY MR. NEWCOMB. 1744.

“ Habitârunt Dii quoque sylvas.” VIRG.

WHILE Fame no more his bosom fires,
 Here Britain's king from pomp retires;
 Beneath this humble roof coufin'd,
 The love and dread of half mankind:
 Scarce conscious in his rural bower
 What empires fear or bless his power,
 His triumphs here are all forgot,
 How well the hero led and fought;
 The laurels on the Mayne that grew,
 The ranks his victor squadrons flew;
 The sword in Gallic blood deep-died,
 The field that humbled Bourbon's pride;
 His fleets that cover half the main,
 And Austria rescued from her chain;
 Which, shook no more with dire alarms,
 Forgets her fear, to bless his arms.

No more with plans of glory fir'd,
 Thus Scipio once from Rome retir'd;
 By deeds, like his, immortal made,
 The world exchanging for a shade:
 There in his life's declining ray,
 The warrior threw his crowns away;
 Forgot his wreaths, more pleas'd to view
 The groves, where first his laurels grew;

Each thought of fairer conquests o'er,
 Ev'n Carthage warms his soul no more ;
 Which finds that Peace in grottoes live,
 That fame and triumphs could not give.

From shades like these, the Gods of old
 The future fate of realms foretold ;
 Whose arm in battle should succeed ;
 What state was doom'd to rise or bleed ;
 From Jove's dire cloud, with thunders red,
 What perjur'd nations had to dread ;
 The bravest sword without applause,
 That Pride or mad Ambition draws.

Let Richmond now for Delphi stand,
 And nations wait the great command
 Of Britain's king, like Fate's decree,
 That curbs, or sets whole empires free ;
 And fatal to each tyrant's ear,
 Fills Paris and Madrid with fear ;
 Damps Philip's heart, where'er he sits,
 And throws Spain's woman-king in fits :
 Who hears the cannon's voice with dread,
 That shook the crown on Carlo's head *.

Still with fresh wreaths thy brow adorn,
 And while he fears, let Bourbon scorn ;
 With proud contempt thy armies view,
 If when he smiles he trembles too.
 How vain, to save him from despair,
 Or Conti's sword, or Tencin's prayer ;

* Naples, threatened with a bombardment by Commodore Martin. D.

While on each sea thy power prevails,
And crowds each shore with captive sails;
Her wealth each day the Gallic fleet
Pouring in streams at Britain's feet:
While up the Thames, each golden tide,
The treasures of both Indias ride;
Which twice ten thousand slaves employ
To dig that ore your realms enjoy.

How dread, brave prince, when both combine,
And Heaven's dire vengeance seconds thine,
To lay the world's proud tyrants low,
Who combat thus a double foe.
Since kings, against thy power that rise,
Must dare, or else deride the skies;
Which thy strong arm with courage fire,
And aid that zeal they first inspire!
Nor can desert a sword so brave,
That, like Heaven's own, delights to save!

In action bold, in counsel wise,
Here with thy own great heart advise,
What realms shall next thy vengeance fear,
And tremble when thy troops appear:
If Spain or Gallia shall afford
The next fair wreaths to bind thy sword,
Which to thy hand Astræa gave,
As she directs to wound or save;
Thine the great task, by Heaven's decree,
From chains the injur'd world to free.

Close by thy side let William * stand,
Attentive to thy lov'd command;

* Duke of Cumberland. N.

Which bids the youthful warrior go,
 And charge where Britain finds a foe.
 With thy own flame his breast inspire,
 Catching from thee the noble fire,
 Which without fear thy hero led
 To the dire plain with slaughter red,
 Where the brave chief in raptures flew,
 And fought, and smil'd—with death in view:
 Not half so proud to boast his name,
 As imitate a father's fame
 By actions which his youth adorn,
 Proving himself of monarchs born.

Yet, ah! since Fate has not in store,
 To pay your worth, a blessing more;
 Mature at last in deathless praise,
 Here change the laurel for the bays.
 (Scarce ravish'd with the glorious sound
 Of Dettingen, where William's wound
 A joy and terror did impart
 To a fond trembling parent's heart.)
 In this calm scene reflect no more
 On empires which you sav'd before;
 O'er what wide seas your navies spread,
 On Bourbon's shame and Philip's dread;
 Here throw the victor's wreath away,
 The hero's generous flame allay,
 And kindly for a while descend,
 The king forgot, to be the friend;
 All Europe's jarring states compose,
 And plan the bleeding world's repose;

Owning

Owning the monarch's glory less
To conquer half the globe, than blefs.

Thus Jove against his earth-born foes,
Clad in majestic terror, rose;
But when his angry arm, that held
The flaming bolt, their rage had quell'd,
The God's avenging thunders cease,
And all Olympus smiles in peace.

N I N E O D E S,
ON THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN,
BY MR. NEWCOMB.

I. TO THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND,
ON THE WOUND HE RECEIVED AT DETTINGEN.

WHEN Britain's sovereign first beheld
The blood fast flowing from thy vein,
He felt his doubtful bosom swell'd
With secret raptures, mix'd with pain.

Alternate passions die and spring,
Each other which by turns destroy:
The father trembling, while the king
Beholds the purple stream with joy.

Though dreadful to his anxious thought,
The wound that bleeds, the drops that fall;
To think how well the hero fought,
He triumphs and forgets them all.

Pity

Pity the warrior's noble flame
 Should Britain's kindly fears renew !
 That what augments her favourite's fame,
 Should give his country terror too !
 His daring sword we hardly bless,
 Where'er it falls, of triumph sure ;
 And almost with his courage less,
 To view the hero more secure.

2. TO THE SAME.

PROUD Bourbon, honour'd with thy scars,
 In Voltaire's Muse had soar'd a God ;
 And with Alcides, Jove, and Mars,
 On the same cloud above had rode,
 Their thirst of glory is the same,
 Though different views the Heroes fire ;
 While William strives to have his fame,
 Lewis to keep his limbs, entire.

3. TO THE KING.

THOUGH just, and wise, and great before,
 To Honour's sacred dictates true ;
 Your sword and bravery have done more
 Than all your virtues else could do.
 That worth before less understood,
 Your actions on the Mayne unfold :
 Britain had always own'd you good,
 And France must now confess you bold.

Let

Let Discord then no more revive,
 Which now begins your fame to boast;
 While foes and jarring factions strive
 Which shall applaud their hero most.
 Back from the field, the gifts of war
 New titles and renown you bring;
 Returning home a conqueror,
 Who left your island—but a king.

4. TO THE SAME.

HIS god-like son, when Philip fought,
 With smiles the father's wreaths beheld;
 While every wonder which he wrought,
 His breast with rival passion swell'd.
 Just so thy youthful warrior stood,
 His fire's great actions pleas'd to view;
 Nor thought it fame to boast thy blood,
 Unless he shar'd thy laurels too.
 But, ah! his daring sword, embu'd
 In hostile blood, we view with pain;
 By empires sav'd, by foes subdu'd,
 Had William fall'n, we nothing gain.

5. TO THE FRENCH KING.

WHEN heedless of their chief's command,
 Bourbon, thy flying troops are found,
 To make thy dastard legions stand,
 Bid them reflect on William's wound.

Amidst

Amidst ten thousand deaths to view
 The fearless youth in chace of fame,
 Must each pale coward's flames renew
 With courage thus inspir'd by shame.

Could they assume his martial looks,
 As to the front his troops advance,
 Or Dauphins fight like English dukes,
 Britain must then beware of France.

6. ON THE FRENCH BARBARITIES IN G E R M A N Y.

T O T H E E M P E R O R.

WHILE France her treacherous sword employs
 Thy gasping empire to restore,
 Her friendship half thy realms destroys,
 What could her hostile arms do more!

Thus Drury dames, to love inclin'd,
 Plunder your fob, your nose efface;
 And, fatal always when most kind,
 Too often kill, while they embrace.

7. T O T H E S A M E.

WOULD'ST thou be lost and wretched quite,
 Without a friend or pity die;
 Resolve against Lorrain to fight,
 And court Versailles for an ally!

From thy lov'd country forc'd to run,
 Which thy weak arms in vain defend :
 Thou canst not yet be quite undone,
 Till France is call'd to be thy Friend.

8. TO THE FRENCH KING.

THE fates of Bourbon laurels yield,
 Nor George's rival sword forget :
 George always conquers in the field,
 Bourbon as oft in the Gazette.

What monarch's fame would shine so bright,
 So fair a lustre round diffuse ;
 Were Lewis victor in the fight,
 Oft as he conquers in the news ?

9. FIDES GALLICA. AD REGEM.

QUI vibrat * injustum, contra se dirigit enses ;
 Cuspide, qui Domini cædit inerme latus.
 Vindice non opus est gladio—perjuria regum
 Ulcisci, vindex sufficit ira Jovis.
 Parce minis, parce irato, dux inclyte, ferro ;
 Si non terra enses, fulmen Olympus habet.
 Mitte leves animos ! duplicem confurgis in hostem,
 Gallia, quæ Britones temnis, & unâ * Deos.
 Bellum alii exornent ; vestro sub numine pacem
 Inviçto populi vindice, terra colat.
 Res quam mira ! nocet patriæ, qui protegit ensis ;
 Dum Gallos vincis, vincere dextra docet.

* Two false quantities. D.

THE

THE ORACLE, AN ODE. 1747.

INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE
SIR EDWARD HAWKE*, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

BY MR. NEWCOMB. 3

“ ————Ridentem dicere verum

“ Quid vetat ?”

HOR.

A MIDST thy triumphs on the deep,
Say ! can a British Muse prevail,
Awhile to bid thy thunders sleep,
Neglect thy fame to mind a tale ?

E'en Jove himself not always throws
His shafts in anger from the sky ;
But when aveng'd he views his foes
In prostrate heaps, his lightnings die.

What wreaths has Gallia now to yield,
To swell thy own or Britain's joy ;
Till she is pleas'd more fleets to build,
Who leaves thee nothing to destroy.

Thy victor flags from pole to pole,
May now without a rival flow ;
Wave on their masts without control,
And rather wish than dread a foe.

One moment rescu'd from his fears,
Let Bourbon's heart forget its pain ;
Till thy bold squadron next appears,
And wakes his conscious fear again.

* The present Lord Hawke. N.

Thy

Thy laurels though already fair,
 'Twill greatly add to thy renown,
 That naval wreath which binds thy hair,
 Exchanging for an olive crown.

While, forc'd at last, proud Gallia's lord,
 Who on his power too long relied,
 Shall grant that peace to Britain's sword,
 Which to her justice he denied.

Whose general skill and foldier's pains,
 To shade his glory must unite;
 While Breton's Cape a proof remains,
 How well his fleets and armies fight.

But sure, brave Hawke, you think it odd,
 To keep a warrior from his guns,
 Of a strange mortal and a god,
 To read a tale—but thus it runs.

His favourite Saxe great Lewis sent
 To the fam'd Delphic shrine, to know
 Apollo's answer, if next Lent,
 His troops should meet, and charge the foe.

To whom the awful god reply'd,
 (And sent his reasons back in writing)
 The odds would be on Holland's side,
 Should he still seem resolv'd on fighting!

Since Orange now her councils steers,
 Tell him, his arms she does defy;
 And that his honest brave Mynheers
 Have no more forts for France to buy.

Acquaint his heroes of renown,
Who in cockades and war delight;
If they now hop'd to win a town,
Their swords, as well as gold, must fight.

Though long his troops in safety fought,
While Bourbon kept his foes in pay;
Those foes, with Gallic bribes once bought,
Sleep now no longer, or betray.

Convince him when his general calls,
And bids Breda her gates unfold,
To gain the fortrefs that his balls
Would now do better than his gold.

“ But should our armies want success,
No future wreaths in Holland gain;
Pray can your godship tell, or guess
Our fate next summer on the main.”

To Delphi's shrine you need not come,
Says sneering Phœbus, in reply;
For would you learn your navy's doom,
Great Hawke can better tell, than I.

By me you need not sure be told,
To your proud fleet what fate remains:
Consult that isle — whose prisons hold
Ten thousand Gallic slaves in chains.”

You want no Oracles or Gods,
The fatal issue to presage;
Since Lewis' self must know the odds,
When French with British flags engage.

Tell

Tell him, his captains are to blame,
 Her dreaded squadrons to withstand;
 Unless resolv'd to lose that fame
 By sea, his troops have gain'd by land.

Bergen may yield — Tournay be lost;
 But tell the foes to Albion's crown,
 That 'twill more blood and bullets cost,
 To board her ships, than buy a town.

Your fleets are only Britain's slaves,
 To distant worlds which vainly roam,
 And plow the sea's remotest waves,
 For her to bring their treasures home.

If then you ask, 'tis my advice,
 "Your warlike vessels would do right,
 Rather to trade in rum or rice,
 Than fly, or yield whene'er they fight."

"Ah! why so hard," cries Master Saxe,
 When, to complete his just renown,
 One only glory Lewis lacks—"
 —Pray name it, Sir—"a naval crown."

"Your prophecies are something odd,
 For one who does in arts excel—
 Alcides, though himself a God,
 Ne'er conquer'd more, or fought so well.

At Victory riding by his side,
 You deities perhaps may sneer;
 And Delphi's self that power deride,
 Which Europe's kings have learn'd to fear.

What though his vessels now display
 Not half the flags which once they bore;
 He sends to Brest — and in a day
 Can hoist ye up full fifty more!

His faints at Marli and Versailles,
 Whene'er their help he does invoke,
 Can, without iron, work up nails,
 Turn elm or maple into oak!

He whistles — at their master's call,
 From Heaven descending angels crowd;
 As he directs them, ready all
 To raise a mast, or mend a shroud!

See, prostrate! every pious hour,
 Before their shrines their monarch pray;
 And who shall tempt that sovereign's power,
 Who keeps a guard of saints in pay?

Had he Jove's eagle to bestride,
 Paris and Rome would both agree;
 The God upon his clouds would ride,
 Less dreaded and ador'd than he!"

"Did then his heavenly squadrons keep,
 Says Phœbus, "a good watch below?
 Or was not half the tribe asleep,
 When Hawke attack'd his Gallic foe?"

Then softly whispering in his ear—
 "Your naval fame no longer boast;
 If I am right, 'tis time to fear,
 When half your captive fleet is lost.

To the sea-god your king should send,
The cause of his revenge to know,
Since Mars is now and then his friend,
Why Neptune always is his foe?

To piety so well inclin'd,
Should he the ocean's power invoke;
He might be mov'd to be more kind,
And into bullets turn your smoke.

Howe'er, perhaps, he may be right
To think the danger now is o'er
Of losing more marines in fight,
Since Britain's gaols can hold no more."

He ceas'd — the angry chief replies,
(When Phœbus had no more to say)
"That France, ne'er minding deities,
Knew the fates will, as much as they!

That darkly what the Heavens decree,
Their tripods only could relate;
While Lewis, Lowendhal, and He,
Whene'er they pleas'd, could baffle Fate.

That leagues and treaties were a joke;
Which Tencin swore were idle things;
And at the altar sign'd when broke
Should ne'er disturb, or trouble kings.

To honour's fane though vows are paid,
Its fruitful maxims we despise;
Since Gods must never be obey'd,
Who glory beyond justice prize."

Apollo, fearing to expose
 His sacred shrines, so long admir'd;
 Left the dispute should end in blows,
 Left his dread temple, and retir'd.

A LETTER FROM A LADY,
 TO HER HUSBAND ABROAD, 1729.

“ — — — — Sequar atris ignibus absens,
 “ Omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis improbe poenas.”
 VIRGIL, *Æn.* l. iv.

TO thee, dear youth, in sacred wedlock ty'd,
 Disown'd, forsook, a widow and a bride,
 Not suffer'd to lament, and disallow'd
 That one sad privilege of widowhood;
 Let me disclose my love, and speak my fears,
 And freely pour my long-forbidden tears,
 Anxious I tremble, lest in distant lands,
 Lest too obedient to your sire's commands,
 Whilst from your faithful consort torn you rove,
 This ill-meant absence should efface your love.
 Say, have you still preserv'd your constant heart,
 Free from French fluttering, and Italian art?
 Does still this face each foreign Fair out-shine?
 Does no forbidden Beauty rival mine?
 Does yet your breast its wonted flame retain?
 And is your father guilty yet in vain?
 O! that propitious Heaven would fix my life
 In barbarous climes a captive; but a wife,

By

By thee acknowledg'd, willing I'd remain,
 Prisoner of Love, in Italy or Spain;
 Safe in thy arms enjoy the smiling days,
 And, oft transported, bless the happy place;
 Happy, whate'er its government might prove,
 Happy the slaves in state, if free in love.
 But, curst, I mourn, a slave amidst the free,
 Born in the boasted Land of Liberty.
 For me no shield the cobweb Laws appear,
 I feel by proof that Tyranny is here.

Though holy rites, that join'd our plighted hands,
 Confirm'd our loves with everlasting bands,
 Still would your arbitrary fire divide
 Our hearts, and doom thee to another bride.
 What frantic aims distract his giddy view,
 Which Power Almighty would in vain pursue!
 Can he the past recall? the done undo?
 Let factions join th' oppression to disclose,
 And all my friends be fir'd, and all my foes;
 Each lover speak, to aid a lover's sighs,
 To save a wife, let every woman rise;
 Nor pent within this narrow isle alone,
 Wide as the world my history be known:
 Where'er the British Navy spreads her sails,
 Bear it, ye tides; and whisper it, ye gales.
 Ah! who the dangerous story dares reveal?
 'Tis death to veil, it is but death to tell.
 My father, trembling, keeps the tale unknown,
 Nor for his daughter's life will risk his own;
 Lest Villain's power should plotted treason feign,
 Or basely load him with a felon's chain:

Afresh my wounds bleed at a father's name,
 Weeping I blush, and pity whilst I blame.
 Did he for this the drooping Tyrant save,
 And raise to health, when dropping to the grave?
 Is this the kind reward, to be pursu'd
 To chains, to death, by Statesmen's gratitude?
 Or forc'd to deep despair his child to give,
 His darling child, a curst alternative.

The great, too fond of their despotic will,
 The grave distinctions mock of good and ill,
 By vilest guilt their hellish ends insure,
 Nor start at any crime but being poor;
 For conscious Heaven no reverence they show,
 If safe from legal witnesses below,
 If hope of place can move, or fear of death,
 If gold or threatening stop the tell-tale breath.
 But me no frown shall frighten to resign
 The heart, which, spite of interest, shall be mine.
 To barter thee for lucre I disdain,
 Or stoop to sell, whom I would die to gain;
 The candid free my conduct will approve,
 My fault is virtue, for my fault is love.

Let him who dares in state tyrannic sway,
 Make the poor tremble, and the rich obey;
 Let Peace or War submit to his command;
 Let him at pleasure tax the weary land;
 Enact, repeal, establish, or remove,
 Take lives or freedom, every thing but love.

If power by breach of marriage must be shown,
 Let him, to prove that power, dissolve his own;

No mutual loves their hearts together bind,
Those virtuous fetters have been long disjoin'd.
If mere Ambition disappointed, tore
His fainting breast, with pangs unfelt before ;
With flattering tone, " support me, or I fall,"
And forc'd the haughty tongue for help to call :
O ! could he think what forer pain attends
Despairing lovers, and departed friends ;
So might our love-sick anguish vanish soon,
Could but that heart relent as well as swoon :
Fears the vain man our marriage should disgrace
The ancient arms of his illustrious race ?
His pride forgets my family is known,
If not so rich, as gentle as his own.
Did e'er my stem, so slighted though it be,
Produce a single branch so black as he ?
Did e'er — but poor reprisals I forbear,
And for the loyal dead, the living spare ;
Spare for thy sake ; yet, O ! had gracious Heaven
To worth like thine some other parent given ;
Blest hadst thou lov'd like humble happy swains,
Had purer currents fill'd thy honest veins ;
Had virtuous blood in those dear channels run,
O ! could Fate change it ! — but thou art his son !
Though by his nature's bonds, by right divine,
Unshaken and eternal, thou art mine ;
Milton, Rebellion's advocate, in vain
Would set the conscience free from wedlock's chain,
By quick divorce, when nuptial Discord springs,
An enemy to Love, as well as Kings :

In vain a sweet-tongued Oracle of laws
 Disgrac'd his silver pen in such a cause ;
 Whilst Pagan precedents support his dreams,
 And Saints adorn his patriarchal schemes ;
 Saints, in whose footsteps he disdains to tread,
 Except by taking hand-maids to his bed.

In vain a zealous Protestant pursues,
 Unchristian Peer, the privilege of Jews,
 To disengage his son from bondage strives,
 Or save him from a wife by adding wives ;
 The orphan's plunderer, and the widow's foe,
 With more success could equal justice show.
 When a weak stranger saw, with frighted eye,
 Th' united strength of Power and Policy,
 By bribes and threats determin'd to forswear
 Her rank, her fame, her husband, and her heir.
 But vows like ours mock the divider's art,
 Thee, dear possessor of my changeless heart,
 No power on earth shall tempt me to disown,
 Nor the great Woolpack, nor the greater Throne :
 No power on earth our friendship ought to move,
 Though merely founded on the base of love.
 Love fix'd like ours ! with horror struck you hear
 A Fiend incarnate whispering to your ear :
 " A second wed, nor give the former o'er,
 But, while you drop the consort, keep the whore."
 Can this the counsel of a father be ?
 How worthy him ! and how unworthy thee !
 Say we were yet unwed, should I submit
 To lay my peace, my virtue at his feet ?

Stoop

S2

3E

2S

S2

3E

21

S2

3E

Stoop to a load of infamy, content
With harlot's shame, and harlot's settlement ;
Embrace his loveless courtezans for hire,
O ! could I bear it, or could'st thou desire ?
But me no tongue shall prostitute declare,
I leave that title to another Fair ;
Her whom your tyrant-father would provide,
To join your perjur'd hands, a seeming bride.
Must then your innocence and bliss be sold,
To please his never-sated thirst of gold ?
Eliza boasts of wealth a shining store,
But hates the blooming youth that I adore ;
In vain her father threatens the steady maid :
“ Shall I, with generous anger,” thus she said,
Allur'd by ill-got grandeur, idle charms,
Receive my country's enemy to my arms,
Draw on my seed collective curses down,
And pour a nation's vengeance on my son ?
Nor think too rash my fix'd resolve appears,
The inexperience of my seventeen years ;
No, 'twas my parent show'd me not to bow ;
And such as he was once, will I be now :
No time shall alter my well-grounded thought,
Or shake the virtue that a father taught,
Ere Vanity could yet his reason blind,
Or soothing Flattery had bewitch'd his mind :
Forbid it, Heaven ! shall I my hand bestow,
To raise a barbarous domineering foe ?
Shall I for him my virgin fame resign,
And blot th' escutcheon of my father's line,

Yield

Yield up the wealth my ancestors have won,
To shine the glorious strumpet of his son?"
Eliza spoke, and O! that, fix'd as fate,
May stand confirm'd her everlasting hate!
May some brave youth, with well-tim'd love, conspire
To save her from the dotage of her fire!
But ah! should there my wishes fruitless prove,
As much alas! I fear, for much I love;
Where shall I hide this miserable head,
Single, not free, without a husband wed?
My ravish'd bliss must I for ever mourn?
Can joy, departed once, have no return?
I hat stinglefs joy which lust can never taste,
Too great to tell, too exquisite to last!
Joy which the guilty great can never try,
Which all your father's thousands cannot buy.

If wicked power your fickle faith constrain,
And all my fence of love and law be vain:
Haste not to guilt; oh! stay a little, stay,
Till mouldering Grief destroys this wretched clay;
Then take my happier rival to your bed,
From solemn vows, how vainly solemn! freed;
Yet even then no nuptial joy display,
Let my sad memory cloud the gloomy day;
With sighs half-stifled meet th' appointed hour,
And bow reluctant to the tyrant's power.
But soon stern Death shall drag the wretch away,
From short-liv'd dreams of arbitrary sway;
At Heaven's great court of judgment to appear,
Terribly just, immoveably severe:

That

That court where our records of love are plac'd,
Which last uncancel'd, and shall ever last.
No venal friends shall there support his cause,
Nor Fraud nor Faction break th' eternal laws :
See ! flagrant crimes, stripp'd of their thin disguise,
With genuine horror blast his guilty eyes ;
Spectres of power, of wealth, of time misus'd,
Himself th' accuser, and himself th' accus'd ;
And, deep to plunge him in extreme despair,
'There too is —— 's sad ghost, and I am there.

SONG, FROM THE FLOWER-PIECE.

ADAM from Paradise exil'd,
His heart with anguish torn,
Rov'd forrowing o'er the dreary wild,
Abandon'd and forlorn.

So I, excluded from my dear,
To woods despairing go :
Like his, my punishment severe,
Nor less my weight of woe.

This renders my affliction more,
Though less, perhaps, my sin :
An Angel drove him from the door,
An Angel tempts me in.

Our crimes, since thus our sufferings suit,
More parallel should lie :
He tasted the Forbidden Fruit,
Alas ! — why should not I ?

A P O E M,

A P O E M,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 EDMUND SHEFFIELD,
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,
 DUKE AND MARQUIS OF NORMANBY,
 EARL OF MULGRAVE, AND BARON OF BUTTERWICK.
 BY JOHN BOYLE†, EARL OF ORRERY.

TO HER GRACE KATHERINE, DUTCHESS OF
 BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, OCCASIONED BY THE
 DEATH OF THE DUKE HER SON.

MUST then my heart, familiar long with grief†,
 Still vainly hope, and pant for some relief?
 No Angel comes with healing in his wings,
 Nor Time itself soft consolation brings.

What

* This promising youth, the last of his illustrious family, died at Rome, of a hectic consumption, October 30, 1735, in the nineteenth year of his age. The noble author of this elegy was his relation and particular friend, and also one of the executors of his father's will. "This poem," says Dr. Kippis, (in his Lordship's article) "is one of the most pleasing specimens which our author hath afforded of his poetical abilities." *Biographia Britannica*, 2d edit. vol. II. p. 522. His youngest son, the present earl of Corke and Orrery, was named EDMUND, after this young duke. Mr. Pope's epitaph on his grace is well known. D.

† John Boyle, earl of Corke and Orrery, was the only son of Charles the fourth earl of Orrery, of whom an account
 has

What should impair but lengthens out my woes,
 And swells the circling torrent as it flows ;
 Points dangers out, presents the prospect clear,
 And still enlarges as it brings it near :
 Or if my thoughts, on higher objects bent,
 Seek in the bosom of a friend content,
 Transports awhile attend the blest pursuit,
 And pleasure quickens from the promis'd fruit :
 But when our souls congenial flames unite,
 And mutual faith awakens pure delight ;

has already been given, vol. IV. p. 70. He was born the second of January, 1706-7, and was early put under the tuition of Mr. Fenton the poet, who instructed him from the age of seven to thirteen years. After passing through Westminster School, he was admitted as a nobleman of Christ Church, Oxford, and soon distinguished himself by his poetical abilities. In 1732 he took his seat in the House of Lords, and generally voted against the ministry in the great national questions which were at that period agitating ; but, not relishing the bustle of a public life, he soon retreated from the busy world to the enjoyment of his friends, and the cultivation of letters. In this state he produced many agreeable and entertaining performances both in prose and verse, which will ever reflect credit on his abilities as a writer. He was twice married, and left children by each wife. On the third of December, 1753, he succeeded to the title of Corke, and died November 16, 1762, aged fifty-six years. His character, by Mr. Duncombe, is inserted in the *Biographia Britannica*. R.

† His lordship alludes, no doubt, to the deaths of his father in 1731, and of his first lady in 1732. D.

When

When in the haven of each other's breast,
Past cares are lull'd in dreams of coming rest;
A sudden wreck ensues, our hopes are cross'd,
And, sunk in death, are immaturally lost.
Thus when fierce storms rush on without control,
And waves on waves impetuously roll;
If the firm vessel rides afar from shore,
The foaming seas with harmless fury roar;
But, driving onward to the wish'd-for land,
Splits on a rock, or dashes on the sand:
Ev'n now, while yet my wounds fresh streaming bleed,
And mournful scenes alternately succeed,
Whilst Fancy raises to my tortur'd sight
Forms once belov'd, but doom'd to endless night,
Inexorable Death still onward flies,
And glares destruction with his baneful eyes;
Youth's opening flowers before him shrink and fade,
And sickening Valour dies, though undismay'd:
Wisdom in vain holds forth her aiding shield,
To his all-piercing arrows forc'd to yield;
Swift flies the shaft from his unerring bow,
Nor Sheffield's virtues can evade the blow:
Vanquish'd, he sinks; each fatal sister crowds,
And lowering skies hang out their blackest clouds;
Around his head thick circling vapours fleet,
And all the death-presaging omens meet.
The dreadful summons dauntless he obeys,
Nor earthly wish his thirst of heaven allays;
Nor at his sure impending fate repines,
But to the power that gave, the life resigns;

Quick on his rosy lips an ashy pale
 Diffus'd its tint, and life began to fail;
 Yet ere his soul the slacken'd passage broke
 Of vanquish'd Nature, thus he greatly spoke:

“Sickness, with all her various ghastly train
 Of withering symptoms and corroding pain,
 Or soon or late by pitying Heaven's decree,
 Ordain'd to set the towering spirit free,
 Disturbs not me; no, nor the pangs of death,
 Fierce in the conflict of departing breath;
 Nor for the sharper stings of impious guilt,
 One fearful, base, or conscious tear is spilt:
 But oh! a mother's grief! with that I start,
 And feel the anguish that will wring her heart:
 Soften her woes, propitious Heaven!” he cry'd,
 And, breathing filial sighs and blessings, died.
 Illustrious youth, whose latest gasp disclos'd
 The tenderest passion, with a mind compos'd,
 Whose love from duty, reason, goodness flow'd,
 And long'd to pay the grateful debt he ow'd;
 What glorious ardour, virtue unconfined,
 Diffusive, great, beneficent, and kind,
 In that important hour his frame forsook!
 How chang'd! how pale! how fix'd his manly look!
 Yet comely gravity, with temper'd grace,
 Still sweetly sat upon his youthful face;
 And mild concern, as if Devotion hung
 With her last melting accent on his tongue;
 For Virtue often will her influence shed,
 And cast a solemn lustre o'er the dead.

The

The soul its secret attributes display,
 And speak its passion in the lifeless clay;
 Each mystic lineament, though faint, declare
 The native worth that once resided there;
 An early wit, by justest precepts taught,
 By arts improv'd, by solid judgment wrought;
 That knew no folly, and detested ill,
 Whose thoughts were great, whose reason was his will:
 To highest titles, honours, fortunes, born,
 He only look'd on sordid vice with scorn;
 Steady in youth, reserv'd, yet not austere,
 Humane to failings, but to crimes severe;
 Valiant in arms, France saw his martial fire
 Kindling where Berwick's did in blood expire * :
 But guardian Angels, watchful of his fate,
 Caught him aspiring to a better state;

* At the siege of Philipburgh, in 1734, the duke of Buckingham served as an aid-de-camp to his uncle, the duke of Berwick, and, when that general was killed by a cannon-ball, narrowly escaped sharing the same fate, having just left the trenches when that event happened. "This catastrophe put an end to the nephew's campaign. The next year, intending to try the air of Naples, he advanced in his way thither as far as Rome, where he found his strength so much wasted, that he was not able to pursue the journey any farther. He remained in this city till the very last shock of his distemper, which he sustained with admirable fortitude and resignation, saying, *he would ride out the storm in the chair where he sat.*" Biographia Britannica, article SHEFFIELD. D.

Mature for heaven, and crown'd with earthly fame,
He nobly clos'd the line from whence he came.

Oh! that the soul of Maro could transfuse
Celestial strength to raise my drooping Muse,
With glowing raptures warm her trembling veins,
And with pathetic numbers tune her strains,
Sheffield should still in arms conspicuous shine,
And all his virtues breathe an air divine;
His fame, secure from Time and Envy's rage,
Should ever flourish in a nobler page.

Though the brave youth lies mix'd with social dust,
Immortal laurels shall adorn his bust;
The cypress spread its ever-verdant bloom,
And Mantuan lilies grace the sacred tomb.

But thou, to whose discerning worth was given
To form a son, an offering fit for Heaven;
By whose unweary'd toil and boundless care,
Maternal love, and never-ceasing prayer,
Life's rugged path he learn'd with ease to tread,
To bear Death's mighty shock, yet not to dread;
Whose wisdom urg'd him, like the lark, to rise,
And, though with callow wings, to reach the skies;
Bade him to Fame's eternal temple climb,
Daring in action, as in sense sublime;
Let this console thee, though but short the race,
'Twas run with ardour, and obtain'd with grace;
And now, far hence remov'd from mortal eyes,
He sits with seraphs, and enjoys the prize.

1736.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE I.

IMITATED, AND INSCRIBED TO

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD*.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

O THOU, whose virtues Albion's sons can trace
 Through an ennobled, long descending race;
 Whose honour'd friendship, and whose guardian name,
 Opens a prospect to the realms of Fame;
 Observe the various passions of the mind,
 That tease, delight, distract, and rule mankind.

There are, 'tis strange to say it, but there are,
 Who place their glories in the rolling car,
 Who drive the flying steeds with nicest art,
 And act the charioteer's tyrannic part:
 Hark, stranger, hark! the circling scourges sound,
 The bridles jingle, and the horses bound;
 In clouds of dust th' envelop'd Heroes fly,
 Like Gods, invisible to mortal eye:
 Now, now they lash, and now, with pride elate,
 Double the corner, pass the straiten'd gate;

* Our author's friendship with this nobleman continued uninterrupted to the last. In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Duncombe, dated from Blackheath, where his lordship had a house, August 7, 1760, but two years before his death, he writes thus: "Our neighbourhood, though lordly, is good. "Lord Chesterfield, except deafness, is still Lord Chesterfield. He writes and speaks with all the Stanhope fire. "Lady Chesterfield is goodness itself, and particularly kind "to my daughter [Lady Lucy Boyle]." D.

Now

Now short, or wide, with rapid quickness turn,
 And for the coachman's laurels drive and burn.
 Oh! give them all the honours they require:
 Let other heroes other virtues fire:
 Be these for matchless skill in driving known,
 And bind their temples with a whip-cord crown.

Tempt with ambition, if you can, the soul,
 Whom neither vanity nor wants control;
 Shew him the azure garter dangling high,
 Or shake the taper staff before his eye;
 Say, the gold key his pocket-holes shall grace;
 Promise the gift of gifts, Sir Robert's place;
 Calm and unmov'd, the baits he shall behold,
 Despise the ensigns, and disdain the gold:
 Safe in a corner humble port he'll quaff,
 And, whilst he pities Kings, at Statesmen laugh.

Or try another, try a man whose rent,
 In spite of taxes, yields him ten *per cent*.
 Bid him all lands, all purchases forego,
 And deal in South-Sea stock; he'll answer, No.

Suppose a third, who ploughs his native soil,
 And shares a landlord's pride, and tenant's toil;
 Is neither idly vain, nor humbly low,
 Perhaps a justice, or who may be so:
 Shall such a man be hir'd from Plenty's ease,
 Quit his own hearth, and launch into the seas?
 No, not at Vernon's * call: let others roam:
 He'll fight the Spaniards, if he must, at home.

* This admiral was then the popular subject of panegyric,
 for his success at Porto Bello and Chagre. D.

But see the merchant trembling for his store!
 The winds grow mighty, and the tempests roar!
 The freighted vessel, where his treasure lies,
 Now sinks to hell, now rises to the skies.
 Pale and aghast! his thoughts, averse to gain,
 Seek but this once the mercy of the main:
 Should bounteous Neptune waft the bark to land,
 Safe from each threatening storm, each latent sand,
 To trade, to avarice, he'll bid adieu,
 Let him but pay his creditors their due;
 That done, he'll seek some rural calm retreat;
 No painful doubts molest a country seat.
 So vows the trader, whilst, immers'd in fear;
 The bark once landed, other scenes appear:
 All rural prospects vanish from his mind,
 Again he tempts the sea, and trusts the wind.
 Why should he change his schemes? his vows recant?
 No storm so dreadful, as the thoughts of want.

Such cares disturb not Bacchanalian hours,
 When **** revels in his midnight bowers;
 Or, stretch'd at ease within the rich alcove,
 The polish'd temple, or the gloomy grove,
 Near some cool spring, where hermits us'd to pray,
 Whose borders kneeling Saints have worn away,
 He lolls supine, till fumes invade his head;
 And sneering servants heave their load to bed.

Camps, and the clarion sounding from afar,
 Rouse and delight the mighty chiefs of war:
 Where Honour calls, th' undaunted heroes run
 (Each mother trembling for her darling son);

Arms

Arms their profession, victory their aim,
They live with danger, or they die with fame.

The sportsman, fearless of the Winter's morn,
Obeys the summons of his hounds and horn;
From love and sweet domestic dalliance flies,
To brave th' inclement fury of the skies;
Through dreary storms, with more than eager pace,
To drive o'er hills and plains the savage race.

While I, if haply the consenting Muse
Melodious sense and charming sounds infuse,
If sweet Euterpe deigns her aid to bring,
And Polyhymnia strikes the Lesbian string,
Far from the feeble glance of vulgar eye,
To pleasing shades and cooling grottos fly;
Where lovely Nymphs alternately advance,
And nimble Satyrs join the mystic dance:
Be rural pastimes, harmless sports my theme,
The smiling shepherdes, the limpid stream!

If you, my Stanhope, who triumphant sit,
The shining pattern and the judge of wit,
(Long has the verdant ivy bloom'd around
Thy sacred temples, and thy judgment crown'd;
Fix'd thee supreme in Wisdom's holy shrine,
And bid the honours of the Gods be thine)
If You should place me with th' immortal choir
Of Bards, who whilom struck th' harmonious lyre,
With heavenly rapture fir'd, sublime I'd rise,
And snatch the radiant glories of the skies.

1741.

PYRRHA, BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY*,
IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V.

WHEN to that dear, but inauspicious bower,
Fann'd with the breath of every fragrant flower,
(Where circling boughs, in verdant pomp array'd,
Paint the still covert with a pleasing shade)
You, love dissembling, feign a kind retreat,
Your looks all mild, and languishingly sweet;
Say, Pyrrha, say, what gay unpractis'd youth,
Lur'd by that air of unaffected truth,
What gaudy stripling, eager to be blest,
Sinks a glad victim on your perjur'd breast?
And, while essential sweets their odours spread,
Clasps you with ardour on the rosy bed?

O wondrous nymph! whose piercing charms confess
Your form resistless, unadorn'd with dress,
Beauteous by nature, without art too fair,
Tell me for whom your amber-colour'd hair
In silken wreaths its radiant lustre shows,
Plays in each motion, and in ringlets flows.

Ill-fated youth! undone, whoe'er he be,
While you, thus falsely, thus engaging, free,
With specious innocence your joys dispense,
And feast with ecstasy the ravish'd sense;
He, lost in transports, forms an airy scene
Of vast delights: the heavens appear serene,

* A short judicious essay on the nature of Lyrics, of those of Horace in particular, and on the failure of Dacier and Sanadon in their prose translations of this ode, was prefixed to the first publication of this version. D.

Smooth

Smooth glides the surface of the crystal stream,
And fancy wantons in the golden dream,
Still hopes the same, and, credulously fond,
Boasts you secure in Faith's eternal bond.
Alas ! too soon he 'll feel his rash mistake,
When from the soft delusion forc'd to wake,
Starting, he views the heavens with clouds o'ercast,
The furrow'd ocean blackening to the blast
Of angry winds, and all his promis'd bliss
Sunk in the tumult of the dread abyss.
How will he then in wild despair lament
The wond'rous change, and curse the sad event !

Gods ! what a train of ills those wretches wait,
Who proudly court their yet untasted fate !
Gaze on your charms, yet not suspect your wiles,
And catch at ruin in ambiguous smiles !

Once, big with hope, I spread my swelling sails,
Vainly secure of ever prosperous gales ;
Yet, scarcely launch'd into the deep, was met
By warring winds, and raging waves beset.
Long on the faithless ocean rudely tost,
The sport of storms, my bark at length was lost ;
When some kind Triton, rushing to my aid,
Caught me expiring, and to land convey'd :
Now safe on shore, by Neptune's great decree,
With pious gratitude, I 'll quit the sea ;
Passion no more, with all its glittering train
Of frantic joys, shall tempt me out again ;
But noble Reason shall the tide control,
And Virtue fix her empire in my soul.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XIV.

IMITATED BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

HOW swift, alas ! the rolling years
Haste to devour their destin'd prey !

A moth each winged moment bears,
Which still in vain the Stationers

From the dead authors sweep away ;
And troops of canker-worms, with secret pride,
Through gay vermillion leaves and gilded covers glide.

Great Bavius, should thy critic vein

Each day supply the teeming preſs,
Should'st thou of ink whole rivers drain,
Not one octavo ſhall remain,

To ſhow thy learning and addreſs :
Oblivion drags them to her ſilent cell,
Where brave king Arthur * and his nobles dwell.

Authors of every ſize and name,

Knights, 'ſquires, and doctors of all colours,
From the purſuit of laſting fame
Retiring, there a manſion claim :

Behold the fate of modern ſcholars !
Why will you then, with hope deluſive led,
For various readings toil, which never will be read ?

With ſilver clasp, and corner-plate,

You fortify the favourite book :

* Sir Richard Blackmore's. D.

Fear

Fear not from Worms or Time your fate !
More cruel foes your works await :

The Butler, with th' impatient Cook,
And Pastry-nymphs, with Trunkmakers, combine
To ease the groaning Shelves, and spoil the fair design.

PROLOGUE TO ALFRED*.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

IN arms renown'd, for arts of peace ador'd,
Alfred, the nation's father, more than lord,
A British author has presum'd to draw,
Struck deep, even now, with reverential awe ;
And sets the godlike figure fair in view —
O may discernment find the likeness true !

When Danish fury, with wide-wasting hand,
Had spread pale fear and ravage o'er the land,
This prince arising bade confusion cease,
Bade order shine, and blest his isle with peace ;
Taught liberal arts to humanise the mind,
And heaven-born science to sweet freedom join'd.
United thus, the friendly sisters shone,
And one secur'd, while one adorn'd his throne.
Amidst these honours of his happy reign,
Each Grace and every Muse compos'd his train :
As grateful servants, all exulting strove
At once to spread his fame, and share his love.

* A masque by Thomson and Mallet, acted at Drury-lane
1751. N.

To-night, if aught of fiction you behold,
 Think not, in Virtue's cause, the Bard too bold.
 If ever Angels from the skies descend,
 It must be — truth and freedom to defend.

Thus would our author please — be it your part,
 If not his labours, to approve his heart.

True to his country's, and to honour's cause,
 He fixes there his fame, and your applause;
 Wishes no failing from your fight to hide,
 But by free Britons will be freely try'd.

A HASTY PROLOGUE TO ALL FOR LOVE*,
 ACTED AT BLENHEIM-HOUSE IN THE SUMMER 1718†.

WRITTEN BY BISHOP HOADLY,
 AND SPOKEN BY LADY BATEMAN.

WHILE ancient dames and heroes in us live,
 And scenes of love and war we here revive,
 Greater in both, in both more fortunate,
 Than all that ever ages past call'd great,
 O Marl-

* I am indebted for this *unique* of bishop Hoadly's composition to Mr. Duncombe's elegant publication of "Letters by several eminent Persons." Both the poem and its history were communicated to Mr. Duncombe by the late Mr. Chancellor Hoadly, the Bishop's youngest son. N.

† In the summer of the year 1718, the bishop of Bangor, with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele, made a visit of some days at Blenheim-house, by invitation, where
 he

O Marlbrô, think not wrong that I thee name,
And first do homage to thy brighter fame.

Beauty and Virtue with each other strove
To move and recompense thy early love;
Beauty,

he found that the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and a few of the neighbourhood, had got up the tragedy of "All for Love," to entertain the duke of Marlborough, who had shewn, before this, some symptoms of that paralytic disorder which impaired his senses, and at length terminated in a total decay, and his dissolution. Lady Bateman (one of his grace's grand-daughters by the earl of Sunderland), who played the part of Cleopatra, had in vain applied to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion, and seemed chagrined at the disappointment. At night, when the family retired, the bishop desired pen, ink, and paper, might be brought to his chamber, and, the next morning, at breakfast, presented to lady Bateman this prologue; which she spoke, the same evening, to the duke and dutchess, his grace shedding tears at the unexpected compliment from a favourite grand-child. In the course of the play, Sir Richard, who sat next to the bishop, often observed how well and feelingly captain Fishe performed the part of Anthony. This gentleman, who had been the duke's page, had distinguished himself in the army, and, as I have been informed, died a lieutenant-colonel. In one of the scenes where Fishe was very sweet upon his Cleopatra, Sir Richard whispered the bishop, "I doubt this *Fishe* is *Flesh*, my lord."—I must mention another incident: at their going away, Sir Richard said to the bishop, "Does your lordship give money to all these fellows in laced coats and ruffles?" "No doubt," replied the

Beauty *, which Egypt's queen could never boast,
 And virtue she ne'er knew, or quickly lost !
 A soul, so form'd and cloath'd, Heaven must design,
 For such a soul, and such a form, as thine.
 But, call'd from soft repose, and beauty's charms,
 Thy louder fame is spoke in feats of arms.
 The fabled stories of great Philip's son,
 By thy great deeds the world has seen outdone ;
 The Cæsars that Rome boasted yield their bays,
 And own, in justice, thy superior praise :
 They fought, the empire of the world to gain,
 But thou, to break the haughty tyrant's chain ;
 They fought t' enslave mankind, but thou to free
 Whole nations from detested slavery :
 " Their guilty paths to grandeur taught to hate
 By virtue, nor to blush for being great †."

the bishop. " I have not enough," said the knight ; and
 when he passed by them in the hall, he accosted them in a
 speech, telling them, " that he had found them *men of taste*,
 " and as such invited them all to Drury-lane theatre, to
 " whatever play they should please to bespeak," he then
 having a share in the patent. D.

* Of the beauty of the dutchess of Marlborough, if we
 had no other testimony, no other would be wanting than her
 portrait painted by Kneller, and engraved by Smith ; and
 the duke, it is well known, was distinguished in the French
 army under marshal Turenne, by the name of " the hand-
 " some Englishman." D.

† See " Aureng-zebe," act V. The only obscure lines in
 this prologue are those of Dryden. D.

This heap of stones which Blenheim's palace frame
 Rose, in this form, a trophy to thy name.
 This heap of stones must crumble into sand;
 But thy great name shall through all ages stand *.
 In Fate's dark book I saw thy long-liv'd name,
 And thus the certain prophecy proclaim :
 " One † shall arise, who will thy deeds rehearse,
 Not in arch'd roofs, or in suspected verse;
 But in plain annals of each glorious year,
 With pomp of truth, the story shall appear.
 Long after Blenheim's walls shall moulder'd lie,
 Or, blown by winds, to distant regions fly,
 By him shall thy great actions all survive,
 And by thy name shall his be taught to live."

O cherish

* Dr. Campbell, in his life of the duke in the " Biogra-
 " phia Britannica," has expressed the same idea with equal
 elegance in prose: " The noble pile near Woodstock may be
 " justly styled his monument, but, without pretending to the
 " gift of prophecy, one may foretell, that his glory will long
 " survive that structure, and that so long as our histories re-
 " main, or indeed the histories of Europe, his memory will
 " live and be the boast of Britain, who, by his labours, was
 " raised to be the first of nations, as, during the age in which
 " he lived, he was deservedly esteemed the first of men." D.

† If his lordship, in these lines, alluded to any parti-
 cular historian, it must probably be the friend who sat next
 him, as Sir Richard, in the sixth number of a paper called
 " The Reader," dated May 3, 1714, had intimated a design
 of writing " A History of the War in Flanders; the re-
 " lation

O cherish the remains of life; survey
 Those years of glory which can ne'er decay;
 Enjoy the best reward below allow'd,
 The memory of past actions great and good*!

“lation to commence from the date of the Duke of Marlbo-
 “rough’s commissions as Captain-general and Plenipoten-
 “tiary, and to end with the expiration of those commis-
 “sions.” D. — On this subject I cannot but cite what Dr.
 Johnson has related in his account of Mallet: “The long re-
 “tardation of the Life of the duke of Marlborough shews,
 “with strong conviction, how little confidence can be placed
 “in posthumous renown. When he died, it was soon determi-
 “ned that his story should be delivered to posterity; and the
 “papers supposed to contain the necessary information were
 “delivered to lord Moleworth, who had been his favourite
 “in Flanders. When Moleworth died, the same papers
 “were transferred, with the same design, to Sir Richard
 “Steele, who in some of his exigencies put them in pawn.
 “They then remained with the old dutchess, who in her
 “will assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward
 “of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition to insert any
 “verses. Glover rejected, I suppose, with disdain the legacy,
 “and devolved the whole work upon Mallet; who had from
 “the late duke of Marlborough a pension to promote his in-
 “dustry, and who talked of the discoveries which he made;
 “but left not, when he died, any historical labours behind
 “him.” N.

* An evident allusion to the sixth stanza of Welsted’s
 elegant Ode to the duke of Marlborough, in 1717, intituled,
 “The Genius.” D.

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR,

BY ROBERT LLOYD*, M. A.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

A Month hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
 Since Delia's presence blest'd her longing swain;
 How could he brook the sluggish Time's delay,
 What charm could soften such an age of pain?

* Son of Dr. Pierfon Lloyd, second master of Westminster school, where, and at Trinity college, Cambridge, he distinguished himself by his poetical genius, and also (sorry I am to add) by his irregularities. To the former we are indebted for his "Actor," and several other ingenious pieces. To the latter he owed his imprisonment in the Fleet, and in some measure his immature death there, Dec. 15, 1764, though that was accelerated by the pang he felt for the loss of his friend Churchill, whose generosity he had so often experienced. D.—His character has been thus excellently pourtrayed by Mr. Wilkes: "He was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welch poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring heights of the mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."—The "Poetical Works" of Mr. Lloyd were partially collected by Dr. Kenrick, in two volumes 8vo, 1774. N.

One

One fond reflection still his bosom chear'd,
And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
'Twas that for Delia's self the bower he rear'd,
And fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid, and, with a gentle smile,
Such as lights up my lovely fair-one's face,
Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,
Thy taste hath form'd — let me not call it mine,
Since, when I muse on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,
(For love in trifles is conspicuous shown)
Can scarce an object to thy view produce,
But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

And trust me, love, I could almost believe
This little spot the mansion of my fair;
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams, I grieve
To find its proper owner is not there.

Oh! I could doat upon the rural scene,
Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts my Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
In Nature's flowery mantle gaily drest,
The close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

The lily pale, the purple blushing rose,
 In this fair spot their mingled beauties join;
 The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
 In wreaths fantastic, round the mantling vine.

The branching arbour here, for lovers made,
 For dalliance meet, or song, or amorous tale,
 Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,
 When sultry Phœbus burns the lowly vale.

'Tis all another paradise around;
 And, trust me, so it would appear to me,
 Like the first man were I not lonely found,
 And but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
 And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
 Here, blest with thee, t' enjoy thy pleasing talk,
 While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The rustic path already have I try'd,
 Oft at the sinking of the setting day;
 And while, my love, I thought thee by my side,
 With careful steps have worn its edge away.

With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet!
 While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream;
 With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
 And talk'd down suns on love's delicious theme.

Oft, as I wander through the rustic crowd,
 Musing with downcast look, and folded arms,
 They stare with wonder when I rave aloud,
 And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
 Point at me leering, as I heedless pass;
 Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
 And the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.

Among the fruits that grace this little seat,
 And all around their clustering foliage spread,
 Here mayst thou cull the peach, or nectarine sweet,
 And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.

And all along the river's verdant side,
 I've planted elms, which rise in even row,
 And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
 Which float reflected in the lake below.

Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
 Imagination forms a thousand schemes;
 For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
 And all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flattering promise of secure delight!
 When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er,
 That I may fly with rapture to thy sight,
 And we shall meet again to part no more?

ON THE MASTERS OF CLARE HALL,
 AND CAIUS (OR KEYS) COLLEGE.

SAYS Gooch* to old Wilcox, "Come, take t'other
 bout."

'Tis late,' says the Master, 'I'll not be lock'd out.'
 "Mere stuff," cries the Bishop, "stay as long as you
 please;

"What signify Gates? Arn't I Master of *Keys*?"

* Sir Thomas, Bishop of Ely. D.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV. TRANSLATED.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GOSTLING*, M. A.

T O L Y D I A.

YOUNG libertines no more molest

Your doors, your windows, or your rest;

Those days, which riot calls the best,

Are over:

No more the ferenader cries,

“ Sleep locks up Lydia’s ears and eyes,

“ While flighted and expiring lies

“ Her lover.”

* A minor canon of Canterbury cathedral for fifty years, and vicar of Stone in the isle of Oxney, Kent, well known to all lovers of antiquity by his truly original “ Walk in and about Canterbury,” first printed in 1774, of which there have been three editions. He died March 9, 1777, in the 82d year of his age. A popular legend, “ hitched into dog-grel rhyme” by Mr. Gostling, may be seen in his friend Grose’s Antiquities, vol. II. art. Minster Monastery, in the Isle of Shepey. Of his father, who was first a minor canon of Canterbury, and afterwards one of the priests of the chapel royal and sub-dean of St. Paul’s, there are several anecdotes, communicated by his son, in Sir J. Hawkins’s “ History of Music.” To which may be added what King Charles II. is reported to have said of him, “ You may talk as much as you please of your nightingales, but I have a *Gostling* who excels them all.” Another time, the same merry monarch presented him with a silver egg filled with guineas, saying, “ that he had heard that eggs were good for the voice.” D.

In vain you now haunt plays and park,
 Or trapes in stormy nights and dark,
 In hopes you may some roving spark

Recover.

For while, in tears, with weary feet,
 You catterwaul from street to street,
 Some opportunity to meet

Of toying;

The rakes their wither'd myrtles join
 To offer up at Winter's shrine,
 And, crown'd with ivy, are their wine

Enjoying.

ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF MISS HIGHMORE*
 AT MR. HIGHMORE'S.

BY MR. (AFTERWARDS DR.) DODD†.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

BY Highmore late, from great Apelles sprung,
 Led 'midst the fair, the noble, and the young,
 (Where fam'd Clarissa's beauties claim our praise,
 Charm every eye, and all our pity raise)
 The master to a maid (ye Gods, how fair!)
 Directs my eyes, and wonder fix'd them there.

“ 'Tis

* Of whom, see vol. VI. p. 103. N.

† This unfortunate author, eldest son of the Rev. Wm. Dodd, M.A. many years vicar of Bourne in Lincolnshire, was born May 29, 1729. He was sent, at the age of 16, to the university of Cambridge, and admitted in the year 1745 a sizar of Clare-Hall. In 1749-50 he took the degree of B. A. with

great

" 'Tis she," I cry'd, " here, Highmore, you excel,
 None could have fancy'd Beauty's Queen so well !"
 He smil'd, when, lo ! the living Venus came,
 I bow'd, sigh'd, look'd, but own'd each grace the same, }
 A Venus still, but Highmore is her name.

E X-

great honour, being upon that occasion placed in the list of wranglers. Leaving the university, he imprudently married a miss Mary Perkins, of Frith-street, Soho, in 1751; was ordained a deacon the same year, and a priest in 1753, and soon became a popular preacher. His first preferment was the lectureship of West-Ham in 1752. In 1753 he was chosen lecturer of St. James's Garlickhithe, which he resigned in 1754 for that of St. Olave's Hart-street, and in 1758 took the degree of M. A. at Cambridge. On the foundation of the Magdalen Hospital in 1758, he was a strenuous supporter of that charity, and soon after became preacher at the chapel of it. By the favour of bishop Squire, to whom he was chaplain, he in 1763 obtained a prebend of Brecon, and by the same interest had the education of Mr. Stanhope, now earl of Chesterfield, entrusted to his care. In 1765, by the interest of some city friends, he was appointed one of the king's chaplains. In 1766 he went to Cambridge, and took the degree of LL.D. Two new polite chapels were now the scenes of his ministry, and he obtained the rectory of Hockcliffe in Bedfordshire by purchase. At this period the estimation he was held in by the world was sufficient to give him expectations of preferment, and hopes of riches and honours; and these he might probably have acquired, had he possessed a common portion of prudence and discretion. On the living of St. George Hanover-square becoming vacant in 1774, he wrote an anonymous

EXTRACTS FROM A MS. POEM,
BY DR. DODD.

BEING A KIND OF JOURNAL IN VERSE,
WRITTEN IN 1774, WHEN HE WENT TO TAKE
POSSESSION OF HIS BRECON PREBEND.

W O R C E S T E R.

IT'S elegant cathedral we survey,
Where sleeps good Hough, to whom a tear we pay;
While the sage verger much of bishops spoke,
And freely dealt around sharp censure's stroke,

Hinted

nymous letter to the lord chancellor's lady, offering 3000 guineas if by her assistance he was promoted to it. This being traced to him, complaint was immediately made to the king; and Dr. Dodd was dismissed with disgrace from his post of chaplain. From this period, though he obtained the vicarage of Winge in Bucks from his noble pupil, he lived neglected, if not despised; and his extravagance still continuing, he became involved in difficulties, which tempted him to forge, Feb. 4, 1777, a bond from his late pupil lord Chesterfield, for £.4200. which he actually received; but, being detected, was tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and, in spite of every application for mercy, received sentence of death; and was executed at Tyburn, June 27, 1777. He was a voluminous writer, and possessed, with little judgment and much vanity, considerable abilities: but the advantages of these were totally lost to him by habits of dissipation, which seem to have affected both his life and writings. A volume of his poetry appeared in 1767, 8vo. To this account, for which

I am

Hinted that some had been, and still were good,
And some, God wot, no better than they shou'd.

* * * * *

B R E C O N.

For us, our business and our duty done,
'Tis time that on our journey we were gone :
So, gentle friends, and Brecon's walls, adieu !
Again with pleasure we'll return to you,
If good St. David's *, with a liberal hand,
Shall point the way, and give the kind command.
Joy to his soul, and to his bones be rest,
Who thus already hath preferr'd and blest !

* * * * *

But nought like Piercefield † ! charms our ravish'd sight,
Where taste refin'd helps nature to delight.
Upon the rocky side of winding Wye,
The hanging woods and walls romantic lie,
Whence all around delicious prospects rise,
The distant Severn, hills that meet the skies,

I am principally indebted to a pamphlet called "An impartial
"Account of the Life and Writings of Wm. Dodd, LL.D."
I have taken the liberty to make some additions and correc-
tions from the "Historical Memoirs of Dr. Dodd's Life and
"Writings," 8vo. 1777, which, compiled by one who knew
him *intus et in cute*, seem to have superseded his projected Life
(if any such was really projected) by his brother the Rev.
Mr. Richard Dodd, and his friend Mr. Butler. N.

* Dr. S. Squire, bishop of that see, the Doctor's patron ;
with whom he resided some time at Aberguilly. He died
in 1766. D.

† The seat of Valentine Morris, esq. late governor of
Granada. D.

Rocks cloath'd with forests, at whose feet below,
 The river's serpentine meanders flow,
 And vales luxuriant their great bosom show.

Now in sweet shade along the woods we rove,
 Ten thousand songsters chanting through the grove:
 Then opens to the sight some pleasing view,
 For ever charming, and for ever new.
 Here the old abbey's ruin'd walls appear,
 And Chepstow's venerable castle there.

Sweet spot! enraptur'd o'er thee could I rove
 Whole days and weeks with poetry and love;
 Each feat, each prospect would I give to fame,
 And carve on every beech my fav'rite's name.

And much of thee, O Morris! would I sing,
 In spirit, taste, and elegance a king!
 No servants here with sneaking meanness stand,
 To catch the paltry pittance from your hand:
 The generous Lord who clothes them gives them gain,
 Nor claims your help his menials to maintain.
 The hand which form'd thee, Eden of delight,
 Levies no tax upon you; for the sight,
 Free as the master, is for all men's view,
 And, at your call, polite refreshment too.
 Peace and full pleasure, Morris, be your meed,
 If any fuller pleasure you can need
 Than the fair praises which your deeds attend,
 Call'd by each lisping lip your country's friend!
 May your example fire! my bosom glows,
 For sure man's heart no higher pleasure knows,
 Than that which from the fame of honest actions flows.

EPIGRAM, BY D. R. DODD,

OCCASIONED BY READING A MERELY
DESCRIPTIVE POEM, CALLED BARHAM-DOWNS*.

YE Muses, what a nosegay of fine words!
Long lawns, and leafy trees, and warbling birds,
Pinks, pansies, violets, purling rills and groves,
Genii and Dryads, demi-gods and doves.—
Then with what art the liquid numbers flow,
Like trickling fountains, gurgling as they go,
Then how each rhyme nods aptly at his brother,
And every letter linketh with each other!
So soft, so smooth, that, like the poet, we
Ne'er dream of meaning² midst such melody.
Proceed, blest bard, proceed! and pour along
Thy pleasing insipidity of song;
So shall Apollo, and his sisters nine,
A wreath of poppies round thy temples twine.

EPIGRAM ON TWO LADIES,
WHO WERE DROWNED WALKING ON THE
SEA-SHORE.

THOU swelling sea, what now can be thy boast,
By whose fell floods such barbarous deeds were done?
In whose curst waves two Venuses are lost!
Two you have taken, though you gave but one.

* Under this name the writer sarcastically laughs at
"Bramham-Park," a poem by the late Mr. Fawkes. D.
THE

THE MEDICINE,
A TALE—FOR THE LADIES,
BY MR. W. HARRISON*.

MISS Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn to night th' eternal larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame :
Possess'd, he thought, of every joy of life,
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.

Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the Knight lov'd wine.
From whence some petty discord would arise,

As, “ You're a fool;”—and “ You are mighty wife!”

Though he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet.
When she began—for hat and sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint kiss—cry, “ B'ye, dear Moll :

* That this Tale was first printed in the second number of “ The Tatler,” is well known.—It is now, for the first time, ascribed to its proper author, on the authority of Dr. Warton, who received his information from Dr. Young, the intimate friend of Harrison; of whom I have given an account, vol. IV. p. 180. to which I have only to add, that he received the early rudiments of his education at Winchester College. N.

Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."—

"And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!
Go, stink of smoak, and guzzle nasty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!"

Oft, as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.

By four the Knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off—because alone;

Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:

"'Tis a fine hour, in a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.

Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;

Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest."

"Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstreperous
spouse!

What, can't you find one bed about the house!
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?

That rival to the softness of a mill!
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,

Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise."

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.

To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.

Old Wisewood smoak'd the matter as it was,
"Cheer up," cry'd he, "and I'll remove the cause."

"A

"A wondrous spring within my garden flows,
 Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
 Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
 The best elixir t' appease man and wife;
 Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
 'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
 If in his fullen airs Sir John should come,
 Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum:
 Smile and look pleas'd when he shall rage and scold,
 Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
 One month this sympathetic medicine try'd,
 He 'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
 But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
 Or every prattling hussy 'll beg a dose."

A water-bottle's brought for her relief,
 Not Nantes could sooner ease the lady's grief:
 Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
 And, female-like, impatient for th' event!

The boozy Knight reels home exceeding clear,
 Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war.
 Entering, he cries, "Hey! where's our thunder fled!
 No hurricane! Betty, is your lady dead!"
 Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
 Curtseys, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:
 Wondering, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
 But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
 "Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"
 She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
 Then clasping her about — "Why, let me die!
 These nightclothes, Moll, become thee mightily!"

With

With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
"Nay, kiss me, Molly,—for I'm much inclin'd."
Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd,
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd, and gone — then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies,
To beg dear uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her Knight's conversion, and her happy state!

"Why, niece," says he—"I pr'ythee apprehend
The water's water—be thyself thy friend;
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm;
Be silent, and complying—you'll soon find,
Sir John, without a medicine, will be kind*."

* "The subject of this poem," says the author of *The Tatler*, "being matter very useful for families, deserves to be considered and made public. The turn the poet gives it, is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance." N.

TO KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,
IN IMITATION OF HORACE, B. IV. ODE XV.

BY SAMUEL COBB*, M. A.

I Tun'd the lute, and strait begun
To play of wars and battles won :
Of sieges and heroic things ;
Of routed armies, vanquish'd kings :
Till Phœbus, to reprove my care,
With haste did to my song repair,
And check'd the trembling strings.
Desist, he said, nor dare in vain
Beyond thy peaceful humble strain ;
Nor tempt with slender sails the dangers of the main.

What

* This writer, who is well known by his admirable Ode, "The Female Reign," in the first volume of Mr. Dodley's Collection, p. 69, was assistant master of the Grammar-school at Christ's Hospital, where he was himself educated, and was thence elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, and took the degree of M. A. in that university. He died at London in the year 1713, and was buried in the cloysters of Christ's Hospital. Jacob says, "he was a man of sound learning, ready wit, and good humour ; and his 'Observations on Virgil' shew that he was well acquainted with that Poet." He published in 1707 "A Collection of Poems on Several Occasions with Imitations from Horace, Ovid, Martial, Theocritus, Baccylides, Anacreon, and others. To which is prefixed A Discourse on Criticism, and the Liberty of Writing, by
Way

What age, O William, ever equal'd thine?
By thee the world is happy made,
Whether it fly for refuge to thy shade,
Or seek the blessings of thy glorious shine.
The healthy farmer walks around
Th' extended acres of his ground,
With pleasure and delight to see
The hills with yellow plenty crown'd,
And blesses Heaven and thee.
Under thy calm auspicious reign
The careful merchant dreads no more
French malice, but securely ploughs the main
To farthest China or the western shore.
The sea itself, thy empire, now
Uncurls its rough tempestuous brow.
Now every face begins to shine,
And every heart where anger dwelt
Does now into compassion melt,
Taught gentleness by thine.

“Way of Letter to a Friend;” whence those here printed are selected. He translated the third and part of the fourth book of Rowe's edition of the “Callipædia;” and assisted Mr. Ozell in the translation of Boileau's “Lutrin.” His other known productions are, 1. “The Miller's Tale, from Chaucer, inscribed to Nicholas Rowe, Esq.” 2. A translation of the “Muscipula;” 3. “The Oak and the Briar, a Tale.”—It may be worth Mr. Doddsley's attention, in reprinting his excellent Collection, to adopt the copy of “The Female Reign” which appeared in Gent. Mag. 1753, p. 282, with alterations by Dr. Watts, who thought it “the truest and best Pindaric he had ever read.” N.

Nassovian

Nassovian hero ! under thee
 All, but licentiousness, is free.
 Profaneness, and the spreading train
 Of numerous vices, you restrain ;
 You curb th' excesses of the land
 By your example and command,
 And call back ancient arts again ;
 Arts, which, in hardy Edgar's days,
 Advanc'd the lofty British name,
 Extending his dominions, and his praise,
 O'er the Virginian * and the German seas.
 Till, under thee, Imperial England's fame
 Is to remotest shores and islands spread
 From the sun's rising to his western bed.

No civil discord shall create
 Divisions, and embroil the state,
 No jars in Europe shall prevail,
 While the Britannic Cæsar holds the scale,
 And moderates her fate.

No wrath nor hatred shall appear,
 Which forms the gun, and points the spear;
 To which unhappy nations owe
 Their enmity and overthrow.

Great arbitrator of the world, Nassau !
 Whose bold presumption dares transgress
 Thy 'stablish'd articles of peace,
 Or disobey thy law ?

* Thus the printed copy. But it is difficult to conceive how any arts could extend Edgar's dominions or praise o'er the Virginian seas.—Q. Norwegian ? K.

The Turkish and Venetian power,
 With those who dwell nigh Danow's sounding shore,
 Or Russian Moscow, or the German Rhine,
 Thy friendship court, thy aid implore
 To carry on some great design:
 And for a peace, or for a truce,
 Thy prudent mediation chuse,
 And in confederacy join.

For thy important reign, and length of years,
 All temples echo with our prayers.
 For thee the comely British dame
 Solicits Heaven with lifted eyes,
 For thee, her tender hopes, implores the skies,
 And with imperfect speech lisps the Nassovian name.
 While we above a common flight will soar,
 And in loud numbers tell,
 Numbers unheard of and unknown before,
 Who for their country's cause, like Grafton* fell,
 Or bled, like Talmash †, on the Gallic shore.
 Thus will we sing, thus shall our measures flow,
 Join'd with the skilful harmony of Blow ‡.

Thus o'er a glass of generous wine,
 From the Burgundian fetch'd, or Florentine,
 In never-dying verse we'll trace
 The glories of the British race, [to thine.
 And sing each god-like hero's acts, from Brutus down

* First duke of, killed before Corke, 1690. D.

† This general was killed in Camaret bay, near Brest. D.

‡ Doctor of music, a famous composer. D.

PINDARIC ODE*, BY MR. COBB.

THE Muse, who taught the Theban swan
 To stretch his silver wings, and soar
 Where vulgar pinions never can,
 In regions of the sky, unknown before :
 She, queen of numbers, who could raise
 The voice of Prior to a pitch so high †,
 As might with envied Cowley vie,
 When listening to his lays,
 Old smiling Janus blest the new-born century ;
 Now from her airy bower descends,
 (Not always the companion of the great)
 To honour things of meaner state,
 And to my song attentive bends.
 As Cytherea's feign'd to fly
 From amorous Gods, and leave the sky,
 To bless with a divine embrace
 Some favourite of mortal race,
 And there disclose the lustre of her eye,
 And each ambrosial grace.
 She calls me with a voice, that would excel
 Th' Orphean, could the golden lyre
 And charming tongue again conspire
 To vindicate Eurydice from Hell.
 Lo ! from this abject Earth she seems to bear
 Me, through untrodden air.

* Occasioned by the Succession of Spain, the wars in the North, and the juncture of affairs in 1700, 13 Will. III. C.

† Carmen Seculare. C.

Like

Like Virgil's Fame, she flies
 O'er tracts of sea, and spacious land,
 Where-e'er Naffovian arms command,
 Her foot upon the ground, her head above the skies,
 There views the desert æther round ; a place
 Where nothing lives, the blue, expanded space ;
 There sees the stars, which rule the night,
 Which in the sky, like a republic, sway
 With scatter'd and imperfect light,
 Whose beams more happily unite
 In the great monarch of the day.

Not all the rolling lamps above will dare
 With the Phœbean to compare.

Nor can th' united wit of man below,
 With all his fondness and pretence
 To business, management, and sense,
 Such universal rays bestow
 As the Naffovian influence.

Whether he leave his native seat,
 To warm us with his kindly heat :
 Or if he please to lift the dart,
 And take religion's injur'd part,

Like that young God he flies, by Homer sung,
 Descending from Olympus, to the aid

Of the wrong'd priest *, and ravish'd maid †,
 When the vindictive quiver on his shoulders hung,
 And from his silver bow the poison'd arrow rung.

Fond Agamemnon ! to provoke
 Apollo's pestilential stroke.

* Chryses. D. † Chryseïs. D.

R 2 What

What heroes, through thy passion slain,
Of thee in Stygian groves complain!
Of thee, whose blinded lust could dare
The pious virgin to detain,
And combat against innocence and prayer!

Wrongs to revenge, and succour the distress'd,

William was always nigh,
At the soft warning of a sigh,
To thousand ills expos'd his valiant breast.

Oppression trembled at his sight,
And sunk into the womb of night,
Too impotent to bear so great a light.

Soon as that Hydra, Faction, rose,
She saw, and stagger'd at his dazzling shine,
Nor durst her multiplying heads oppose
To virtue so divine.

For William, if his counsel fails,
Shakes but his thunder, and prevails.

If on the Gallic or the Northern shore,
From oaken walls his cannons roar,

He frights the bold, presumptuous crew,
As ancient Jove is said to do,

When he hurl'd Typhon from th' affected skies
To bellow under Ætna; where,

Bruis'd with the marks of heavenly wrath, he fries
In rolling sulphur, and whene'er

He shifts his brawny side below,
Above he shakes th' eternal snow,

Still eager to renew his ancient war,
Still to retort new mountains at the Thunderer.

In vain he tosses fire, in vain
He bites his adamant chain,

Strug-

Struggles with Heaven's decree, and everlasting pain:
 Just penance! for the wretch who dare*
 War against the Gods declare.
 Though to the vulgar this a fable seem,
 Or some poetic, idle dream;
 Dorset, sagacious Halifax, and those
 To whom the Muse her secrets does betray,
 Whom she instructs in her mysterious way,
 This dark enigma can disclose;
 And with Lyncean eye, [descry.
 Conceal'd to meaner sight, the depth of this vast stream.
 In Typhon they behold the fall
 Of the vain Russian, and ambitious Gaul.
 This th' unhewn Muscovite can tell,
 Who, struck with Swedish lightning, fell.
 Down from his airy steep, to prove
 Ten thousand giants are no odds to Jove.
 Imperious Death! on that triumphant day,
 How didst thou feast! how riot on thy prey!
 When Charles † like a Gustavus ‡ rose,
 And through arm'd myriads of his foes
 Mow'd his victorious way.
 Let Narva tell, how many leagues the slain
 Lay dismember'd on the plain;
 Tell, how her waters blush'd with an inglorious stain.
 Nor stops the Northern worthy here,
 Swiftly he urges on his fiery career.

* This should be 'dares,' or 'dared,' did not rhyme oppose. D.

† Charles XII. King of Sweden. C.

‡ Adolphus of Sweden. D.

Th' apostate Saxon quakes, and warlike Polander.

So early Charles pursues [Muse.

The steps of William, and creates new business for the

Next to godlike William's name,

In the eternal Book of Fame,

Write him, O Clio, and prepare a place

Among the Heroes of immortal race,

In Valour's temple let him sit

With Roman Julius, or our great Plantagenet *;

Let all to the Nassovian name submit.

All to superior greatness bow,

Bring olive to his hands, and laurel to his brow.

Tell us, who at the twentieth summer run

The course of fame, when Philip's son,

With all his hopes in prophecy, begun?

Propp'd on his Genius, William leads

To conquest, and heroic deeds,

Nor oracle, nor omen, needs;

Nor armour to defend his breast,

Such as Rome's boasted father wore,

Or such as stern Pelides † bore,

At the sea-goddess's request;

Or such as to the British Arthur did belong,

By whose enchanted blaze, in Spenser's song,

The cursed Paynim fell; while Saxons mourn

The desolation of his flaming Calliburn.

No: it is less than William, to desire

A magic shield, or sword, or dart

At Lemnos forg'd in Vulcan's fire,

Or charm'd by Merlin's horrid art;

No armour like his cause, no weapon like his heart.

* Henry the Fifth. D. † Æneas. D. Whether

Whether the princely youth engage
With Luxembourg's experienc'd age,
Or with cool wisdom temper Condè's rage,
No forces could unhinge his mind,
No arts his cautious steps inclose,
Arts, which his generous soul declin'd,
And pitied in his foes.
So thinly spun is human flight !
So feeble is Bourbonian wit,
When aim'd at Heaven's peculiar favourite !
Batavia, witness how thy hero flew
To snatch thee, like a flaming brand,
From the fierce ravager's destroying hand,
Thy provinces reseize, thy liberty renew :
As a brave eagle, when she finds the nest
Robb'd, where her future heroes us'd to rest,
Stays not to mourn, but through the liquid sky
Sails with full wing to seek her barbarous enemy,
She does at last the greedy vulture spy
Lodg'd on some mountain's top, or lofty tree,
A helpless, undefending sanctuary:
People below, with wonder and affright,
Behold the noble fight.
But she, who must Jove's thunder bear,
Buffets the dastard, and redeems the prey,
And gives sure omens of a better day,
When, ripening to the strength and force
Of her imperial ancestors,
She shall the struggling dragon dare,
Provok'd by hunger, or the thirst of war, [air.
And lead her triumph o'er the wide dominions of the

Lo! from the well-hatch'd feeds of time, what fate
 Had register'd to be, the months and days
 Leap forth in all their decency, and rays,
 Miraculously bright and great,
 And all the future years reserv'd for William's praise.
 Enough of actions past; now look,
 My Muse, in thy mysterious book;
 Roll o'er the next immortal page,
 And view what's destin'd for maturer age.
 I see it: 'tis a vast Herculean task,
 Which will collected William ask.
 Descend, O Clio, and if near the stream
 Of father Cam, or Isis, you delight
 To bless the sacred poet's dream,
 And succour his auspicious flight;
 Or with thy voice, or with thy strings,
 Lament the funeral of kings*;
 See! a large field lies open to thy view,
 And the whole world is thy purlieu,
 Whether the Eastern Islands you behold,
 Or Western Mexico, or rich Peru,
 (The fertile womb of fatal gold) [new †.
 All mourning for the monarch lost, and fearing for the
 We call him happy who is doom'd to wear
 A diadem besieg'd with care;
 Mistaken notion! not to know
 What thorns on crowns and sceptres grow,
 The splendid ornaments of pompous woe.

* Alluding to the death of Charles II. King of Spain. C.

† Duke of Anjou. C.

Is it for this, perfidious Bourbon's pride
Would o'er insulted nations ride,
And sail to empire through a sanguine tide?
For this so many leagues he breaks,
For this so many widows makes;
For this so oft the virgin sighs,
So oft his iron hand has wrung
Tears from the humble shepherd's eyes,
And curses from his tongue.

Beauteous Iberia! once a potent state,
Magnificent and fortunate!
With thy own Indies thou art sold,
And wilt, I fear, repent, as Midas did of old,
Thy thirst and avarice of gold.
How often wilt thou wish in vain
For the grim Moor, the Suevian, or Alane,
The Vandal or the Goth, a milder reign?
They, like a torrent, pouring from a hill,
And boisterous as the North, from whence they came,
Ravage thy lands, and all thy countries fill
With slaughter, and depopulating flame.
Th' intriguing Gaul, like a dissembling sea,
Whose smiling waters steal below the ground,
Eats under the foundation to betray,
Taught thro' the weaken'd earth to work its way,
And with a bursting quake the tottering ball confound.
For this Europa, like a sacrifice,
The sword just lifted, on the altar lies;
Hark! how she knocks her lovely breast, and wounds
the suffering skies!

Like

Like that Phœnician dame,
From whence she drew her name,
When the lascivious and Impostor-God
Laid down his heavenly arms, and that commanding nod,
With which he rules the powers above,
Degrading his divinity for love;
When on his milky shoulders through the sea
He bore his beauteous, panting prey.
In vain on the Sidonian strand
Her fellow-virgins weeping stand;
In vain to th' inattentive sky
Europa lifts her snowy hand,
And calls on Jove, but thinks not Jove so nigh.
With the false waves the traiterous winds conspire
Against th' afflicted Fair,
To gratify th' immortal thief's desire,
And blow each gentle sigh away, and each engaging
But, O Europa, now forget to fear, [prayer.
For, in his own majestic shape,
Behold thy better Jupiter appear,
Not to beguile thee to a rape,
But save thee from the ravisher.
That Gallic pride, which many years hath strove
To satisfy his large, insatiate love,
Still, like the fabled heavenly lust of old,
Try'd all his strength, and all his charms,
To grasp the virgin to his arms.
He shook his thunder, and he rain'd his gold,
Till long departed Justice came below,
With awful step she march'd, and dreadful to behold,
Like

Like the German, stern and bold,
Her vengeance certain, though her motion slow.
Lead on, Astræa, thy triumphant way,
And to th' affrighted world display
Aloft thy bloody banner, to chastise
Successful rapine and absolve the skies.
Down from the Alpine hills her armies pour,
Eridanus is with amazement struck,

And wonders why the mountain shook.
Convulsions never felt before,
Such thunder never heard to roar,
Since Phaeton fell headlong from the sky
She now no second fall can fear,
But thinks the God himself is nigh,
When she beholds his eagle there.

Let wise Impiety be dumb,
Like her own thoughtless Deity become,
Which neither rule nor order keeps,
But in eternal ease supinely sleeps.

Madness ! behold God's strange mysterious way,
How sure his arrows fly, no random play ;
So lingering is his wrath ! so fatal his delay !

To raise the weak, and mortify the proud,
See marching from afar
His ministers of wrath, a formidable crowd,
With all the horrid clang of a tumultuous war,
Fierce as his lightning, as his thunder loud ;
Loud as the water-falls of Nile,
When they with mighty flow
Roll from some Ethiopian hill,
And drown or deafen all below.

When Savoy's Eugene and his fortunes lead the way,
O Italy, how frail is thy pretence
Of Nature's strong and rocky fence! [stay.
In vain thy rivers swell, in vain thy Alps obstruct his
When he of old to victory was flown,
The moon of Ottoman began to wane,
The lesser stars grew pale, which fill'd her eastern
Nor does the Turkish majesty alone [train;
Bow to his awful name,
But onward marching, his triumphant fame
Knocks at Versailles, and shakes the Celtic throne:
Where purple cruelty, in haughty state,
Presides, tyrannically great;
Moves arbitrary in his orb of light,
Till, urg'd by the decrees of Fate,
From his high solstice in his fullest blaze,
He takes his ignominious flight,
Rolls backward his diminish'd rays,
And in succeeding darkness ends the glory of his days.
Yet sleep not, Albion; for, with armed hand
And watchful eyes, thy foes around thee stand.
Nay, thy own sons, with thy best blessings fed,
Conspire against thy sacred head,
To drive thee to the last extreme;
While their black malice, and ungrateful wit,
Does like the Augur's razor seem,
Which cut the hone that sharpen'd it.
But Heaven has nodded with a firm consent
To guard thy island from her cruel foes,
And all their fruitless treachery prevent,
Who dare with force, or golden arms oppose
Thy navy, and thy parliament.

TO STEPHEN HARVEY, ESQ. BY MR. COBB.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, B. I. ODE III.

THE man, whom once the smiling Muse
 Has nourish'd with Castalian dew,
 Soon as he makes life's first essay,
 New to the world, and stranger to the day,
 Must bid a long farewell to all
 Which happiness by irony we call.
 Nor shall he to the Indies roam
 Nor bustle in the 'Change at home:
 Nor shall he eminent appear
 In Chancery or Westminster;
 Unless, like Harvey, he can join
 The smoother labours of the Nine
 With the rough study of the bar.
 Unskill'd to guide the foaming steed,
 To curb his rage, or rule his speed,
 When his wing'd heels scarce print the place,
 He shall not rival in his race
 The flying couriers of Newmarket breed.
 Him neither clashing arms nor camps shall please,
 (The Muses court retirement and soft ease)
 No slaughtering weapon shall he wield,
 In bloody wars no honour gain,
 Nor climb the Pyreneans of the slain
 In the discolour'd field,
 Fam'd Hochsted, or Ramillia's fatal plain;
 Known for Bavaria's second fall,
 And the swift flight of the defeated Gaul,
 Too impotent in hopes to grasp the universal ball.

Nor

Nor shall he for Vigovian spoils,
 Or more renown'd Brabantine toils,
 On a thanksgiving day repair
 To Paul's in a triumphant coach;
 Nor amidst thundering shouts, which wound the air,
 Make his magnificent approach:
 Nor shall he shine in history,
 In annals or in poetry,
 Because near Barcino, or Calpe's shore,
 (Old Ocean from tyrannic fleets to free)
 From rash Thoulouse's * hand he tore
 The trident of the sea.

To bind the poet's peaceful brows
 New laurel in the forest grows,
 If nigh the banks of murmuring Thames
 (Rival in praise with Heliconian streams)
 In Mantuan numbers he excel,
 Or, like Mæonides, describe campaigns,
 Or, skilful in Pindaric strains,
 Strike the melodious shell.
 O Muse, sweet empress of the lyre!
 If thou exalt my chosen name
 Among the foremost in the list of fame,
 And Harvey, great and good, inspire;
 Augusta's sons shall deign to place
 Your votary among the tuneful race, [deface.
 Whose verse no teeth of time, nor snarling envy, shall

* Count de, defeated by Sir George Rooke, 1704, much
 as D'Orvilliers was by Admiral Keppel, 1778. D.

LOVE

LOVE AND MUSICK, AN ODE,

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE
MUSICAL CLUB IN CAMBRIDGE, 1700.

B Y M R. C O B B.

T O V E N U S.

COME, Cytherea, from thy Paphian bower,

Bring every grace, and every smile,

To favour the Britannic isle,

And listen while we celebrate thy power.

Upon the dewy ground,

With flowery garlands crown'd,

Thy sweet Adonis lays his head,

With blushing roses round him spread,

And opening lilies for his bed.

Hark ! he calls in musick's voice :

With amorous talk the prattling strings

Resound, and thy Adonis sings,

While the loud trumpet's sprightly noise

Calls the brisk violin, and soft flute,

And manly viol to dispute

The conquest, and with triumph gains the cause.

C H O R U S.

Come, Cytherea, come, we all agree,

That Love and Musick make the world's sweet harmony.

Prolific

Prolific Queen ! from Heaven descend,
Mount thy gay chariot drawn by milky doves,
With all thy little troop of Loves,
Which fill thy train, thy court attend.
She comes ! she comes ! prepare the glorious way
With music, and salute the day.
Her wanton sparrows first appear,
And celebrate the new-born year.
The lark repeats her lofty song ;
And, stretching out her mounting wings,
By weary steps to Heaven she springs,
And strikes it with her tongue.
While the shrill linnet tunes her silver throat,
And Philomel instructs her warbling young
With melancholy note.

Venus obeys the signal sound :
She views the sunny hills around,
And from the sky descends to bless the pregnant ground.
The groves erect their branchy heads ;
And, when new liquid life she pours,
The healing plants and fragrant flowers
Rise from their humid beds.
Numidian lions feel her gentle power ;
And, soften'd into tenderness and love,
Lay down their fierceness, and forget to roar,
When o'er the howling wilderness they rove,
To seek their tawny paramour ;
Th' untroubled ocean flows
With a serener tide ;
Tritons above the waves, emergent, ride,

And

And each his rattling coral blows.
Come, Goddess, and exert thy reign;
At thy approach large Phocæ play,
Submitting to thy easy sway;
And all the scaly people of the main,
Thee, sea-born Queen, obey.

Love like a subtle poison creeps
On man, and there his empire keeps.
Rise, Anthony, repair thy ruin'd fame,
And waken to a nobler flame.

The trumpet calls thee, and the drum
Rattles; Octavius and the Romans come,
To find a second Actium.

Lo! rous'd from his deep lethargy,
Horrid in steel the hero shines afar,
Like Mars, when rushing to the war;
But Venus smiles to see.

By Venus taught, th' Egyptian queen prepares
Softer Musick, tender airs.

Delighted Cupids clap their wings,
And temper all the magic strings.
Down, down the melting lover lies,
Lull'd in th' enchanting forcerefs's arms;
He feels the witchcraft of her eyes,
And true Egyptian charms.

What cannot Love and Musick do?
Love sent the Thracian bard down to the shades below,
When to his lute the savages he drew,
And rapid rivers ceas'd to flow.

Thrice Eurydice he cried :
 Hell thrice Eurydice replied.
 Then on the steep insuperable hill
 The stone of Sisyphus stood still,
 And Musick stopp'd the running wheel.
 He sung, and play'd;
 The Stygian Powers obey'd,
 And from the pale infernal throng
 Strait to his arms restor'd the beauteous shade,
 So mighty was his love ! so wondrous was his song !

PSALM CIII. PARAPHRASED. BY MR. COBB.

GLory, my soul, and blessing give
 To God alone, by whom we live ;
 To God, whose mercy did impart
 New health and vigour to my heart.
 Nor cease, my sprightly blood, to show
 His love, who taught you how to flow ;
 Who rais'd me from disease and sin,
 From ills without, and ills within.
 Just had they plung'd me to the grave ;
 But these he cur'd, and those forgave.
 His melting pity, tender grace,
 Like a bright diadem's embrace,
 Blaz'd round my head, and lighten'd in my face.
 Thou, Lord, art infinitely good,
 Thou, like an eagle's, hast renew'd
 My youth ; and, like an eagle, I
 Will mount, and tell thy praises through the sky.

Tell how nor Death, nor Hell's more dreadful stings,
Can shake a soul o'ershadow'd with thy saving wings.

Tell how Egyptian Lords in vain
With iron hands presume to reign;
When, for their tyranny and wrong,
Billows on crowding billows throng,
And whelm the haughty host in th' Erythrean main.

This Moses saw, when on the farther strand

He wav'd aloft the mighty wand,
And th' amazed sea his ancient strength regain'd.

O wonders of itsuperable height!

Above the stretch of Reason! shown

To Jacob's moody race alone:

Unfathomable depth of mercy infinite!

So strong the rivers of his goodness flow!

So swift his love! his wrath so slow!

Which, if it chance to swell, and rise

To meet our crimes, which dare the skies;

His pity then begins to chide

His rage, and calm the rapid tide,

His crushing thunder, which might justly slay,

Is only shaken at unmindful clay.

And to lay down so oft the lifted rod

Speaks the kind father, and forbearing God.

As this round globe's inferior face,

Compar'd with yon ethereal space,

Is but a point to those above:

So infinite is heavenly Love

To a religious race.

Thy mercy, Lord, from sin has set us free ;
As farthest east is from the western sea,
So distant are our crimes from us and thee.
Though we, through weakness, every hour
Like idle, heedless children, fall,
Thou, like a father, sparest all
Who love thy goodness, and who fear thy power.
Thou knowest whence we came ;
How brittle dust compos'd our frame :
Like vessels in the potter's hand,
Too prone to break ! too weak to stand !
Can Nature's dress appear more gay
Than in her darling flowery May ?
Yet must those short-liv'd honours of the field
To the rude North their beauty yield ;
Or to the cruel scythe become a prey !
Such are our days, an empty shade :
Death stalks behind us, to deride
Our noisy vanity and pride,
Which smil'd like lilies, and like them decay'd.
Nothing is sure and permanent below,
Corruption reigns within us as we grow.
Thou only, glorious Father, ere the world begun,
Wert, and shall be for ever when all worlds are done ;
When Time's no more, then shall thy blessed saints
Be rank'd among the bright inhabitants.
They with their children's children then shall see
A long succession of posterity ;
Who practis'd what thy prophets taught,
Sincere in word, and pure in thought.

They

They with repenting finners shall thy mercies taste,
And joys, which never can be told, and never can be past.

High supereminent in Heaven, the throne
Of God is fix'd : he reigns alone.

All things above us, and below, obey
His just, his good, his universal sway :

While the proud lords of this round mole-hill here
Like emmets in his sight appear,

Mere royal worms, and gilded clay.

Praise him, ye holy angels, who excel

In strength, or Michael, or Ithuriel,

Or Gabriel ; blest names ! who fly

At his command from every corner of the sky ;

Whose high examples teach us to fulfil

His word, and execute his will.

His name let every creature bless,

All things in air, earth, sea, their gratitude express.

And thou, my soul, thy pious offering bring

To God, the wise, the gracious king,

Who life to thee, and being gave,

Who now has snatch'd thee from the grave,

And taught thee whom to praise, and how to sing.

PSALM CXXX. PARAPHRASED. BY MR. COBB.

AS a poor wretch, by tempests tost,
His vessel wreck'd, and venture lost,

With feeble arms contends in vain,

Against the furies of the main :

S. 3 Then

Then, casting round him his despairing eyes,
Sees nothing but high seas, and lowering skies,
The billows roll above, and plunge him as they rise :
So, like the waves, my crimes oppress me down ;
So shall I sink, and so shall drown,
Unless my voice reach thy attentive ears,
Unless, great God, thou free me from my fears,
Whelm'd in th' abyss of sin, and drown'd in tears.

Lord ! should'st thou act a judge's part,
And at thy last tribunal stand,
With all thy thunder in thy hand,
To search the secrets of the heart
(As nothing 's hid from thy all-seeing eye) ;
Should'st thou our inmost actions try,
Our lurking holes of wicked thoughts,
Our frailties, and our wilful faults ;
Who could the scrutiny abide ?
Who could be fav'd ? who justified ?
But thou art mercy, thou art prone to spare,
And shew a tender father's care.
Nor wilt our evil deeds expose ;
But wink at these, and pardon those.
For this thy name each day and night we 'll raise
With heart and voice ; and, as we rightly should,
Express our reverence and gratitude ;
And never cease to pray, and never cease to praise.
Not so in camps the sentinel oppress'd
With watching, and with want of rest,
Wears out, impatient, the long sleepless night.
In wishes for the morning light :

PSALM CXXX. PARAPHRASED. 263

As thy salvation to obtain,
I watch, O Lord; nor watch in vain.
To thy tried mercy and repeated grace,
Bold on the wings of faith I fly,
And on thy promises rely
Made to thy chosen race.

O Jacob's race, no more despair;
But trust in God with faith and prayer.
His bounteous mercy will impart
Remission to thy sins, and comfort to thy heart.
Yet think not that his mercy is confin'd
To Jacob's seed alone of all mankind.
Where'er his true believers dwell,
They are his portion, his lov'd Israël.
Those and you he shall redeem,
And though our crimes would drain the fountain dry,
Yet still that unexhausted stream
Flows, and will flow for ever with a fresh supply.

PSALM CXLVIII. PARAPHRASED.

B Y M R. C O B B.

YE blest inhabitants, who dwell
Above th' expanded starry space;
Ye beings of celestial race,
Begin the noble song, and God's just praises tell,
Those blessed powers I mean, whose sacred lays
Are ever dedicated to his praise;

Who his eternal majesty proclaim,
And never cease to glorify his name.
Praise him, ye lamps of heaven, ye glittering stars;
And you, O sun and moon, unwearied travellers:
Wherever round the world you go,
Whatever clime you visit here below,
His worthy praises sing, his noble wonders show.
Cease not, ye Heaven of heavens; nor thou,
O heavenly ocean beside,
Where never winds did in their rattling coaches ride,
Or discompose thy watery brow;
Where never raging storms did roar;
Where never mariners did cut their way,
Except the blessed mariners, they,
Who through this sea are wafted to their heavenly shore.
Praise him, ye seas; and as you roll along
Tune all your waters with a grateful song:
Never, O never silent be;
But let posterity his wonders hear,
His acts to late posterity declare,
How at his fiat th' undigested heap
From Chaos' womb began to leap.
"For ever keep my law, said he,
Firm and unshaken, stand in perfect unity,
Nor Fate, nor Time, shall break th' unchangeable decree."
Let earth and all her numerous issue prove
As full of gratitude and love,
As those celestial creatures are above.
Whether they sheep or lions be,
Which bleat on fruitful pasture-lands,

Lions and sheep shall in his praise agree,
 Or howl o'er Libya's burning sands :
 Praise him, ye fishes, which the ocean sweep,
 With great Leviathan of monstrous size,
 Who takes his pastime in the deep,
 And spouts against the skies.

Nor shall the liquid world alone declare
 His praise, but all the regions of the air,
 Where thunders roll, and lightnings shine,
 Shall in the universal chorus join.

The rattling hail and fleecy snow,
 And winds which from each corner blow,
 When with their breath rough storms they raise
 To execute his word below,

Shall speak his wonders, and exalt his praise.
 Let joyful echoes every valley fill,

And every mountain, every hill ;
 Till the glad sound does to the trees repair,
 Till Lebanon's tall cedars hear :

Till the wild beasts, which round the forest rove,
 Become serene and tame,

Taught by the vocal grove
 In smoother strains to praise their maker's name.

Praise him, ye birds of an unwearied wing,
 Whether you in the woods delight to sing,
 Or fill the air with an harmonious lay ;

To God your grateful notes and harmony repay.

Nor you, O kings and princes, cease to sing :

Ye great Vice-Gods of this terrestrial ball,

Do you the humble tribute bring

To

To God the universal king,
 The father and acknowledg'd Lord of all.
 Him let all nations and all people praise,
 From whence the sun begins the morning race,
 Till down he drives his chariot in the western seas.
 Him let all human-kind adore;
 The blooming youth, and lovely maid,
 And hoary age, by time decay'd,
 And helpless infancy, express his power.
 Thus his dear saints shall spend their night and day;
 Thus shall his darling Israel praise and pray,
 And sing an everlasting Hallelujah.

TO A YOUNG LADY,
 ON HER RECOVERY.
 AN ODE. BY MR. S. BOYSE*.

WHILE, fair Selinda! to our eyes
 From Sickness beautiful you rise;
 Your charms put on superior power,
 And shine more strongly than before.

So have I seen the heavenly fire
 Awhile his radiant beams retire;
 Then breaking through the veil of night,
 Restore the world to warmth and light,

* Of whom, see vol. II. p. 161. N.

A P R O S-

A PROSPECT OF POETRY.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

BY JAMES DALACOURT*, B. A.

WHAT various styles to different strains belong,
 What time to rise, and when to sink in song;
 To thee, best judge of this refin'd delight,
 O! born to genius, lo the Muses write;
 'Tis yours, my lord, to bid each art excell,
 And smile on merit which you grace so well;
 To make mankind a nobler Broghill see,
 And find their long-lost Halifax in thee:
 Few now remain to say who sung before,
 Parnell is dead—and Addison no more!
 The few remaining Time will sweep away,
 And Pope and Swift must shortly follow Gay;
 These only left of all the tuneful choir,
 Garth, Steele, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherley, and Prior;
 These only left, the world's great loss declare,
 And serve to shew us what those wonders were.
 On you, my Lord, the Muses turn their eyes;
 On Orrery the letter'd world relies;

* Of this ingenious writer I am not able to give any other account than that the two poems here printed appeared at Dublin in 1733, and at London in the following year; with commendatory verses by "W. Walsh, of the county of Clare;" "C. White, B. A. of Trinity College Dublin;" and "R. Lloyd, B. A. of Fanstown near Charleville." N.

Their

Their ancient honours let a Boyle restore,
 And be whate'er was Orrery before :
 O! chief in Courts to lay the Peer aside,
 Weed Vice from dignity, from titles Pride,
 Great without grandeur, generous without views,
 For ever bounteous, and yet ne'er profuse ;
 No less by nature noble than by name,
 The bloom of breeding, and the flower of fame :
 Approv'd a patron at thy natal hour ;
 Think'st thou to 'scape the praises in their power ?
 Though from Britannia's strains, and Albion's shore,
 You fly to deserts * but to blaze the more ;
 They 'll search you out, discover where you shine,
 Proclaim your worth, and frustrate your design.

So in the bloom the diamond darts its light,
 Though thick encircled with surrounding night ;
 The kindling darkness breaks before the ray,
 And on the eye-ball bursts the brilliant day.

Sage Temple † writes, a spark of native fire,
 Excels whatever learning can acquire ;
 In poetry this observation 's true,
 Without some genius fame will ne'er ensue :
 Such for a while may climb against the hill,
 But then, like Sisyphus, are falling still ;
 I own, by reading we may feed the flame,
 But first must have that heat from whence it came ;
 Else, like dry pumps whose springs their moisture mourn,
 We may pour in, but will have no return ;

* His lordship coming into Ireland. D.

† Sir William Temple. D.

To such, indeed, those rules are ill applied,
For such were never on the Muses side.

Come then, my friends, who like with me to rove
The flowery mountain, and the laurel grove,
Where god Apollo guards the limpid fount,
And the glad Muses climb the vocal mount:
You whom the voice invites to taste their charms,
Whom verse transports, and tuneful fancy warms;
Before you press the Sirens to your heart,
Attend a while the precepts I impart.

First let your judgement for your fancy chuse
Of all the Nine the most unblemish'd Muse:
Soft yet sublime, in love yet strictly coy,
Prone to be grave, yet not averse to joy;
Where taste and candour, wit and manners meet,
Bold without bombast, daring but discreet;
Correct with spirit, musical with sense,
Not apt to give, nor slow to take offence;
First to commend when others thoughts are shown,
But always last delighted with her own.

When this is done, let Nature be your guide;
Rise in the spring, or in the river glide;
In every line consult her as you run,
And let her Naiads roll the river on:
Unless, to please our nice corrupted sense,
Art be call'd in, and join'd with vast expence;
Then rivers wander through the vale no more,
But boil in pipes, or spout through figur'd ore;
The neighbouring brooks their empty channel mourn,
That now enrich some artificial urn.

Thus

Thus ever suit your numbers to your theme,
And tune their cadence to the falling stream;
Or should the falling stream incline to love,
Let the words slide, and like its murmurs move:
Poor were the praise to paint a purling rill,
To make it music is the Muse's skill;
Without her voice the spring runs silent by,
Dumb are the waters, and the verses dry;
While chill'd with ice the cool waves creep along,
And all the fountain freezes in the song.

But if a storm must rattle through the strain,
Then let your lines grow black with gathering rain;
Through Jove's ærial hall loud thunders found,
And the big bolt roars through the dark profound:
But should the welkin brighten to the view,
The sun breaks out, and gilds the style anew;
Colour your clouds with a vermilion dye,
And let warm blushes streak the western sky;
Till evening shuts in sober suited gray,
And draws her dappled curtains o'er the day.

Let Vesper then pursue the purple light,
And lead the twinkling glories of the night;
The moon must rise in silver o'er the shades,
Stream through your pen, and glance along the meads:
While Zephyr softly whispers in the lines,
And pearly dew in bright description shines;
The little warblers to the trees repair,
Sing in their sleep, and dream away their care;
While closing flowrets nod their painted heads,
And fold themselves to rest upon their rosy beds.

But

But if Aurora's fingers stain the lay,
Let fancy waken with the rising day;
Let Sol's fierce courfers whirl the fiery team,
And from their nostrils blow a flood of flame:
Be sultry noon in brighter yellow drest,
And bend a rainbow on her burning breast;
Let the rich dyes in changing colours flow,
And lose themselves in one poetic glow.

So the fair Indian crown its gloss assumes,
Dispos'd in tufts of party-colour'd plumes;
The transient tincture drinks the neighbouring hue,
As if from each th' alternate colours grew,
Where every beauty's by a former made,
And lends a lustre to the following shade.

Thus may a simile come in with grace,
And add new splendors to the showery piece;
Paint the proud arch so lively to the sight,
That every line reflects a watery light.

Hence to the garden should your fancy fly,
Let the tall tulip with your Iris vie;
With a mix'd glory crown its radiant head,
The brightest yellow ting'd with streams of red;
Next let the lily in your numbers blow,
And o'er its sweetness shake the downy snow,
In the white garb of virtue let it rise,
And wave in verse before the virgin's eyes;
On tuneful feet let languid ivy crawl,
And in poetic measure sca'e the wall,
While the sharp sheers return a clipping sound,
And the green leaves fall quivering to the ground.

Here

Here in the bower of beauty newly shorn,
 Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born ;
 Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child,
 In Flora's cheek when first the Goddess smil'd :
 Nurs'd on the bosom of the beauteous spring,
 O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing,
 On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
 The little wanton into Cupid grew ;
 Then arm'd his hand with glittering sparks of fire,
 And tipt his shining arrows with desire ;
 Hence joy arose upon the wings of wind,
 And hope presents the lover always kind ;
 Despair creates a rival for our fears,
 And tender pity softens into tears.

Observe, how Sappho * paints the lover's pain,
 What various passions animate her strain !
 Her colour fades, she faints in tender lays,
 Her pulse beats languid, and her sense decays ;
 Then in a rapid tide of passions tost,
 Her weak tongue falters, and her voice is lost ;
 Again her soul revives, her breath returns,
 Again she shivers, and again she burns :
 Each reader's bosom feels her various care,
 Warm'd by her flame, or chill'd by her despair.

* This lady, more remarkable for wit than beauty, was mistress to Alcæus, yet so cruel to her lover, that one day, upon his saying he had something to say to her, but was ashamed to speak it, she replied, that if it was fit for her to hear, he would not be so tedious about it : they both flourished about the 44th Olympiad. Stanyan, Hist. of Greece. D.

Toft

Toft, as the fea, by paffions, let the foul
 Like the brine sparkle, like the billows roll;
 Then anger kindles in the warrior's eyes,
 And earth ufurps the thunder of the fkyes:
 See how they mount upon the groaning car,
 Shake the long lance, and overtake the war;
 Aloft in air refounds the whirling thong,
 The horfes fly, the chariot fumes along;
 The foaming courfers prefs upon their heels,
 Back run the lines beneath the whirling wheels:
 Fleeter than light they fafh along the fields,
 And funs by thoufands blaze upon their fhields:
 The twifted ferpents, round their helmets roll'd,
 Muft hiss in verfe, and bite in burnifh'd gold:
 The wars break in—now millions are no more,
 And a long groan purfues the gushing gore;
 Spears, darts, and javelins, launch along the fky,
 Plunge into blood, or into fhivers fly:
 Thus let your heroes rage, by Mars poffeft,
 And feel an Iliad rifing in your breaft;
 But foon cement thofe wounds, let difcord ceafe,
 And warring worlds unite in friendly peace.

Hence founds in fofter notes muft learn to move,
 And melting mufic rife the voice of love!
 Let Tubal's lute in fkilful hands appear,
 And pour new numbers on the liftening ear;
 With the full organ let them fweetly fwell,
 With the loud trumpet languifhingly fhriU;
 Or in foft concord let the concert fuit,
 The fprightly clarion with the Dorian flute:

Then wake to vocal airs the warbling wire,
Let the strings run beneath the poet's fire;
While sorrow sighs, ah! never let them cool,
But melt melodious on the soften'd soul:
So may the passions wait upon your hand,
Move as you move, and act as you command.

And here Arion's harp may swell the strain,
Or smoothe your numbers as it smoothe'd the main;
When wondering Sirens to its sounds advanc'd,
And bounding dolphins o'er the billows danc'd;
Admiring Tritons round the music play,
And angry seas in measure roll away:
A tide of rapture rose as he requir'd,
White work'd the waves, and foam'd as he inspir'd;
The billows beat upon the sounding string,
And through the hollow harp the waters ring.

As on a moon-light night, when Neptune calls
His finny couriers from their coral stalls,
From some white cliff, whose brow reflects the deep,
He leads them forth, and bids the billows sleep,
The waves obey; so still a silence reigns,
That not a wrinkle curls the watery plains;
Like floating mercury * the waves appear,
And the sea whitens with a heaven so clear:
Before him Triton blows his twisted shell,
And distant sea-nymphs know the signal well;
In long procession the cærulean train
With joy confess the sovereign of the main:

* Quicksilver. D.

Such

Such were the raptures of the sea-green race,
When sweet Arion cross'd the watery space;
When first his fingers felt the music rise,
And mix'd in melody the seas and skies.

On land Amphion swells the magic song,
And round his fingers moving mountains throng;
At every stroke he sees fair Thebes aspire,
Walls rise on walls, and temples soaring higher:
At every stroke new wonders deck the strain,
The big creation of a poet's brain!

Hear how Timotheus wraps the soul in sounds,
And drops the notes like balm upon her wounds;
The moulded measures querulous decay,
Till a swift tremor sweeps the sounds away:
By sweet degrees again they gather near,
Recover fast, and thunder on the ear;
Down the broad brass his bold hands brush the tones,
The long string leaps, and vibrates into groans;
Let furious Saul be figur'd to thy mind,
So mad—as not to be by verse confin'd;
With music arm'd the sweet musician stands,
And o'er the golden cordage spreads his hands;
The monarch's looks are fix'd upon the strings,
And his eyes languish as young David sings;
His fury falls, as that begins to rise,
And all his soul seems starting from his eyes!

But chief the music of the spheres must please,
If sounds celestial warble in thy lays;
When the three Parcæ, Fate's fair offspring born,
The world's great spindle as its axle turn;

Round which eight spheres in beauteous order run,
 And as they turn revolving time is spun :
 Whose motions all things upon earth ordain,
 Whence revolutions date their fickle reign ;
 These, rob'd in white, at equal distance thron'd,
 Sit o'er the spheres, and twirl the spindle round,
 On each of which a Siren loudly sings,
 As from the wheel the fatal thread she sings ;
 The Parcæ answer, in the choir agree,
 And all those voices make one harmony *

To Titian turn, to Raphael praises give,
 Hence picture rose, and shadows seem'd to live ;
 On Guido look, to Rubens rear thine eye,
 Where each bold figure seems a stander-by ;
 Trophies and triumphs by Mantegna's † hand
 In martial order on the canvas stand ;
 With hints of glory fire the warlike soul,
 And bid like motions in our bosoms roll :
 Here Verrio's colours glow expos'd to fight,
 And sky-dipp'd pencils stream with liquid light ;
 'Thy art, O Kneller ! asks a sister's praise,
 So may thy paintings beautify my lays ;

* This is an excellent allegory of Plato's, who would hereby intimate that all things obey the divine law, and concur to produce those effects which are consequences of the causes that God has established. D.

† Andrea Mantegna, born at Padua anno 1431, was admirable for history-painting, and perspective : the best of his pieces are "The Triumphs of Julius Cæsar," now at Hampton Court. D.

Whether

Whether young blushes ripen in thy lines,
 Or verdant landships wave in green designs,
 Through which the sun, emerging from the main,
 In floods of purple drowns the leafy scene,
 A mimic vista stretches wide between,
 Where gold appears diversified with green;
 Shades rise on shades, on colours colours flow,
 And transient shadows undulate below.

So when Aurora mounts the rosy East,
 And Light's warm blushes redden o'er her breast;
 A thousand suns her orient rays unfold,
 And every leaf is sprinkled o'er with gold:
 The glittering spangles burn the woodland shade,
 Tree, stream, and bush, in Nature's gold array'd:
 The burnish'd rills in softer silver show,
 And, dash'd with purple, glance their waves below;
 Ten thousand shadows skim the colour'd stream,
 And o'er the silver shoots the crimson gleam.

Next let Prometheus boast his godlike art,
 And let a wonder from his fingers start;
 An angel's form by every poet sung,
 Love in her looks, and music in her tongue*.

So when the sun with all-enlivening ray
 On Memnon's lips first strikes the golden day;

* I must beg leave here to dissent from the general opinion of commentators, that it was a man Prometheus formed; for it was undoubtedly a woman, in order to propagate his species for the future in a natural way. D.

The hard flint utters melancholy sounds,
And from the stone sweet harmony rebounds *.

Before Lyfippus' courser neighs the steed,
And fond Pygmalion clasps his ivory maid;
Where Niobe, in beauteous sorrow shown,
Melts into tears, and hardens into stone.

Beside his chissel let Mount Athos stand †,
Heave into form, and groan beneath his hand,
While on one spacious palm he pours the sea,
And his broad fingers form an ample bay;
The other grasps a wide-extended town,
Whose regal walls unnumber'd turrets crown:
Thus was this son of earth suppos'd to rise,
O'er-look the globe, and climb into the skies,
To scare the Gods with his enormous height,
A second Titan soaring out of sight.

So near proud Rhodes, across the sounding main,
The world's just wonder brav'd the winds and rain,
While round his head the rattling tempests blow,
And watery mountains break in foam below;
On Neptune's back, the proud Colossus rides,
Deaf to the roarings of the winds and tides.

There Phidias bids the breathing statue move
In living sculpture not unworthy Jove;

* The statue of Memnon, son of Aurora, according to Herodotus, was made of stone, and not of brass. D.

† It was proposed to Alexander the Great, to turn Mount Athos into the statue of this monarch, with the ocean in a basin in one hand, and a large city in the other. D.

From

From age to age Cleomenes shall charm,
And his carv'd Venus future warriors warm*,
In fair proportion from beholders turn,
And o'er her cheeks the blushing marble burn.

See with Silenus youthful Bacchus vie,
And the flint sparkling in his jovial eye;
Round his full temples grapes luxuriant spread,
Vine-leaves, and clusters, dangle o'er his head:
On a tame tiger, taught his load to bear,
He rides in rock, and shakes his ivy spear.

There good Aurelius almost looks a groan!
And thunder-bolts descend in figur'd stone†;
Great Alexander weeps his ensigns furl'd,
And bids his fire create another world.

Here let thy graver through rock-diamond run‡,
The heaven-hued sapphire sparkle in the sun;
The wounded ruby ope its bleeding vein,
And the red streams the virgin paper stain;
Here link your jewels in a blazing string,
Let the green emerald look like smiling spring.

* The Venus of Medicis. D.

† This curious piece of sculpture is on the pillar of the Emperor Antonine, one of the noblest designs in the world: it is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius, raining on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thundering on that of his enemies: it was on this occasion, that the Christian Legion got the name of Fulminatrix. D.

‡ These lines are to be understood of antiques, arms, and cyphers, cut in precious stone; Pyrgoteles a famous sculptor hardly grav'd on any thing else but jewels. D.

The yellow topaz boast a golden hue,
 And slippery agate shine in veins of blue;
 Let these in crystal caskets charm the sight,
 Terrestrial stars, and children of the light!
 Like the rich bow athwart th' ætherial plain,
 That burns in showers and fire imbibes from rain.

Now let your Muse to architecture change,
 Plunge in the bath, or through the palace range,
 Heave the huge mole, or bid the column rise,
 Or point the obelisk to pierce the skies:
 Palladio here must think in every line,
 And deep Vitruvius scan the whole design;
 The works of Solomon and him of Tyre *
 Direct the plan, and all your taste inspire:
 In due proportion every pillar rear,
 Nor let the orders be confounded there:
 Where the Corinthian stands in fluted rows,
 Let not the martial Doric interpose;
 Nor, where the Tuscan † lifts th' imperial urn,
 Suffer the neat Ionic ‡ shaft to turn:

* Hieram. D.

† Trajan's pillar at Rome was the first of this order, the
 spire of which was appointed for the emperor's ashes; on
 this occasion the Romans, disdaining to borrow from the
 Grecians invented one of their own, from thence called the
 Tuscan or Roman order. See Evelyn on Architecture. D.

‡ The famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, which took
 up two hundred years in building, was of this order. See
 Palladio. D.

But chief that chaos call'd Composite shun,
Which begs from all, and yet belongs to none.

So Babel's battlements began to rise,
Left earth below, and labour'd up the skies;
The mighty bulwark threaten'd Heaven's abode,
And bade the mounting world ascend to God:
And they had now been there—but Heaven look'd down,
Their skills confounded, and their tower o'erthrown;
Tongues, pillars, orders, to confusion turn,
And mankind disappointed seem'd to mourn.

Here Egypt's pyramids must heave sublime,
And blunt the teeth of all-decaying Time;
Beneath whose weight, the burthen'd earth must groan,
A ponderous pile in monumental stone:
Strong bars of adamant the marble lock,
And links of iron chain the solid rock;
Beneath whose summit towering eagles fly,
A pointed mountain ending in the sky.

Proud Babylon with brazen gates behold,
And broad Euphrates in her bosom roll'd;
Walls, which Semiramis with turrets crown'd,
And colour'd brick with black bitumen bound;
A second Eden here Nitocris trod,
In penfile gardens worthy of a God;
So grand the costly structure hung in air,
It seem'd not built, but first created there:
Here trees and flowers in watery figures rise,
And fruitage ripen nearer to the skies;
Fair fountains fall in silver-streaming floods,
And artificial rainbows paint the clouds;

With

With various-colour'd light the water burn'd,
 Against the sun in artful arches turn'd;
 Nor were the golden pipes by Sirius dried,
 The river still the water-works supplied.

Here let the boaster fall from man to beast,
 Eat grafs with brutes, or on rude acorns feast,
 Driven from his throne in dens to pass the day,
 To herd with wolves, and howl the night away.

So wild Lycaon fled his own abode*,
 Chang'd by the vengeance of an angry God,
 On shaggy feet ran howling through the plain,
 And mingled nightly with the prowling train.

Here let the Muse a while delighted rest,
 Pleas'd with the prospect opening in her breast;
 The wide horizon and the world survey,
 As through the walks her fancy loves to stray.

Invention! ah, how beautiful art thou!
 I feel thy sudden inspiration now;
 Thy whispers prompt me, and the pleasing strife
 Of infant thought just struggling into life:
 The new-born offspring longs to try its feet,
 And run through verse with voluntary heat:
 This was the Nymph that did wise Numa please †,
 And this the Genius of great Socrates.

* The story of Lycaon may possibly be taken from that of Nebuchodonosor, for priding himself in the grandeur of those gardens, which he caused to be built for his queen, who loved the prospects of Media, he was in the same place and moment changed to a wild beast. D.

† Egeria. D.

Like

Like some smooth mirror, see Euphrates glide
 Through Duras' plains, and spread his bosom wide;
 On whose broad surface watery landships lie,
 And bending willows shade the downward sky:
 There floating forests mix'd with meadows move,
 And the green glass reflects the flowers above;
 Shepherds and sheep along the picture stray,
 And with the water seem to slide away:
 In the blue gleam, the park and walls appear,
 And gilded barges, mix'd with grazing deer;
 The huntsman sounds—the frightened shadow flies,
 Thro' flocks, greens, shepherds, barges, hounds, and skies.

Thus in a room, where light can only pass
 Through the small circle of a convex-glass;
 O'er the stain'd sheet amusing shadows slide,
 Clouds float in air, and ships along the tide:
 In rural posture fields and oxen show,
 Trees wave, streams run, and colour'd blossoms glow.

'Tis thus when Spring's soft vernal blooms appear,
 And throw a glory round the youthful year;
 Or Summer blazing o'er the heavenly blue,
 When swarming insects dip their wings in dew:
 In Autumn too, the same mild scene delights,
 To view the water, and enjoy the nights;
 Nor less loud Winter wilder bliss denies,
 When Boreas bids the broad Euphrates rise:
 Then peaceful images amuse no more,
 But through the bridge the founding surges roar,
 Wide dashing foaming high, and tumbling to the shore,
 The distant billow seems the heavens to lave,
 And the horizon stoops to drink the wave.

So the loud Euxine, whose compulsive sway
 Ne'er yet knew ebb or swift reflux of sea,
 Rolls on eternal, and directly beats
 Against black Bosphorus' tempestuous streights;
 The Dardanells behold its lowering front,
 Gloom the Propontic, and the Hellespont.

Now swell your style, and let the flood conform,
 To the rouz'd tempest, and the roaring storm;
 In verse as rough let every torrent move,
 Froth the vex'd waves, and curl their heads above;
 Let the green tide turn white with abrupt shock,
 And break the salt surge on the rugged rock:
 Not so where mazy rills mæandering shine,
 The running silver trickles through the line;
 In smoother notes the whispering waters purl,
 The brook falls tuneful, and the waves uncurl;
 Hence images of different kinds abound,
 In all the volubility of sound,
 Appli'd to subjects, corresponding flow,
 Some loudly rough, and others sweetly low.
 Hence various styles appear in war, and peace,
 And every style has its peculiar grace;
 In epics here a hero strides away,
 And there Amyntor tunes his oaten lay,
 While o'er the lawn the lambkins frisk along,
 And with their bleatings fill the rural song;
 Or when still evening reddens o'er the sky,
 It bids her blushes round the welkin fly;
 In each soft cloud some colour is express'd,
 Till with united glories burns the West:

Then

Then swarm the flies, the tinsel'd people run,
To bid adieu to the departing sun ;
With airy music sip the milky steams,
And gild their coats in light's declining beams ;
Add that at eve cool Zephyr wakes the breeze,
And sits in sighs upon the shivering trees ;
Add that at eve Etesian breezes wake,
With coming gales the leaves are seen to shake,
Still trembling onward with th' approaching blast,
Till on the dimply pool it breathes at last,
Before the wind the water curls in rings,
And the fann'd ocean frowns beneath his wings :
Hence lyrics make the fields and swains rejoice,
Or elegy lifts up her mournful voice ;
The buskin'd hero treads the crowded stage,
Or comic humour smiles along the page ;
There Athens' friend Themistocles appears *,
And Cato glorious in his country's tears ;
Thy lips, Timoleon, seal thy brother's doom,
And Brutus bleeds in both his sons for Rome :
Varanes there admires the bloody sign,
Hung o'er the head of kneeling Constantine ;
On Cannæ's field see Paulus bath'd in gore †,
And Cæsar pass the Rubicon once more.

* Themistocles autem quem virtus sua victorem, injuria Patriæ imperatorem Persarum fecerat ; ut se ab eâ oppugnandâ abstineret, instituto sacrificio exceptum patera, tauri sanguinem hausit, & ante ipsam aram quasi quædam pietatis clara victima concidit. Val. Max. de Pietate erga Patriam. D.

† Paulus Emilius. D.

Thus

Thus he to whom the tuneful charms belong
 Of sacred numbers, and harmonious song;
 Whom Pæan's art did at his birth inspire
 With a sweet finger for the Muse's lyre;
 To whom the gift of genius fate has given,
 That golden blessing of indulgent heaven;
 Must study music to improve his art,
 And through the ear find entrance to the heart;
 While art and nature equally unite,
 Sound smooth the sense, and grace make wit polite.
 His easy lines unlabour'd seem to flow,
 Yet such that ease as pains alone bestow;
 While the fond reader, charm'd with every strain,
 Snatches a quill to imitate in vain.

Next it were fit that Picture claim'd his care,
 A well-bred man should every science share;
 From hence what beauties may not poets take?
 Hence learn a verse to paint the rattling snake:
 Through the gilt page he twists in colour'd lines,
 And round the leaf in curling volumes twines;
 The reader thinks he sees the serpent slide,
 And almost feels him through his fingers glide.

Let Helen's beauty kindle sweet desire,
 In Zeuxis' colours, and with Homer's fire*;

* Zeuxis from the choice of five naked virgins drew that wonderful picture of Helen, which Cicero in his book de Oratore sets before us as the most perfect example of beauty, and Julio Romano formed his taste and compleated his gusto by reading Homer. D.

Compare them both, and miss no single charm,
But let each blush in equal spirit warm :
The fine complexion let the Graces spread,
And Pæstan roses paint her cheek with red,
While Venus bids her airs around her play,
And Phœbus fills her eyes with tender day.

But Thornhill's draughts shall future hints supply,
As long as Kensington with Greenwich vie*;
Where round her roof a thousand colours glow,
And Britain's rivers round the cieling flow.
Here bold Description with her pencil stands,
To roll the billows over shining sands;
Strong on the eye th' inverted figures fall,
And the rich cornice sets on fire the wall :
Tame on his anchor here supports his head,
And Humber heavy with his pigs of lead ;
While Avon's waters into Severn roll,
And the Tine tumbles out her mines of coal ;
There in green gold the Medway seems to burn,
And pour down fishes from her foaming urn ;
While silver Isis joins her husband Tame,
And in each other lose their ancient name.

In sculpture too proportion learns to please,
When every beauty swells by nice degrees ;
Where by the chissel's meant the poet's pen,
That files and polishes the works of men,
Softens the rugged surface of the song,
Yet turns the feature regular and strong ;

* See this famous cieling in the great hall of Greenwich Hospital, painted by Sir James Thornhill. D.

Com-

Commands the limbs in attitudes to rise,
And live and walk before the reader's eyes.

Beneath her palm hence sun-burnt Egypt's seen,
The roughen'd fret-work suits the matron's mien :
In molten ore Minerva lends her aid,
And lifts to life the rude unletter'd maid :
Rais'd by her hand Nile's daughter quits the ground,
Hardens her mummies, hears her sistrum sound,
Towers like her pyramids, sublimely bold,
And almost rises half her height in gold.

So the slack rope the dextrous dancer tries,
Poiz'd on a pole betwixt air, earth, and skies,
Walks o'er the waves of heads that roll below,
His limbs look supple, and his steps tread slow :
Beneath his foot the sturdy cable bends,
Mounts as he moves, and drops as he descends ;
Back start the crowd : he, glorying in his strength,
Springs on his feet, and rises half his length.

By architecture last he lays the scheme,
And by some model bids his genius flame,
Works up the whole, and sees the building shine,
In all its parts, with conduct and design :
The poem rais'd upon so fine a plan,
The test, the wonder, and delight of man,
Will stand the shocks and injuries of time,
Built upon nature, and the true sublime.

Thus life-resembling Allegory lies
Behind a veil, remote from vulgar eyes :

* Palladio lays down but five orders of architecture, and
Longinus five sources of the sublime. D.

Transparent veil ! in hieroglyphicks wrought,
Which only covers, not obscures the thought;
Where silver urns express the figur'd flood,
And more is meant than first is understood;
Old Age and Time in hoary forms appear,
And proper emblems represent the year;
There oft blue Neptune for the sea is seen,
And rivers rising from their beds in green;
In golden lines th' autumnal season glows,
And winter through a blustering period blows:
Here brother twins unbar rude Fancy's gate,
Dress her wild dreams, and on the goddess wait,
Romantic dreams ! from Superstition sprung,
Which Ariosto taught, and Spenser sung.
Then every grotto in its Genius spoke,
And Hamadryads from each hollow oak;
Ev'n Echo learn'd to answer to her name,
And babbled louder than the babbling stream.

Now when some rival poem you peruse,
O let not Envy blind the partial Muse !
Where merit is, esteem it as your own,
And in its triumphs let your light be shown;
Let Albion ask from whence an author came,
And judge according to the writer's name;
French, English, Irish, be alike to you,
And gladly give an Infidel his due :
Scorn that mean artifice of unjust praise,
Nor think to flatter, is to gain the bays ;
Those two extremes the worthy will despise,
Who hate with reason, and with reason prize.

And yet to malice sure I 'm much oblig'd,
 On every side by calumny besieg'd :
 To critics much I owe, who make me mend ;
 And Envy I could almost call my friend ;
 These taught my youthful steps an early care,
 To tread with caution, and proceed with fear :
 Oft in my mind their black aspersions came,
 And made me tremble at the love of fame ;
 Ev'n now I dread their jealousy and spite,
 And faint in fancy every line I write.

How long before the Muses can succeed !
 To please the world is now a task indeed !
 All former methods vainly we pursue,
 The world is old, and calls for something new :
 Nothing will take with this judicious age,
 But lines well-labour'd, and a studied page ;
 Where rich variety relieves the mind,
 And beams of fancy strike the critic blind ;
 Exalted notions which great souls contain,
 Thoughts big with life, and bursting from the brain ;
 Surprising novelties that never tire,
 But lead the reader on from fire to fire.

Avoid the harshness of discordant chime,
 Sense ill atones for violated rhyme ;
 R R's jar untuneful o'er the quivering tongue,
 And serpent S with hissings spoils the song :
 When triplets like the furies join their hands,
 Unlock their folds, and break their lawless bands ;
 Else Cerberus like the threefold monster stands. }
 'Tis true a triplet might succeed by chance,
 And ev'n twelve feet judiciously advance ;

But

But those experiments are fatal found,
And seldom us'd but when we call for found *:
All Alexandrines from the page expunge,
That o'er the paper take an unweildly lunge †.

Compounded epithets had need be few,
But those familiar, and uncommon too;
Some oft like Janus wear a double face,
A mongrel-mixture, and a motley-race;
With those the mountains must be always bleak,
And no kind north wind stir the sleeping lake;
But ever-fanning breezes cool the morn,
And suns red-rising the grey dawn adorn.

Others to wild description turn their style,
Make storms blow gently, and black whirlwinds smile;
From each dark point the scattering clouds disperse,
And gleams of golden sun-shine gild the verse:
Without Apollo's necessary aid,
What is description? an eternal shade.
Weak eyes and judgements glaring objects strike;
Both are but dazzled and deceiv'd alike.

But above all avoid that Siren sea,
Where men of wit are often cast away;
A tempting vice, long mention'd in the schools,
The pride of coxcombs, and the food of fools:

* For instance, in Mr. Pope's Homer, where the blood is made to trickle down the leg, through the length of an Alexandrine verse,

“And down his snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.” D.

† From his aversion to Triplets and Alexandrines this writer seems to have been a disciple of Swift. N.

Here Vanity holds forth her flattering glaſs,
And Self-conceit adores her ſwelling face;
Where rival worth in vain pretends to vie,
And every virtue leſſens in her eye:
With her own lightnings oft the fair ſhe warms,
And melts the heart of beauty by its charms;
The dart, directed at the man of wit,
Flies wing'd with quills with which his genius writ;
The ſhaft that 's pointed at the breaſt of beaus,
Is fledg'd with feathers or brocaded cloaths;
And ſtateſmen (who like me are leaſt afraid)
Are caught in nets which they themſelves have laid.

To charge with generous thoughts the cleareſt head,
Conſult the living, and read o'er the dead;
Where ancient Wiſdom grows more wiſe with age,
And hoary ſeniors dignify the page;
Time's eldeſt-born! fires grey to us in fame!
The ancient's glory, but the modern's ſhame.
Supreme of thoſe inſpired Plato ſee,
A name rever'd by all antiquity:
Pride of his ſect, and honour of his kind;
A worthy Heathen, with a Chriſtian mind;
Whoſe ſtyle and manner moderns like ſo well,
That he alone could Shaftesbury* excell.

In thoſe fam'd days of literature and taſte,
Liv'd Porphyry's tutor, and Zenobia's gueſt!
Aurelian's dread! endow'd with every art,
In which the two Minervas claim a part;

* Anthony Aſhley Cowper, Earl of Shaftesbury. D.

Whose character survives in the sublime,
As the best judge and critic of his time *.

How courtier-like gay Horace ridicules,
While he refines on Aristotle's rules,
By Pindar taught to tune th' Ausonian lyre,
With Grecian elegance, and Roman fire :
In him Alcæus thunders once again,
Temper'd by Sappho's more harmonious strain ;
While in thick fits her softer lightnings play,
Flash through the lines, and doubly gild the day.

Read Cicero ; consider Plutarch well †,
What man he was let Chæroneia tell :
In Arnè long this patriot pass'd his days,
Nor could Boeotian climes obscure his praise ;
To him the noblest heroes lives were known,
Who studied others to improve his own.

The Mantuan swan on Mincio's margin sings,
Or o'er Cremona claps his mourning wings ;
To Tyber's banks and solitudes retires,
And mid his poplars feels poetic fires :
Courts the cool osier's green refreshing bed,
Or through the willows shews his silver head ;
Or sails with transport down the tuneful tide,
Sweet-warbling Vida swimming by his side :
At Naples too they tell those birds are seen,
To keep together on the haunted green ;
Brundisium oft with sudden song surprise,
And warble as they journey through the skies,

* Longinus. D.

† Plutarch, of reading the poets. D.

To mild Parthenope's delightful shore,
And lands belov'd by Virgil long before.

See Heaven descend in Homer's awful lines,
Where all the god and all the hero shines;
Behind Achilles lags devouring Deatn,
And the lines run the reader out of breath:
Thunders and lightnings blaze before his eyes,
Blue streams the sulphur from poetic skies!
Line after line the flood of light rolls on,
Foams to a fire, and brightens to a sun!

These are the oracles of Learning now,
Consult those books, and to those Sibyls bow;
These are the lights that call good actions forth,
Revive their value, and emblaze their worth;
By those great souls let Regulus be tried,
And the brave Decii who for freedom died!

And is there not with whom you may advise,
A friend to reish and to criticise?
One who has prov'd how hard it is to please,
Not first to blame, nor yet the last to praise;
With whose good sense an author might be free,
And whose good-nature ne'er was flattery:
When such the character, and such that shines,
The name of Lawfon * need not end those lines:
Such late was Parnell—oh! too slightly mourn'd,
With every Grace, with every Muse adorn'd!
By Swift belov'd, by Pope lamented most,
Lost to the world—to wit and friendship lost—
Yet shall he live, while Taste is kept alive,
And his lov'd Plato in his verse revive;

* Author of the "Lectures on Oratory." N.

Yet

Yet shall he live, as long as Truth shall charm
 In mystic Fable, or fair Virtue warm;
 The first remember'd in our weak essays,
 With honour mention'd, dignify'd with praise.

Nor let proud Albion thus her neighbours scorn,
 As if her sons alone were poets born;
 We too may boast ourselves the sons of fame,
 Nor are we foreign to that sacred name:
 Juvena's genius yet shall wear the bay,
 And drink as deep of Helicon as they;
 In spite of all our hopeful foes abroad,
 Prevail at last, and soar into a God;
 The Dunciad comes, sure omen of their fate,
 And Ireland yet may be the Muses' seat.

O! could I live to see my country shine,
 Our fable cliffs invite the tuneful Nine;
 Those barren rocks with bays immortal smile,
 And Phœbus blest his once-beloved isle:
 With life itself I gladly then would part,
 My country's glories throbbing at my heart.

What's to be done in this august affair?
 First let us banish all our foreign ware;
 Our foolish fondness for Italian lays,
 And look at home for bards and better days:
 Roscommon, Parnell, both, alas, are lost!
 And few indeed the present times can boast:
 Yet let those few be valued as they shou'd,
 Here shew your taste and judgement to be good:
 Judgement! that touch-stone that directs our thoughts,
 That shows us all our beauties with our faults;

Sound judgement will direct us what to do,
And how to think of men and manners too ;
Wit join'd with judgement gilds good sense with light,
As diamond solid, and as diamond bright !

Thus far a youthful Muse presum'd to sing,
To growing bards, upon a venturous wing ;
In cloister'd shades and academic groves,
Whose peaceful glooms a musing fancy loves ;
Where learned Usher blest'd the reverend pile,
And Alma's glories in her Berkeley smile ;
Where sacred Brown indulg'd the thoughtful hours,
In sage recesses, and Athenian bowers :
Where Parnell wak'd the long-forgotten strain,
And old Jerne strings her harp again :
Here pleas'd to listen to the well-known sound,
And hail our mother rising from the ground ;
Shake off the dust that foil'd the silent wire,
And tune once more her venerable lyre,
While green with ivy grow her awful walls,
And from her face the Druid's mantle falls :
Along the park, beneath the quivering trees,
I walk retir'd, and court the cooling breeze,
Where the tall elms project the brownest shade,
There oft the Muses wander through the glade ;
There oft I follow beauty with surprise,
And drink sweet numbers from inspiring eyes ;
With eager steps I cross the verdant stage,
And soon transplant them to my borrow'd page ;
Each maid I meet I set her graces down,
Hence critics say those thoughts are not my own,

Fine is the secret, delicate the part,
 To praise with prudence, and address with art;
 Encomium chiefly is that kind of wit,
 Where compliments should indirectly hit;
 From different subjects take their sudden rise,
 And, least expected, cause the more surprise:
 "For none have been with admiration read,
 But who, beside their learning, were well bred *."
 Such suit all tastes, on every tongue remain,
 Forbid our blushes, and prevent our pain;
 Such subjects best a Boyle might understand,
 These call, my Lord, for an uncommon hand;
 To turn the finer features of the soul,
 To paint the passions sparkling as they roll;
 The power of numbers, the superior art,
 To wind the springs that move the beating heart;
 With living words to fire the blood to rage,
 Or pour quick fancy on the glowing page;
 This be thy praise, nor thou this praise refuse,
 From no unworthy, nor ungrateful Muse;
 A Muse as yet unblemish'd, as unknown,
 Who scorns all flattery, and who envies none;
 Of wrongs forgetful, negligent of fame,
 Who found no patron, and who lost no name;
 Indifferent what the world may think her due,
 Whose friends are many, though her years are few.

* Essay on Translated Verse, by the Earl of Roscommon. D.

TO MR. THOMSON, ON HIS SEASONS.

BY MR. DALACOURT.

FROM sunless worlds, where Phœbus seldom smiles,
But with his evening wheels hangs o'er our isles;
A Western Muse to worth this tribute pays,
From regions bordering on the Hebrides:
For thee the Irish harp, new strung, once more
Greens our rough rocks, and bleak Hibernian shore:
Thou, Thomson, bade my fingers wake the strings,
And with thy praise the wild wood hollow rings;
The shades of reverend Druids hover round,
And bend transported o'er the brazen sound.

So the wing'd bees that idly rove along,
(Renown'd alike for sweets as those for song)
If the shrill brass invite them from the sky,
In dusky clusters round the music fly.

Blest Bard! with what new lustre dost thou rise,
Soft as the Season o'er the Summer skies!
Thy works a little world new-found appear,
And thou the Phœbus of a Heaven so fair;
Thee their bright sovereign all the signs allow,
And Thomson is the name for Nature now:
Thou first could'st drive the couriers of the day,
Nor through the dazzling glories lost thy way;
Thy steeds red hoofs still trod th' eternal round,
Nor threw the burning chariot to the ground.

So round Iulus' temples, blazing bright!
In locks dishevel'd stream'd a length of light;

The

The prince unharm'd beheld the sparkles spread,
Nor shook the shining honours from his head.

Beneath thy touch, Description paints anew,
And the skies brighten to a purer blue;
Spring owes thy pencil her peculiar green,
And drown'd in redder roses Summer's seen;
While hoary Winter whitens into cold,
And Autumn bends beneath her bearded gold.

In various drapery see the rolling year,
And the wild waste in fable spots appear;
O'er the black heath the bittern stalks alone,
And to the naked marshes makes his moan;
Engulph'd in bogs behold his muddy beak,
And the brown partridge feeding in the brake.

But chief the sweetest passion best you sing,
The grove's soft theme, and symphony of Spring:
How brindled lions roar with fierce desire,
And in the waters Phocæ feel the fire;
There large Leviathan unwieldly raves,
And burns though circled round with all his waves.
But higher still, those wonders must give place
To the new transports of a beauteous face!
Its force on man—the touch—the glowing glance,
The tempting bosom, and the tender trance!
In those how strongly dost thou paint our care,
And all the darling weakness of the fair;
What thanks must Beauty give in yielding hour,
To warn them from us in the rosy bower!

A sudden flash of lightning turns my eye
To thunder rumbling in the Summer sky!

Beneath

Beneath thy hand the flaming sheet is spread
O'er heaven's wide face, and wraps it round with red;
With the broad blaze the kindling lines grow bright,
And all the glowing page is fill'd with light;
Through the rough verse the thunder hoarsely roars,
And on red wings the nimble lightning foars :
Here thy Amelia starts, and, chill'd with fears,
At every flash her eye-lids swim in tears ;
What heart but beats for so divine a form,
Pale as a lily sinking in the storm !
What maid so cold to take a lover's part,
But pities Celadon with all her heart !

How precious gems enrich each sparkling line,
Add fun to fun, and from thy fancy shine !
Here rocks of diamond blaze in broken ray,
And sanguine rubies shed a blushing day ;
Blue shining sapphires a gay heaven unfold,
And topaz lightens like transparent gold ;
Of evening tinct pale amethysts are seen,
And emeralds paint their languid beams with green :
While the clear opal courts the rural sight ;
And rains a shower of many-colour'd light :
Your sky-dipp'd pencil adds the proper glow,
Stains each bright stone, and lets their lustre flow,
Tempers the colours shifting from each beam,
And bids them flash in one continued stream.

So have I seen the florid rainbow rise,
In braided colours o'er the watery skies,
Where drops of light alternate fall away,
And fainting gleams in gradual dies decay ;

But

But thrown together the broad arch displays
One tide of glory! one collected blaze!

Where may those numbers find thee now retir'd?
What lawn or grove is by the Muse admir'd?
Dost thou in Stowe's delightful gardens stray*,
Or in the glooms of Dodington delay:
There sweet embower'd some favourite author read,
Or breathe the breezes of thy native Tweed;
On her cool border rest reclin'd a while,
Mindful of Forbes, and of thy own Argyle?
O! thou that only in this garb could please,
And bring me over to commend thy lays,
Where rhyme is wanting, but where fancy shines,
And bursts like ripen'd ore above the mines:
Enjoy thy genius, glory in thy choice,
Whose Roman freedom has Roscommon's voice.

VERSES BY A GENTLEMAN,
IN HIS SISTER'S TABLE-BOOK.

IN this repose the secrets of your mind,
This, the same constant, faithful friend you'll find,
When Fortune smiles, or if she proves unkind:
And if some favourite youth your heart shall move,
And your young bosom pant with glowing love:
Then when he runs his tale of fondness o'er,
Swears that he loves, and vows he does adore;
Take this and read, that when we must protest,
Our vows are perjur'd, and our sighs a jest.

* A seat of Lord Cobham's. D.

TO A YOUNG LADY,
WITH FENTON'S * MISCELLANIES.

BY WALTER HARTE †, M. A.

THESE various strains, where every talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms;
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)
Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune, on good writers wait.
The party slave will wound them as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.

Nay,

* With this amiable and elegant Poet, Mr. Harte had the happiness of being closely connected in friendship. N.

† Son of the Rev. Walter Harte, who died at Kentbury in Bucks, Feb. 10, 1736, aged 85, and who had been fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, prebend of Wells, and canon of Bristol, but resigned at the Revolution. The son first distinguished himself by a volume of "Poems on several Occasions, 1727," 8vo. inscribed to the earl of Peterborough, and written before he was nineteen. These were followed by his "Essay on Reason, 1727," folio, a very fine poem, which was much laboured, and went through Mr. Pope's hands. In a letter to Mr. Pattison (printed in the Memoirs of that writer, prefixed to his Poems, 1728) Mr. Harte very frankly gives his sentiments on a projected new version of Ovid's Epistles,

Nay, ev'n the Bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
 Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd :
 Miss'd by pride, and taught to sin by power,
 Still search around for those they may devour ;
 Like : savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
 Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others

Epistles, and says, "I have studied his manner much, and
 " have often endeavoured to make a sort of mixed writing
 " from him and Statius." He took the degree of M. A.
 January 20, 1730; and published that year "An Essay on
 " Satire, particularly the Dunciad," 8vo. He published also
 two Sermons, one called "The Union and Harmony of
 " Reason, Morality, and Revealed Religion," preached at
 St. Mary's Oxford, Feb. 27, 1736-7, which went through
 at least five editions; the other, a Fast Sermon, preached at
 the same place, Jan. 9, 1739-40. He was afterwards vice-
 principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, a tutor of great repu-
 tation there; and was much patronised by Mr. Pope and
 Mr. Lyttelton, who recommended him to Lord Chesterfield
 as a fit præceptor to his natural son Mr. Stanhope, with
 whom he travelled from 1746 till 1750. Mr. Harte is descri-
 bed by the noble lord as "a man of consummate erudition;"
 but was ill qualified to polish the manners of his pupil. He
 was awkward in his person and address, had an unhappy im-
 pediment in his speech, and a total want of ear; yet he so
 well performed his office, that Lord Chesterfield rewarded
 him with a canonry of Windsor, "procured with great diffi-
 " culty;" a difficulty which certainly arose from his college
 connections; as St. Mary Hall, of which Dr. King was
 principal, was at that time noted for Jacobitism. The ma-
 terials

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
 So ruin bards — as beaux deceive the fair :
 On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ ;
 Smiling they wound, and praise but to destroy.
 These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
 And can the best of poets hope for praise ?

materials of his "History of Gustavus Adolphus, 1759," two volumes 4to, are excellent ; but he has marred his book by a strange affected style, "full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanicisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms." He dedicated it to his patron, who says, "I was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon me, and yet have left enough to satisfy a reasonable man." The success of the history being unequal to his hopes, his health was sensibly affected by it. He published however an improved edition of it in 8vo. in 1763 ; but continued at Bath dejected and dispirited, between real and imaginary distempers, till in November 1766 he had a stroke of the palsy, which deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech, and in some degree his head. In October 1768 he had entirely lost the use of his left side ; and in that melancholy condition lived till 1773. He published a treatise on Agriculture in 1764, "in good and elegant English, and scattered such grace upon his subject, that in prose he came very near Virgil's Georgics in verse." I wish I could have found room in this collection for his "Essay on Painting," his "Essay on Reason," or for his "Vision of Death," which appeared in "The Amaranth, 1767," the "great poetical work" alluded to by Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters to his Son," Lett. 341, 377. He knew many anecdotes of Pope, Swift, Pulteney, Chesterfield, Fenton, &c. N.

How small a part of human blessings share
 The wise, the good, the noble, and the fair !
 Short is the date unhappy Wit can boast,
 A blaze of glory in a moment lost.
 Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,
 Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
 So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
 Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause,
 'Tis sure a scandal to with-hold applause;
 Nor let posterity reviling say,
 Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away !
 Yet if the Muse may faith and merit claim
 (A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame),
 Soon shalt thou shine "in majesty avow'd;
 "As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud *."
 Fame, like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,
 With mighty interest must at last be paid.

Like Vinci's † strokes, thy verses we behold,
 Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
 At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
 And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.
 Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
 Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
 There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
 With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse ! at that name each thought of pride recall,
 Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall

* Fenton's Epistle to Southerne. H.

† Leonardi da Vinci. N.

What though the Sisters every grace impart,
 To smoothe thy verse, and captivate the heart :
 What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine
 Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine :
 Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,
 The boast of youth, the blessing of a day !
 Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
 Of wasting Envy, and devouring Age :
 One mingled heap of ruin now we see ;
 Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be !

T O M R. P O P E.

B Y M R. H A R T E.

TO move the springs of nature as we please,
 To think with spirit, but to write with ease ;
 With living words to warm the conscious heart,
 Or please the soul with nicer charms of art ;
 For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
 And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains :
 Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
 And awful Milton strung his heavenly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
 The powers of language, harmony, and grace ;
 How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
 How judgement strengthens, and how art refines ;
 How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
 And force a pleasure which we dare not blame ;
 To charm us more through negligence than pains,
 And give ev'n life and action to the strains :

Led

Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
 Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides;
 Some fairer image of perfection given
 T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
 Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
 Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
 Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
 Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
 A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
 Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
 Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust:
 And are they blam'd who sin because they must?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
 I cannot rival — and yet dare to praise.
 A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
 Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
 Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
 And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
 And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join;
 Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
 And each warm stroke with living colour glows;
 Soft without weakness, without labour fair,
 Wrought up at once with happiness and care!

How blest the man that from the world removes,
 To joys that Mordaunt*, or his Pope, approves;
 Whose taste exact each author can explore,
 And live the present and past ages o'er;

* Earl of Peterborough, conqueror of Valencia. D.

Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
 Moves calmly forward to the verge of life :
 Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
 To live by reason, and to write by thee !

Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace ;
 All are not born the glory of their race :

Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
 And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.

The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
 First learn'd from thee to animate her lays :

A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,

Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd ;

Unbias'd or to censure or commend,

Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend ;

Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,

And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,
 ON HIS PASSING THROUGH OXFORD
 IN HIS RETURN FROM BATH*.
 BY MR. HARTE.

AT length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
 Thou liv'st, O Nassau, Providence's care !
 Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray
 Gave the last gleams of a short, glorious day,
 Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns ;
 The dial brightens, and the line returns.

* From the "Epithalamia Oxoniensia, &c. 1734." K.

Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate presides,
Whose eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new-felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.

Lo, while our isle with one loud pæan rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings;
Hers is the task of Reason, not of Art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart!

And sure that unbought praise which Learning brings
Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.

Hail, and proceed! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear:
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.

Power, Beauty, Virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

WALTER HARTE*, M. A. of *St. Mary Hall*.

* To what has been said of Mr. Harte in p. 302, may be added, that he inscribed some "Divine Poems" in 1727 to the Rev. Mr. Hildrop, master of Marlborough school, under whom he received his education. N.

EPISTLE TO MR. WHALEY *, AT POPLAR.

CAME. July 21, 1730.

WHILST you, my friend, on Poplar's shore receive
The every bliss that man can ask or have,

At worthy Nelly's † hospitable seat

In learned ease from London's dust retreat;

Accept these lines which fond affection drew,

These lines which friendship told me long were due;

While I, far different scenes condemn'd to bear,

Must the dull round of college-duties share,

Fortune her favourite of such loads has eas'd,

Not plagu'd with Logic, nor by Euclid teas'd;

Whate'er is gay, magnificent, polite,

Unask'd flows in, and courts you to delight.

Here Greenwich domes in pompous order rise,

Their far-stretch'd greens invite the ravish'd eyes,

There roll your river's wide-extended waves,

That on its side uncrowded fleets receives.

See! ships, adorn'd with either India's freight,

Unload their treasures at their master's feet,

And confluent stores of utmost nations meet.

In their rich product on our Thames are seen

Arabia, Turkey, China, and Japan.

Thus you to fresh delights each morn awake,

Perhaps in park your evening fresco take,

Now cheer with verse each solitary grove,

And consecrate the song to Liberty, or Love.

* Probably by his friend Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Davies. D.

† An East India Captain. N.

Oh! happy thou! whom Pleasure's easy joy
 And Learning thus alternately employ;
 Whatever tasks thy busy mind engage,
 The Greek, the Roman, or the Modern page,
 Whatever part of Classic ground you tread,
 The sage Historian, or the Poet read;
 Or on thy maps with studious pleasure gaze,
 View Ganges, Nile, the Danube, or the Maese,
 And single out the track that leads to India's seas.

Now you enjoy the friend, whose every thought
 Travels have polish'd, and experience taught;
 Methinks I overhear the friendly chat
 Of Pekin, Siam, Agra, or Surat;
 While Nelly tells of distant countries past,
 Runs o'er in happy talk the farthest East,
 How armies thunder on the banks of Ind,
 How savage Hottentots debase mankind;
 Shews where Batavia's stately bulwarks stand,
 Where Holland founds on plunder its command,
 And British blood enrich'd Amboyna's land.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S WEEPING AT OROONOKO.

FROM WHALEY'S FIRST COLLECTION.

AT Fate's approach, see Oroonoko moan
 Imoinda's fate, undaunted at his own;
 Dropping a generous tear Lucretia sighs,
 And views the hero with Imoinda's eyes.
 When the prince strikes, who envies not the deed?
 To be so wept, who would not wish to bleed?

TO A GENTLEMAN,
IN LOVE WITH A NEGRO WOMAN.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.

BY MR. (AFTERWARDS DR.) SNEYD DAVIES.

BLUSH not, dear Sir, your flame to own,
Your fable mistress to approve;
Your passion other breasts have known,
And heroes justify your love.

By Ethiopian beauty mov'd,
Perseus was clad in martial arms;
And the world's Lord too feeble prov'd
For Cleopatra's *jetty* * charms.

What though no sickly white and red,
With short-liv'd pride adorn the maid?
The deeper yew its leaves ne'er shed,
While roses and white lilies fade.

What though no conscious blush appear,
The tincture of a guilty skin;
Her's is a colour that will wear,
And honest black ne'er harbours sin.

Think'st thou such blood in slaves can roll,
Think'st thou such lightnings can arise,
Such power was lodg'd to pierce the soul,
In vulgar and plebeian eyes?

No, Sir, by air, and form, and dress,
Thy Fufca, of uncommon race,
No doubt an Indian princess is;
And swarthy kings her lineage grace.

* An epithet not usually applied to Cleopatra. N.

Such

Such decent modesty and ease!

But, lest my rapture be suspected,

Cease, prying jealous lover, cease,

Nor judge the Muse too much affected.

Me paler Northern beauties move,

My bosom other darts receives;

Think not I'll toast an Indian love,

While Fielding or a Shirley lives.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE * WHERE
SIR RICHARD STEELE WROTE HIS CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

SURE this is more than Classic ground I tread,
All Pindus seems to bloom around my head.
Wake then, my Muse; what lyre can lie unstrung,
In shades where Phœbus, or where Steele hath sung?
A Cymberton each gaudy tulip shows,
And each gay bed is throng'd with lacquey beaux.
In each fair plant young Bevil greets my eyes,
And Indiana in each whisper sighs.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN THE SAME SUMMER-HOUSE,
AS BELONGING TO CAPTAIN NELLY.

GODS! who would tempt the stormy main,
That thus retir'd could live in ease?
Who'd scorch beneath the line for gain,
And quit the verdure of these trees?

* The same, probably, in which Steele laboured after the philosopher's stone, as mentioned in vol. IV. p. 8. N.

What weightiest ingots e'er can pay
 The absence of that curling vine?
 What sparkling diamond's brightest ray
 Yon pearly dew-drop can out-shine?

Who 'd stand the angry lightning's blaze,
 Or the hoarse thunder's terrors bear,
 That on those well-rang'd greens could gaze,
 That yon harmonious birds could hear?

These harmless joys, these safe delights,
 The wretched anxious miser flies;
 While China's wealth his toil invites,
 And India sparkles in his eyes.

Far nobler views good Nelly move;
 Himself of happiness secure,
 He still o'er stormy seas can rove,
 And the sun's fiercest heats endure:

While for his son are all his cares,
 For him alone he quits his rest;
 The boon of Heaven to his prayers,
 The dear effect of wedlock blest.

This only is his great design,
 That, from the wealth his labours raise,
 Plenty with learning may combine,
 To bless his offspring's future days.

ON THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM,

AND THE INAUGURATION OF QUEEN ANNE*.

BY W. PULTENEY, ESQ. AFTERWARDS EARL OF BATH.†.

GALLICA vicinas undant dum signa per arces,
Cinctus inaccessâ Belga palude tremit:

Nutantes udo firmat munimine turre,

Valla tuentur aquæ, valla tuentur aquas:

Anna, lares dubios, bona, protegis; Anna, Batavi:

Exurgis terror præsidiumque soli.

Hos quondam asseruit justis Nassovius armis,

Et Gallum refugos egit anhelus equos.

Sed frustra: fato tandem meliore, caducis.

Alternam Belgis, Anna, rependis opem.

Sic absens Martem securâ movit in aulâ,

Fudit et hostiles Virgo Britannia duces.

Quod sua præsidium non Belgis arma, suisque

Non dedit Auriaci cuspis, Elisa dedit.

GUL. PULTENEY, *Ædis Christi Sup. Ord. Comm.*

* From "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in Obitum augustissimi Regis Gulielmi III. et Gratulatio in exoptatissimam serenissimæ Annæ Reginae Inaugurationem. Oxonii. 1702." K.

† The verses spoken in the year 1702 by "Mr. Pulteney of Christ Church to Queen Anne" (inserted vol. III. p. 316.) may now be ascertained to have been the production of this noble writer. The date of the present poem, and the College, both agree to prove his right to the other. In the Oxford verses "on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, 1700," is a copy subscribed D. PULTENEY (Lord Bath's brother, afterwards a writer in "The Craftsman") who is buried in the Cloysters of Westminster Abbey, with an elegant inscription on him. N.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH THE FIRST NUMBER OF "THE STUDENT *."

AM I, or am I not imprudent,
 In begging you to accept "The Student?"
 Here lies the point—if good, no wonder—
 But how you hoax us, if we blunder!

" Dame Oxford musters all her friends,
 Each duteous son assistance lends;
 All, all encourage him to print on,
 Alumn' Westminst', et Alumn' Winton',
 The Chartreux' sons, and sons of Eton,
 (Thanks for my frank, and rhyme, to Clayton †—
 No wonder poor "Syl. Urban's" beaten"—
 This will be said, Sir, if we shine—

But if we write one faulty line,
 How will the critics then bespatter
 With foul reproaches Alma Mater!
 How does this anxious thought perplex me,
 How would my own imprudence vex me,
 Should I her nakedness discover,
 And you should flight, who once did love her!

* Or "Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany;" a periodical publication set on foot by Bonnell Thornton, M. B. Student of Christ Church, in the year 1750, and continued through that and the succeeding year.

† The Right Hon. Richard Clayton, Esq. at that time Member of Parliament for the Borough of Wigan; promoted afterwards (in the year 1764) to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in Ireland. He died in 1770.

TO

TO A YOUNG LADY,
ON DRAWING HER FOR A VALENTINE.
BY THE SAME.

LAST night the happy lot was mine,
To draw you for my Valentine;
Dame Fortune, to my wishes kind,
Henceforth I'll swear 's no longer blind,
For well the sportive Goddess knew,
How long my heart has beat to you:
What Chance ordains, let Reason then approve,
And both conspire to bless with mutual love!

Feb. 15, 1755.

STANZAS, TO THE SAME LADY.
BY THE SAME.

— *Fugge con pietà chi non s'arresta
Senz' altrui pena: ed è sano consiglio
Tosto lasciar quel che tener non puoi.*

IL PASTOR FIDO, Atto I. Scen. II.

“YES, I remember, and with pride repeat
The rapid progress which our friendship knew!
Ev'n at the first with willing minds we met,
And ere the root was fix'd, the branches grew*;
Fortune in vain oppos'd her strong barrier;
Nor thou by interest sway'd, nor I o'eraw'd by fear.

* To the admirers of poetry it may not be necessary to observe that this is a quotation from Whitehead. N. With

With sense, with sentiment, I saw thee blest,
 With taste, with genius' brightest, kindest ray:
 "Thy mind was Virtue by the Graces drest*,"
 Thy form how faultless—that let others say:
 'T'admire such merit that I dar'd pretend, [Friend.
 Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call thee
 Whence then this dire reverse? why alter'd now?
 Estrang'd why fled'st thou the most blest of men?
 Why lour's resentment on thy beauteous brow?
 Why stopp'd th' effusions of thy polish'd pen?
 In vain, alas! in vain thou didst pretend,
 (Deny it not, rash Maid) to bid me call thee Friend.
 1756.

TO THE SAME. BY THE SAME.

*Tu te ne vai, mio Sole, ed io qui resto
 Senza il divino tuo chiaro splendore,
 Certo rimedio ad ogni mio dolore,
 Morto e sepolto, non ch' afflitto e mesto.
 Ma se pietà nel tuo bel petto onesto
 Ha loco alcun, Ti raccomando il core,
 Che Teco vien: poichè l' ha fatto Amore
 Servo a Te fido, a me ribello infesto.*

COSTANZO, nel Sonetto 88.

NOR soft complaint, nor heaving sigh,
 Can give this labouring breast relief;
 Nor tear oft starting from the eye—
 Vain pageantry of vulgar grief!

* Lord Lyttelton, Epitaph on his Wife. N.

Too deep the wound, too keen the smart;

It Nature's usual aid denies :

Still as the blood wells from the heart,

Your image still fresh drops supplies.

Can Time, with slowly creeping pace,

That fatal image steal away ?

So long as "Memory holds a place

In this frail globe," 'twill ne'er decay.

Can Absence, in its duskiest cloud,

Fit veil for that lov'd image find ?

Ah no ! can local Absence shroud

What's ever present to the mind ?

Can different forms within this breast

Such dear ideas raise anew ?—

Vain hope ! the fairest, loveliest, best,

Are faint resemblances of YOU.

Where shall I fly ? what power address

To ease the poignant woes I prove ?

Will Reason speak my soul to peace ?

Ah ! what is Reason's use in love ?

Say, will the letter'd page supply

It's friendly, philosophic aid ?

The letter'd page paints to my eye

In tints too strong the *studious* maid.

Will the *dull commentator's* lore

It's opiate to my thoughts dispense ?

The contrast shews me, whilst I pore,

Your *lively comments*, sprightly sense.

Will Music sooth my troubled mind
 (Which once sooth'd Saul's) with heavenly song?
 Not all the powers of sound combin'd
 Vie with the music of that tongue.

Shall I the Pencil's aid invoke,
 The landscape's varied scene to trace?
 This but recalls YOUR pencil's stroke,
 Guided by Genius, Taste, and Grace.

Is there in Nature, or in Art,
 No soveraign medicine, strong to heal?
 No balsam powerful to impart
 A cure to all the pangs I feel?

Let then RELIGION, heavenly guest!
 A spirit pure in me renew,
 And touch with *hallow'd* fire my breast;
 For GOD alone succeeds to YOU!

1756.

THE HAPPY BARD. BY A. B.

HOW happy is the Bard
 Whose book no man peruses!

Thus free from all regard
 He thinks on 't what he chuses.

Happy Bard!

No one can censures raise;
 Since none are like to have it
 But friends, that needs must praise
 Because to them he gave it.

Happy Bard!

No

No thumbs its leaves debase,
 All hands to it are kinder;
 His shelf it still may grace,
 An honour to the binder.

Happy Bard!

No fears to lose this friend
 Can give its owner sorrow,
 Since he need never lend
 What no one wants to borrow.

Happy Bard!

In search of rarities
 If he's the country raking,
 What rarity can please
 Like one of his own making?

Happy Bard!

He no abuses hears,
 Nor jealous critics snarling;
 No rival bard appears
 To envy him his darling.

Happy Bard!

He rests secure from such
 As, 'spite of prohibitions,
 —Or Irish, Scotch, or Dutch—
 Still pirate false editions.

Happy Bard!

None with vexations stare,
 Nor pointing finger show him;
 Nor flink away for fear
 Of gracing his next poem.

Happy Bard!

He'll find in his retreat
 No noisy fops pursuing;
 No crowds press in to eat,
 And compliment, and ruin.

Happy Bard!

If *rus in urbe* prove
 So sweet a situation,
 Who is there but must love
 A private publication?

Happy Bard!

T O M R. H A R C O U R T*,

ON HIS "JUDGEMENT OF VENUS."

FROM HAMMOND'S COLLECTION.

HARCOURT! so pleasing are thy lays,
 So charming is thy lyre;
 That some have robb'd thee of thy praise,
 And falsely call'd thee PRIOR.

The

* Simon Harcourt esq; of whom see vol. III. p. 313. His verses to Mr. Pope are in the English Poets, vol. XXXII. p. xxii.—His "Judgement of Venus" has been so universally considered as Prior's, that they have been adopted in the English Poets, vol. XXXI. p. 229. I very much doubt whether even "The Female Phaeton," (Ib. p. 228.) may not also be by Mr. Harcourt, though Mr. Walpole, in some verses to the Dutches of Queensberry, has within these few years called her "Prior's Kitty." Perhaps the *pun* intended by the concluding word of the following Epigram

in

The flowing style, the harmony,
 With such success did please,
 With joint consent did all agree,
 That it was PRIOR's ease,
 Thus when we 'd fill the trump of fame
 Or praise an easy Muse;
 A PRIOR's or a HARCOURT's name
 Promiscuously we 'll use:
 Disdain not to be rank'd with Him,
 Nor drop so fair a claim;
 Though chance his lays may brighter seem,
 Thine 's sure the brightest dame,
 At once with wonder and delight,
 His Emma we admire,
 Yet Emma never was so bright,
 "To set the world on fire †"
 So sweet you sung, so high you rose,
 That you could rise no higher,
 The ease, the heavenly rapture shows,
 An angel did inspire.

in "The Grove" may have been the first cause of its having
 been so ascribed:

TO MR. HARCOURT.

OCCASIONED BY HIS VERSES TO LADY C. HYDE.

"Dear SIM, by Wits extoll'd, by Wits cry'd down,
 "Each way become the Proverb of the Town
 "To KITTY's favour with success aspire,
 "The second place by merit you acquire,
 "But he, who wrote the Verses, must be PRIOR." N. }

† A line of "The Female Phaeton," which gives coun-
 tenance to the conjecture in p. 322. N. You

You sing, how Kneller's art is shown,
 In Ranelagh's bright eyes;
 And how curs'd Jealousy brought down
 Bright Venus from the skies.

In every nymph, you say, she spy'd

“Some feature of her own;”

But when she saw the Goddess Hyde,

She there found all in ONE.

So bright her eyes, so strong their flame,

She sees, and does o'ercome:

Yet Venus saw, and was o'ercame*;

And curs'd her hapless doom:

She griev'd she left the Gods above,

To be by men out-done;

And that the heavenly Queen of Love

Should be on earth outshone.

Let Venus pack again to Heaven,

Nor envy we her bliss,

Her Hyde to us below is given,

'Tis Heaven where'er she is.

Let none attempt the mighty theme,

But Harcourt's Muse, or Prior;

Devouring vultures torture him,

Who stole celestial fire.

Are there not thunderbolts above,

To check their Titan's pride?

Let Phidias only carve a Jove;

And Harcourt praise a Hyde.

* This should have been ‘o'ercome,’ had not rhyme over-
 come grammar. D.

YOUTH, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

B. Y. M. R. T.

IN YOUTH, my dear, you often say,
 Our every action 's vain;
 That all our thoughts are fix'd on toys,
 And hurrying passions reign.

Belinda, yes, too oft, I own,
 Your apophthegm is true;
 But, yet, from general censure save
 A wisely-acting few.

Would you, I ask, the change approve,
 And think on YOUTH no more?

Would you forsake my fondling arms,
 For hugs from dry threescore?

Wisdom, indeed, assists the flame,
 But never kindles fire;

'Tis YOUTH alone sets love a-light,
 And rages with desire.

But, still, when Sense unites with YOUTH,
 And both together strive,
 A lasting flame is sure produc'd,
 For Sense keeps Love alive.

And, O Belinda, 'tis to you

My verse I now address,
 Because your charms and heaven form'd YOUTH
 My theme's best sense express.

No Muse's aid, nor heavenly power,
 I 've pray'd t'assist in this;
 If you approve your Poet's lays,
 Reward him with—a kiss.

A J U V E N I L E W I S H.
 B Y T H E E D I T O R.

HOW blest the man who lives retir'd
 From all the troubles of the Great;
 Whose soul ambition ne'er inspir'd
 To seek a more exalted state!

Whose generous soul, disdaining wealth,
 (How rarely we such virtue find!)
 Desires no more than perfect health
 Of body, join'd with peace of mind.

To HIM who all his wants supplies,
 And every call of nature pays,
 Each morn his constant offerings rise
 Replete with gratitude and praise.

He, blest without the pride of state,
 Views Nature calmly as she grows;
 And to the man that 's cross'd by fate
 With chearful heart his mite bestows.

His low estate ne'er dreads the stroke
 Which wealth and grandeur oft attends;
 The storm which nods the mountain oak
 The lowlier bramble rarely bends.

Thus

Thus he, secure from all distress,

Glides calmly through this earthly stage;

No anxious cares his mind oppress,

In him no boisterous passions rage.

No envious thought his soul dismays,

No dire mischance his bosom fears;

CONTENTMENT gilds with peace his days,

His nights with balmy slumber cheers.

Oh! be this sweet Retirement mine!

Retirement crown'd with calm repose;

The World I'd cheerfully resign,

And all the pomp which Grandeur knows.

1762.

A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

BY THE EDITOR.

SURELY a more than usual gloom o'er spreads

The sable mantle of the frowning clouds,

Adding more solemn horrors to the night!

No friendly star contributes to the ease

Of travellers belated; Cynthia's self,

Nocturnal Sovereign of the fair expanse,

Conceal'd behind the covert of a cloud,

Withdraws her rays benignant from the world,

And Darkness only reigns; save from the top

Of yonder tottering tower, a glimmering lamp

At distance seems to shed a doubtful light!—

A time this, suited to my lonely thoughts.

Here may I give my melancholy vent,

Amid the gloomy covert of the grove.

How great the bliss, thus unconfin'd to roam,
 Whilst all the world around securely sleeps!
 Thus, free as air, to search each inmost thought,
 Uninterrupted by the busy throng
 Of prying mortals! Here the soul may soar,
 On Contemplation's wings, beyond the spheres,
 Beyond the narrow limits of the world,
 And view in thought the spacious realms of Heaven!
 But see, the silver regent of the night,
 Freed from the clouds, vouchsafes to cheer my soul,
 And dissipate the melancholy gloom!

Teach me, Great FATHER! to improve the thought!
 Dispel the mist of ignorance, which veils
 Thy bright effulgence! Fit me for the day,
 When HE 'who was, and is, and is to come,'
 In full meridian blaze shall judge the world;
 That, whensoever the solemn trumpet sound,
 I readily may answer, "Lord, I come!"

1762.

A SOLILOQUY, BY THE EDITOR.

OCCASIONED BY A REMARKABLE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

YES, GREAT SUPREME! attentively we view
 Thine efficacious power! enraptur'd see
 The Planets roll obedient to the WORD,
 Which spake them into being!—Happiest change!
 Whence flow revolving Seasons!—Day and Night,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—each in turn

Advancing on the other!—Copious field
Of Meditation! whence the curious few
Less frequent objects seek!—the paths explore
Of devious Comets: or, with eager eye,
Survey th' ECLIPSING Planetary Orbs!—

But see!—already o'er the trembling Earth
The shades of Darknefs gleam! still more and more
The Light decreases: whilst the visual nerves
Th' unusual sight oppresses!—Thou, my soul,
Lowly adore that ALL-SUFFICIENT POWER,
Which fixes Nature's limits!—Still the same,
Though ever varying, the capacious scene!—
Nor deem it light or trivial, that the course
So regularly changes:—still, throughout,
Stupendous shines th' OMNISCIENT's ceaseless care,
More *visible* from Regularity!
Nor join the weak, the superstitious train;
Whom these celestial movements terrify
With apprehensions dire! whose boding minds
From thence *foretell* the worst calamities—
Wars, Earthquakes, Famine, Pestilential Death—
Sure sign of guilt or folly!—Shun the thought!—
No fearful cares torment the virtuous breast;
There all is calm and happy; there the hand,
Which hurls its lightning through the vaulted skies,
Imprints tranquillity!—And see! the MOON
Now seems to shift her station; now the Light,
Slowly emerging, charms again the soul
Of every glad spectator!—Hence arise
More pleasing thoughts!—Hence copious themes of
praise!—

Oh!

Oh! rightly use them then, ye sons of men;
 Dispel the mists which clog the heaven-born mind,
 And re-illumine every spark of grace!
 And you, *ye gayer race*, ye infidels,
 Who *dare* deny'th' *Existence* of a God,
 Behold his mighty wonders; and confess—
 The LORD OMNIPOTENT, who thus controls
 Each Constellation! own the sovereign rule
 Of Heaven's ETERNAL MONARCH, whose command
 Bids Earth, Seas, Skies, to tremble! nor refuse
 To *feel* Conviction! lest a little while
 Re-ignite all his wrath!—Then, then, in vain
 You vent your sorrows!—No impending mount
 Can shield you from Destruction!—But the pangs
 OF DEATH, unutterable, wait the hour,
 And endless torments close the horrid scene!

April 1, 1764.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

—BY THE EDITOR.

HARK! my Fair-one, the summons of Love
 Cries “Away, my dear Votaries, away!”
 Lovely Polly, beware how you prove
 The mischances attending delay.

See the vernal Spring bloom all around,
 And the meadows in verdure array'd!
 See the blythe Nymphs advance o'er the ground,
 By the Shepherds so willingly led!

All

All Creation displays to your sight
 The sweet joys that on Wedlock attend;
 Happy State! in which always unite,
 Lover, Husband, Protector, and Friend!
 Then be wise, my dear Charmer, in time,
 Whilst the Graces your person adorn;
 For, when once you have past life's gay prime,
 You may long live a Virgin forlorn!
 Bid adieu to your ill-grounded fears,
 Your romantic and idle alarms;
 See the Priest at the altar appears;
 To conduct you to Corydon's arms!
 Let us haste the sweet bliss to secure,
 We can each to the other impart;
 And, in joys which shall ever endure,
 Drive Affliction away from our heart!

1764.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V. IMITATED.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ Quis nunc te fruitur credulus aurea

“ Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem

“ Sperat nescius auræ

“ Fallacis!”

TELL me, Polly, tell me truth,
 Who is now the hapless youth,
 Doom'd to swell thy captive train,
 Whilst he sighs, but sighs in vain?

Tell me, whose affection brings
Every flower that grateful springs?
Every boon that 's rich or rare,
Emblem of a lover's care?

When, with more than female skill,
Scattering death around at will,
Like the Cyprian goddess, dight
In resplendent robes of white,
You, to tyrannize o'er man,
With contempt, display your fan,
Who can view, and not adore?
(Jove confesses Beauty's power!)—
Yet, alas! unhappy he,
Ever doom'd a slave to be,
Who, perchance, a smile obtains,
Dearly bought by future pains!
Soon, too soon, his wounded heart
Feels the agonizing smart!
Soon, too soon, he 's plung'd, like me,
In the depths of misery!
Sleepless nights, and days of pain,
All the trophies he can gain!—

Spare your tears, enchantress; spare
Tears—as false as you are fair!—
Wretched they who bear the yoke!
Thanks to Heaven! my chain is broke!—
Now with coolness I can think
On the precipice's brink!
Now can view the stormy flood
Over which I whilom stood;

Till

Till, by gentler fate releas'd,
All my toils and sorrows ceas'd!—
Now, my former cares forgot,
Peace of mind 's my happy lot!
And, should Cupid strike again,
Every dart 's employ'd in vain!

1765.

THE GOLDFINCH AND RAVEN. A FABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOUGH, Cælia, each delightful Grace
Is stamp'd on your enchanting face;
Though, while you sing, your tuneful throat
Excells e'en Philomela's note;
Though judgement, wit, and skill refin'd
Adorn your all-capacious mind;
If haughty thoughts inflame your soul,
It damps the beauty of the whole.

A Goldfinch once, elate with pride,
Was warbling near a rivulet's side:
A Raven chanc'd to fly that way,
And lighted on a neighbouring spray;
And as they near each other sat,
They quickly enter'd into chat.
The Goldfinch first the silence broke,
And thus with scornful accent spoke:
“Poor wretch! how hapless is your fate,
“Condemn'd to universal hate.
“No charm have you to gain applause;
“Your beauty no admirer draws:

“And

“ And then your croaking is so sad,
 “ That man must surely think you mad.
 “ Be wise, to what I say attend;
 “ And take the counsel of a friend:
 “ Quit, quit at once that beauteous spray,
 “ And fly no more in open day;
 “ The sable mantle of the night
 “ Will screen your hideous form from sight.
 “ Had you, indeed, a voice like mine,
 “ A pipe so exquisitely fine,
 “ A plumage so completely gay,
 “ You ’d then adorn the face of day;
 “ But, since the Fates this boon deny,
 “ Henceforth in darkness only fly.”
 “ Vain, simple wretch! (the Raven cries)
 “ You and your counsel I despise.
 “ Know, poor deluded creature, know,
 “ Your beauty ’ll prove your greatest foe,
 “ When you, with giddy fluttering wing,
 “ Your careless notes so sweetly sing,
 “ Th’ insidious art of man prepares
 “ To trap your feet in treacherous snares.
 “ Whilst I secure from danger fly,
 “ Nor dread the Fowler’s watchful eye.”

Thus fares it with the beauteous Maid,
 Who calls not Reason to her aid.
 Let that, dear Cælia, be your guide;
 By that let every thought be tried;
 So shall you ’scape the numerous arts,
 Which men prepare for female hearts.

T H E.

THE INVITATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

COME, sprightly Sukey, come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee!
 Oh! come and view thy Strephon's cell,
 Where Mirth and bland Amusement dwell;
 Where every Wood-nymph tunes her throat,
 In strains resembling Sukey's note.

Where, smiling in the lov'd retreat,
 A thousand Cupids take their seat!
 Where, blended with the blushing Rose,
 The odoriferous Woodbine blows!
 Where every shrub and flowering tree
 Exhales balsamic sweets for thee!

Euphrosyne herself is here,
 The Nymph to lovers ever dear;
 With guardian Sylphs, whose magic powers
 Re-animate the languid hours;
 Whose only care (if care they know)
 Is to teach Pleasure how to flow!

Then haste to join the jocund train,
 And once more blest thy faithful swain.
 Oh! what can equal joys like these?
 The murmuring brook, the trembling breeze,
 The moss-clad grot, the fountain clear,
 Receive new charms, when Sukey's near!

1766.

THE

THE LAUREL AND TULIP. A FABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE Æsop's days, who first inspir'd
 Inanimates with speech,
 Each brute, each plant, with reasoning fir'd,
 Can moral lectures preach:

To make their lessons strike more plain,
 Dennis, true son of La Fontaine,
 Illustrates many a well-chose theme,
 In strains from Pindus' top which stream,
 And all their native force maintain.

A preface this; to usher in
 The little tale I now begin.—

Within a charming spot of land,
 Adorn'd by Nature's bounteous hand,
 With every flower that 's fair and bright,
 To please the sense, or charm the sight,
 Near where a spreading Laurel grew,
 A variegated Tulip blew.

'Twas Spring; the chariot of the Sun
 Its mid-day course had nearly run;
 Enliven'd by the genial blaze,
 Th' expanding flowers admit his rays;
 The Tulip too amongst the rest
 Supremely rear'd her stately crest:
 One while her lovely self she view'd
 And lost in admiration stood;—
 Then, glancing quick her eyes aside,
 She saw, with heart furcharg'd with pride,

A nu-

A numerous tribe of flowers in bloom;
She saw, and smelt their sweet perfume:—

This was a mortifying sight:— [field,

“ Shall those base flowers, which bud in every

“ A more delightful fragrance yield,

“ Than one in Nature’s richest livery dight?

“ Forbid it, Heaven! yon awkward Rose,

“ Behold how insolent she grows,

“ Because, forsooth, it smells delightful!—

“ That Pink too glares with aspect frightful!

“ Yet though their vermeil colours shine,

“ What are they when compar’d to mine?”

Thus she revil’d each neighbouring flower,

That caught her rancorous eye,

Which envy, hate, and spleen devour,

In basest terms of infamy.—

The modest Laurel saw with scorn

A breast by various passions torn;

(Though she herself, so hard is fate!

The wretch’s amplest censures met:

Her lovely garb of vivid green

Had rais’d the vile maligner’s spleen)—

Yet, as becomes the truly wise,

Compassion streaming in her eyes,

Each generous argument she try’d,

To quell the silly boaster’s pride,

She reason’d, urg’d, and press’d in vain;

The Belle exclaim’d, in high disdain:

“ Shall every little paltry tree

“ Presume to dictate laws to me,

“ Who shine, of every flower the queen,
 “ In various hues and spangled sheen ? ” —
 Thus she went on in angry mood,
 Insulting and reviling;
 Whilst her opponent calmly stood,
 Admonishing and smiling. —
 Phœbus at length, who heard the fray,
 Withdrew each animating ray;
 The black clouds wore a watery frown,
 And Boreas puff'd the fleet rains down. —
 The Tulip still uprear'd her head,
 Till rattling storms deprest
 Her once so stately crest,
 And left the wretched caitiff dead.
 The wiser Laurel's prudence bent,
 Till all the tempest's rage was spent:
 On her the harsh winds blew in vain;
 Uninjur'd by the pelting storm,
 She soon resumes her wonted form,
 And rears her modest head to grace the lawns again.
 1764.

A FABLE MODERNISED. BY THE EDITOR.

WHERE Force has fail'd, th' alluring Smile
 Can oft the human heart beguile;
 A maxim this as old as true;
 A fact which Æsop whilom knew;
 These premises if once confess,
 Let a short Tale supply the rest.

A Traveller, girt in close furtout,
 Trudg'd through bad roads with wearied foot;

Boreas

Boreas and Sol, with chearful face,
Beheld his now-declining pace:
Both smil'd, yet each repin'd to see
So well-clad such a wretch as he:
Sol soon his own emotions quell'd;
With native choler Boreas swell'd.

“I'll make him doff his outer coat,”
He cried, and set his winds afloat.
Loud beats the storm; the rattling hail
And vengeful blasts at once assail;
Th' astounded traveller quak'd with fear;
No hospitable roof was near;
No cot to yield a friendly shade;
The trees refus'd their wonted aid—

What could he do?—On every side,

With fierce attacks of Boreas troubled,
His coat with closer girdle tied,

His former pace he nearly doubled.

The blustering God of Tempests rav'd,
To find his power by Mortal brav'd;
Fierce, and more fierce, he aim'd his force;
The man pursued his eager course;
Hard as the dreadful tempest blew,
More close his friendly coat he drew:

He found it vain; and ceas'd the strife;

Nature again recovers life;

Again the Sun's effulgent ray

Adds double vigour to the day:

The fleeting clouds dispers'd in air,

His radiant beauties shine more fair.

Charm'd at the change, with chearful note
 Our traveller loos'd his ponderous coat;
 And, glad to have escap'd the wind,
 Secures it in his pack behind.

Thus Macer, once the scourge of courts,
 The scene where smooth-tongu'd Flattery sports,
 When Statesmen threaten'd, brav'd the blow,
 Himself a match for every foe;
 And, as Chief Judges grew less sparing,
 His Satire rose—more bold, more daring!
 But, where the frowns of Courtiers fail'd,
 The *Summum Bonum*, Gold, prevail'd;
 A pension could at once efface
 Of Virtue the minute's trace;
 Doom'd the low Tool of paltry State,
 He lives—INGLORIOUSLY GREAT!

1765.

ANACREONTIC. BY THE EDITOR.

WELCOME, friendly gleam of Night,
 Form'd for revels and delight!

Form'd sublimest joys to prove!

Season fit for Wine and Love!—

Slumber still, ye Sons of Care,

Doom'd the toils of Life to share!

Partners of my social bowl,

Wake to bliss th' enchanted soul!

Fill the sparkling goblets higher!

Rouse—oh! rouse—the dormant fire!

While the fleeting moments shine—

Rich with Love—and rich with Wine!

1765.

S O N.

SONNETS. BY W. J.

I. A FAREWELL TO TOURS.

OH, banks of Loire! ye fields belov'd in vain!
 (Where smiling Joy, and Faith, and Friendship
 dwell)

Oh, every greenwood haunt! and every plain!
 Ye lost, lamented scenes! ah, fare ye well!

And fare ye well! ye village swains so gay,
 Who to the pipe and tabour's merry sound,
 Done and forgot the labours of the day,
 Each with your partner, deftly trip the ground!

Peace to your plains! and oh! with smile serene
 Fast by those fields for ever dwell Content!
 For Friendship hail'd me on your banks of green,
 And Welcome met me wheresoe'er I went:
 Ah happy fields, where Joy and Friendship dwell,
 And you, ye friends, belov'd in vain, farewell!

1777.

II. ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. A.

WHAT joy, her hospitable father's guest,
 Oft have I felt whilst fair Eliza sung!
 And, ah! what anguish seiz'd my aching breast;
 When Death, stern tyrant, stopp'd that tuneful tongue!

Oh, if forgetful proves this alter'd heart,
 Ne'er may the Nine my languid lays inspire!
 And may these hands forget their dearest art,
 To touch the trembling string, and wake the lyre!

If e'er I blot her memory from my mind,
 May all my songs severest censure prove,
 And Fate relentless scatter to the wind
 My hopes of fame, of fortune, and of love!
 No, gentle songstrefs, still the morn shall see,
 And watchful eye, the tears I shed for thee.

1779.

III*.

POUR on my soul, sweet Hope, thy lovely light,
 And bid avaunt to fears and phantoms dread,
 Still guide my noon-day walks, and still by night
 Watch o'er the troubled slumbers of my bed:
 And tell me still, in whispers soft and true,
 Eugenio lives! and that the hand of Harm,
 Whilst o'er his hapless isle Destruction blew,
 Has spar'd his lowly cot, his little farm!
 And oh! if hallow'd Friendship's humble prayer,
 If Worth, if Virtue, Piety, and Truth
 May move the pitying hand of Heaven to spare,
 The hand of Heaven has spar'd the generous youth,
 In pity spar'd him, yet again to see
 And bless his long-lost parents, friends, and me.

1781.

* The solicitude which the writer felt when the account of the hurricane in the West Indies reached England, for one of his dearest friends, who is settled in Jamaica, occasioned the above. W. J.

T O

IV. T O S L E E P.

Sweet Sleep, who lov'st, Wealth's weary sons forgot,
 To stray o'er bleak, brown heath, or russet moor,
 And there wilt lay thee down in some cold cot,
 Stretch'd on th' uneasy pallet of the poor:

Whilst painted Pride, whilst dignify'd Despair,
 And Wealth and Luxury court thy aid in vain;
 Ev'n though to woo thee to their couch of care,
 Sweet Music breathes her softest, slowest strain:

And Him, ah! seen too oft on Albion's shores,
 Ev'n Him thou chiefly fly'st, who knows to boast
 Of ransack'd Earth's and Ocean's choicest stores,
 Stores worse than stol'n from India's wretched coast,
 Yes, Him, sweet Sleep thou fly'st, thy pinions spread
 Far from the restless ruffian's golden bed!

1781.

ON READING THE THIRD SONNET,

AND TAKING THE LIBERTY TO TRANSCRIBE IT FOR

MY OWN USE, BEING UNDER THE SAME ANXIOUS

SOLICITUDE FOR AN AMIABLE FRIEND

NOW RESIDENT IN JAMAICA.

SWEET Sonneteer! whose unaffected lay
 Charms, as I read, and sooths my anxious breast,
 Where hopes and fears alternate rule by day,
 And nightly rob me of my peaceful rest.

For, ah ! like thee, fair Friendship's loss I fear,
 Yet to suppress each rising doubt I try ;
 Thy gladdening hope has gently dried the tear
 Which Love and Pity started in my eye.

Accept my thanks ; and oh ! the theft forgive,
 Since good Eugenio speaks my Anna's praise,
 Whose worth shall ever in my memory live,
 Whose modest virtues thy esteem would raise :
 And if these much-lov'd friends we must resign,
 The bay shall deck thy brow, the cypress mine.

1781.

S. H.

E X T E M P O R E,
 BY CHARLES DUKE OF DORSET.
 ON THE HONOURABLE SIR HENRY BELLENDINE,
 GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.

YE fons of Bacchus, come and join
 In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
 Around the grape-embossed shrine
 Of honest Harry Bellendine !

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux vine,
 Mix'd with the falling tears of brine,
 In full libations o'er the shrine
 Of honest Harry Bellendine !

Your brows with wreaths of ivy twine,
 Whilst you push round the sparkling wine,
 And let your table be the shrine
 Of honest Harry Bellendine !

COLIN'S

COLIN'S MISTAKES*.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

BY DR. SAMUEL CROXALL†.

FAST by the banks of Cam was Colin bred :
 Ye nymphs, for ever guard that sacred stream ;
 To Wimpole's woody shade his way he sped :
 Flourish those woods, the Muses endless theme !
 As whilom Colin ancient books had read,
 Layes Greek and Roman would he oft rehearse,
 And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said,
 What Father Spenser sung in British verse.

Who reads that bard desires like him to write,
 Still fearful of success, still tempted with delight.

Soon

* This Poem has been ascribed to Mr. Prior, and in consequence of it printed in a spurious third volume of his works collected by one Humphrys some years after Prior's death. I am however credibly informed that it is the production of Dr. Croxall. The mistake is supposed to have arisen from its being said in the title-page of the original edition to be written by the author of an Ode addressed to the King, which might be applied either to Croxall or Prior. N.

† Son of Samuel Croxall, rector of Hanworth in Middlesex, and Vicar of Walton upon Thames in Surrey ; in the last of which places our author was born. He received his early education at Eton school, and from thence was admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge, after which he entered into holy orders. Having a strong attachment to the whig interest, he employed his pen in favour of that party during the latter end of queen Anne's reign. After he quitted the university, he was instituted to the living of Hampton in Middlesex, and then to the united parishes of St. Mary, Somerset, and

Soon as Aurora had unbarr'd the morn,
 And light discover'd Nature's chearful face;
 The sounding clarion, and the sprightly horn,
 Call'd the blythe huntsman to the distant chace.
 Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly band;
 The deep-mouth'd hounds with thunder rend the air,
 The fiery courfers strike the rising sand;
 Far through the thicket flies the frightened deer;
 Harley the honour of the day supports;
 His presence glads the woods; his orders guide the sports.

and St. Mary, Mounthaw, in the city of London, both which he held to his death. He was also chancellor, prebendary, canon residentiary, and portionist, of the church of Hereford; and in the year 1732 was made archdeacon of Salop, and chaplain in ordinary to the king. Dr. Croxall, who principally governed the church during the old age of the Bishop, pulled down an old stone building of which the Antiquary Society had made a print, and with the materials built part of a house for his brother Mr. Rodney Croxall. He obtained the living of Sellark, in Herefordshire, in February 1734; and died, at a very advanced age, Feb. 13, 1752. He was author of "The Fair Circassian, 1720," 4to; of which his first specimen is in the fourth volume of this collection, p. 120; and of many excellent poems, which I hope at some future period to find leisure to collect into a volume. He published a collection of "Fables of Æsop and others, translated into English, 1722," 12mo. and wrote all the dedications prefixed to the "Select Novels," printed for Watts, 1729. Dr. Croxall was also author of "Scripture Politicks; being a View of the original Constitution, and subsequent Revolutions, in the Government, Religious and Civil, of that People, out of whom the Saviour of the World was to arise; as it is contained in the Bible, 1735." 8vo. N.

On a fair palfrey well equipp'd did sit
An Amazonian dame; a scarlet vest,
For active horsemanship adaptly fit,
Inclos'd her dainty limbs; a plumed crest
Wav'd o'er her head; obedient by her side
Her friends and servants rode; with artful hand
Full well knew she the steed to turn and guide:
The willing steed receiv'd her soft command:
Courage and sweetness in her face were seated;
On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes waited.

This seeing, Colin thus his Muse bespake:
For alltydes was the Muse to Colin nigh,
Ah me, too nigh! "Or, Clio, I mistake;
Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,
Is Jove's fair daughter Pallas, gracious queen
Of liberal arts; with wonder and delight
In Homer's verse we read her; well I ween,
That, emulous of his Grecian master's flight,
Dan Spenser makes the favourite Goddess known,
When in her graceful look fair Britomart is shown."

At noon as Colin to the castle came,
Op'd were the gates, and right prepar'd the feast,
Appears at table rich yclad a dame,
The Lord's delight, the wonder of the guest.
With pearls and jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
As well became her dignity and place;
But the beholders mought her gems neglect,
To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,
Serene with glory, and with softness bright:
O beauty sent from Heaven to cheer the mortal sight!

Li-

Liberal Munificence behind her stood ;
And decent State obey'd her high command ;
And Charity, diffuse of native good,
At once pourtrayes her mind, and guides her hand.
As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to lift,
And silence with obliging parley broke ;
How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted gift !
But how more gracious what the giver spoke !
Such ease, such freedom did her deed attend,
That every guest rejoic'd, exalted to a friend.

Quoth Colin; " Clio, if my feeble sense
Can well distinguish yon illustrious dame,
Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense ;
In Latian numbers Juno is her name ;
Great Goddess, who, with peace and plenty crown'd,
To all that under sky breathe vital air
Diffuseth bliss, and through the world around
Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer ;
Certes of her in semblant guise I read ;
Where Spenser decks his lays with Gloriana's deed."

As Colin mus'd at evening near the wood,
A nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him past,
Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd,
A ribbon bound, and shap'd, her slender waist :
A veil dependent from her comely head,
And beauteous plenty of ambrosial hair,
O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,
Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air :
The smiling Zephyrs call'd their amorous brothers,
They kiss'd the waving lawn, and wafted it to others.

Daifies and violets rose wheree'er she trod ;
As Flora kind her roots and buds had sorted :
And, led by Hymen, wedlock's mystic god,
Ten thousand Loves around the nymph disported.
Quoth Colin, " Now I ken the goddess bright,
Whom poets sing : all human hearts enthrall'd
Obey her power ; her kindness the delight
Of gods and men ; great Venus she is call'd,
When Mantuan Virgil doth her charms rehearse ;
Belphebe is her name, in gentle Edmund's verse."

Heard this the Muse, and with a smile replied,
Which show'd soft anger mix'd with friendly love,
" Twin sisters still were Ignorance and Pride ;
Can we know right, till error we remove ?
But, Colin, well I wist, will never learn :
Who flights his guide shall deviate from his way :
Me to have ask'd what thou could'st not discern
To thee pertain'd ; to me the thing to say.
What heavenly will from human eye conceals,
How can the Bard arcad, unless the Muse reveals ?

" Nor Pallas thou, nor Britomart hast seen ;
When soon at morn the flying deer was chas'd :
Nor Jove's great wife, nor Spenser's Fairy Queen,
At noontide dealt the honours of the feast :
Nor Venus, nor Belphebe, didst thou spy,
The evening's glory, and the grove's delight.
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
That all the day to knowing mortals sight
Bright Ca'ndish-Holles-Harley * stood confests'd,
As various hour advis'd, in various habit dress'd."

* Lady Henrietta Cavendish-Holles-Harley, married to Lord Harley, afterwards Countess of Oxford, daughter of John Holles Duke of Newcastle. D.

THE FRIGHT.

MYRTLE unsheath'd his shining blade,
 And fix'd its point against his breast,
 Then gaz'd upon the wondering maid,
 And thus his dire resolve express'd.

“ Since, cruel fair, with cold disdain
 You still return my raging love,
 Thought is but madness, life is pain:
 And thus—at once—I both remove.”

“ Oh ! stay one moment ! ” — Chloe said,
 And, trembling, hasted to the door:

“ Here, Betty—quick—a pail, dear maid ;
 This madman else will stain the floor.”

STANZAS, BY MR. GRAY,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF THE SEAT AND RUINS
 AT KINGSGATE, IN KENT, 1766.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
 Here H——d took the pious resolution
 To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
 A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice ;
 Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand ;
 Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
 And mariners, though shipwreck'd, fear to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
 No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
 Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
 Art he invokes new terrors still to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
 Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
 Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
 And mimic desolation covers all.

“Ah!” said the sighing peer, “had B—te been true,
 Nor G——’s, nor B——d’s promises been vain,
 Far other scenes than this had grac’d our view,
 And realis’d the horrors which we feign.

“Purg’d by the sword, and purify’d by fire,
 Then had we seen proud London’s hated walls;
 Owls should have hooted in St. Peter’s choir,
 And foxes stunk and litter’d in St. Paul’s.”

EPITAPH, AT BECKENHAM,
 ON MRS. CLARKE*. BY MR. GRAY.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother, sleeps;
 A heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful Virtues lov’d to dwell:
 Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
 And soft Humanity, were there.
 In agony, in death, resign’d,
 She felt the wound she left behind.

* Wife to a physician at Epfom; she died Apr. 27, 1757. N.

Her

Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe;
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along this lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
 A sigh, an unavailing tear;
 Till Time shall every grief remove,
 With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

VERSES TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AT MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

BY THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
 Docks, forts, and navies, brightening all the bay:
 To my plain roof repair, primæval seat!
 Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet,
 Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
 Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind;
 A statesman without power, and without gall,
 Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
 Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
 Votary alone to freedom and the laws.
 Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
 And, interspers'd, an heart-enlivening train
 Of sportive children frolic o'er the green; [scene.
 Meantime pure Love looks on, and consecrates the
 Come, then, immortal Spirit of the stage,
 Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age!
 Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
 Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or
 gold.

A N.

MR. GARRICK'S ANSWER.

WHEN Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
 Wrathful forsook the hostile field,
 His breast still warm with heavenly fire,
 He tun'd the lay, and swept the lyre.

So Chatham, whose exalted soul
 Pervaded and inspir'd the whole,
 Where far, by martial glory led,
 Britain her sails and banners spread,
 Retires (though Wisdom's God dissuades)
 And seeks repose in rural shades:
 Yet thither comes the God confess'd;
 Celestial form! a well-known guest.

Nor slow he moves with solemn air,
 Not on his brow hangs pensive care;
 Nor in his hand th' historic page
 Gives lessons to experienc'd age,
 As when in vengeful ire he rose,
 And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes,
 While the wing'd Hours obedient stand,
 And instant speed the dread command.

Chearful he came, all blythe and gay,
 Fair blooming like the son of May;
 Adown his radiant shoulder hung
 A harp, by all the Muses strung:
 Smiling he to his friend resign'd
 This soother of the human mind.

EPILOGUE TO THE LADIES.

BY ARTHUR MAYNWARING†, ESQ.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

WITH joy we see this circle of the fair,
 Since the late trial of the tuncful pair ;
 Your country's friends, you love the native strains
 Of Music here, where England's Genius reigns.
 In other walls though harmony be found,
 You know it 's foreign, and disdain the sound.
 Who haunt new concerts, faction would create,
 And are dissenters in Apollo's state :

They

* Spoken by Mr. Wilks at the Music Meeting in Drury-lane, where the English woman sings. Written by Mr. Maynwaring on the occasion of a Concert before Queen Anne, and her royal visitor of Spain, at Windsor, Dec. 1703. N.

† Born at Ightfield, in Shropshire, 1688. He was educated at Shrewsbury, and in 1705 sent to Christ Church, Oxford, to study the law, which he practised on his settling in London ; but, coming early to an estate of about 800 l. a year, he exchanged the bar for more pleasurable pursuits. He was from principle a strenuous Nonjuror ; but soon relinquished those opinions from conviction. In the latter end of King William's reign, he was made a commissioner of the customs, through the interest of the Duke of Somerset ; and afterwards, by lord Godolphin, was appointed auditor of the imprest. He had an amour with Mrs. Oldfield, by whom he had a son of both

They than our stages, where he keeps his court,
 And to some gloomy meeting-house resort;
 While you with duty own his rightful cause,
 And guard this place establish'd by his laws.
 But now your charms a nobler task pursue,
 And Spain a revolution waits from you;
 That blooming Hero, you at courts admir'd,
 In arms must triumph, by your praises fir'd:
 Success is yours, and Victory inclines
 Still to that side on which your favour shines.
 Mars will himself conduct our future wars,
 When every Venus for this Prince declares;
 When, freely serving this well-weigh'd design,
 Our nation's treasure and its beauty join.

both his names, who married in 1739 Miss Pyne, a lady of fortune (who survived him till 1780), and died a captain in Harrison's regiment at the siege of Cartagena in 1741. The captain left an only daughter, an accomplished young lady, who has been dead some years. Mr. Maynwaring took an active part against Dr. Sacheverell; published some little tracts on that occasion; and was the author of several poetical and political pieces, most of which are either inserted or specified in his "Life and Posthumous Works," published by Oldmixon (who had assisted considerably in "The Medley") in 1715. He died Nov. 13, 1712. Amongst other poetical productions of Mr. Maynwaring was a version of the first book of Homer's Iliad. "Pope" says Dr. Johnson, "once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and Tiekell, that they might be readily compared and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions." N.

Yet when this happy scheme, by wisdom wrought,
 Is by his valour to perfection brought;
 And his glad subjects shall their King receive,
 Grac'd with a crown which only Anne could give;
 Reflecting then what wonders he had seen,
 The Court, these Beauties, and our glorious Queen:
 That warm idea he shall still retain,
 And think, though seated on the throne of Spain,
 Though with the treasure of both Indies crown'd,
 He left a brighter empire than he found.

PROLOGUE TO CAMILLA*.

B Y T H E S A M E.

WHile martial troops with more than martial rage
 (For Austria these, for Bourbon those, engage)
 Cover with blood th' unhappy Latian plains,
 Insult their shepherds, and oppress their swains:
 Camilla, frighten'd from her native seat,
 Hither is driven to beg a safe retreat.

Oh, may the exil'd nymph a refuge find!
 Such as may ease the labours of her mind;
 Hear her, ye fair, in tuneful notes complain,
 Pity her anguish, and remove her pain:

* On introducing the Italian Opera on the stage, Mr. Maynwaring was one of the first that espoused it; and, having a good taste for music, took delight to play some of the airs on his spinnet. OLDMIXON.

To you her vindication doth belong,
 To you the mourner has address'd her song.
 Let her your hearts with just compassion move,
 By music soften'd, and endear'd by love ;
 So may your warrior-lords successful fight,
 May honour crown the day, and love the night,
 May conquest still attend their generous arms,
 Till their swords grow as fatal as your charms !

H O P P Y A N D T O P P Y*.

B Y T H E S A M E.

SINCE Cob gives the feast,
 And Hoppy's deceas'd,
 And the club is at service so hard,
 We think it our duty
 To toast a new beauty,
 Call'd Mademoiselle Oudenard.

H O P P Y.

All joy to his grace,
 For this ninth of his race,
 She's as fair as most of the former ;
 But where is that he
 Durst so impudent be,
 To compare her to Lady Monthermer ?

* This poem, Mr. Oldmixon says, was either written at the Kit Cat Club, or at their request. N.

A a 3 T O P P Y.

TOPPY.

Was 't his zeal or his drink,
 Made Hoppy's grave ink
 Flow as if his blood was grown warmer,
 Though it cost him some pain,
 From his politic brain,
 To squeeze out a rhyme to Monthermer
 He at last has thought fit
 To show that in wit
 He 's no more than in judgement a novice;
 And there 's hopes that in time
 Memorials in rhyme
 Will be sung by the clerks in his office:

Some may reckon such airs
 Too pert for grey hairs,
 And that years may his fancy endamage;
 But despair not, old man,
 Let thy gingle chime on,
 For Cato learn'd Greek at the same age.

Since, through envy, my friend,
 Thy chief talent none mind,
 On th' unworthy no longer bestow it;

At least for a while,
 Your cares to beguile,
 Let the Statesman give way to the Poet.

Great examples allow
 You to clear the stern brow,
 And sure you may follow such warrants;
 Plays, novels, and verses,
 As well as discourses,

Were writ by the H——s of Florence.

HOPPY,

HOPPY.

Such good friends as we
 Should better agree;
 But since you are pleas'd to begin, Sir,
 My old foolish Muse
 Shall never refuse
 To engage with the wise man of Windsor.
 Though your worship's antique,
 And vers'd in old Greek,
 With the moderns you never could pass,
 Till the Chancellor's wine
 Did your fancy refine,
 And taught you records through a glass.

TOPPY.

You mistake the thing quite,
 I was sooner polite;
 And have had from your master a summons,
 To see books, and eat hard,
 When you were no Bard,
 But an indigent Lawyer in Commons.

Then souse me no more,
 Thou young Wit at threescore;
 When Time shall thy poetry blast,
 Great De—mosthenes *
 In my English shall please,
 And my notes on Herodotus * last.

* These traits may probably lead to an explanation of the characters in the dialogue. N,

TRANSLATION, FROM LA FONTAINE.

BY MR. MAYNWARING.

AN Intendant! What is he?
 Here his true description see:
 He's an animal, that seems
 Pleas'd to fish in troubled streams:
 Let the publick sink or swim,
 'Tis the self-same thing to him.
 If you say, the state and crown
 In his hands are tumbling down:
 "Come, have patience, Sir, he cries,
 "Funds shall fill, and stocks shall rise."
 If you ask him how, or why?
 Strait you have, in one reply,
 All the reason he can tell,
 "Pho! I warrant things go well."

TO LORD VISCOUNT VILLIERS*.

BY MR. WILLIAM WORTS†.

AMIDST the joy that flows from every tongue,
 Accept, my Lord, the Muse's humble song:
 Now you all arts and sciences defend;
 The sons of Phœbus will your train attend,
 Who on the smiles of greatness must depend;

* Eldest son of the earl of Jersey; on taking the degree of M. A. at Cambridge. W.

† This gentleman was of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. His verses to Mr. Hughes are in the English Poets, vol. XXII. p. 3.—Mr. Worts also joined in the "Luctus Britannicus" on the Death of the matchless Dryden. N.

It is the portion of their glorious fate,
 To praise the good, and eternise the great:
 Their fame must die without the poet's aid:
 And poets cannot live without their bread:
 Your noble birth and virtues both can give,
 To make the poet and the poem live.

Happy that pen whose darling wit can trace
 The manly vigour of your lovely face,
 Adorn'd with every charm, and every grace;
 That can distinguish both the great and good,
 From the coarse figure of the vulgar crowd:
 So look'd the feign'd Iulus, so he charm'd,
 When every feature was by Cupid form'd;
 And all the God Eliza's bosom warm'd.
 But O!

What pen can write the beauties of your mind,
 Which Heaven with all its nicest care refin'd;
 'Tis from those wonders in your dawning bloom,
 We all expect the glorious man to come:
 The sprightly youth, and early wit, will end
 In the wise patriot, his country's friend,
 In the succeeding William's * reign you'll stand,
 The Jersey and Mæcenass of our land.

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS HOMER. —
 FROM A COLLECTION CALLED THE GROVE.

SO much, dear Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
 Whose pity melts us, or whose passion warms,
 That after-ages shall with wonder seek
 Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

* Meaning, no doubt, the duke of Gloucester. D.

T O

T O M R. P O P E,
ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER.
F R O M T H E G R O V E.

Delightful Favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Around whose head unrival'd glories shine,
Your Heavenly strains in every bosom raise
Ambitious ardours, to advance your praise.
Ev'n I, unskill'd to touch the vocal lyre,
To numbers rise, enliven'd by your fire.
Above myself I mount with venturous wing,
Of You and Homer I attempt to sing :
Attempt, though far beneath such worth I soar,
At distance keep, and only not adore :
Too long this Leader in th' Aëonian fight
To such alone disclos'd his sacred light,
Whose eyes Minerva had endow'd with sight.
In native habit veil'd, observ'd by few,
The deathless name was all the vulgar knew :
His works impregnable as Ilium stood,
With ten years labour scarce to be subdued ;
By thy Translation now familiar grown,
Triumphant Albion views him all her own ;
All her bold sons now scale the Trojan wall,
And each fair daughter pities Hector's fall.

Hence be for ever in oblivion lost
That long debate, on what distinguish'd coast
Phœbus first saw his darling Homer smile,
Since we salute him " born in Britain's Isle."

Here.

Here his best life begins, and in our clime,
More than in Greece, defies the rage of Time.

Thrice happy art! could thus refine the ore,
And with new lustre all the weight restore!
His genuine beauties still adorn your lines,
Still the great soul inimitably shines.
Like his own Hero, the celestial Bard
Almost immortal through the whole appear'd:
Yet, in some tender, some unguarded part,
Could feel the force of an envenom'd dart;
Had Thetis hers, as you your care employ,
The Stygian wave had cover'd all the god-like Boy.

T O M R. P O P E;
ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER,
FROM LINTOT'S MISCELLANIES.

WHEN first thy Muse, in tuneful rural strains,
Sung Windsor's forests, and her flowery plains,
A tyrant's fall, Britannia's happy state,
Granville's high worth, and bright Lodona's fate;
Smit with thy lays, we join'd the sylvan throng,
And heard with rapture thy enchanting song.
The ravish'd fancy, through the painted meads,
Travels well-pleas'd, where'er thy music leads.
Here the rich soil a plenteous harvest yields,
There bleating flocks impress the verdant fields;
Wide spreading oaks advance their heads on high,
And Thames, in silence, rolls majestic by.

But,

But, lest we praise or censure without art,
Thy own best rules thou kindly didst impart;
By that Essay we try thy unmix'd lines;
No dross appears, but the pure sterling shines.

When, to unbend, some lighter theme you chuse,
Invoking to your aid the sportive Muse;
Th' attentive goddess, to your eyes confess'd,
Stands in gay thoughts and sprightly fancy dress'd,
With mimic grief Belinda's loss declares,
While every heart Belinda's Lock ensnares.

Next we behold with wonder and surprize,
High on a rock, Fame's glorious Temple rise;
There may we view, in shining order plac'd,
The mighty dead who former ages grac'd;
Homer, with holy fillets bound, we see,
And sure not far a seat reserv'd for Thee.

Thus pleas'd and taught, we read you with delight;
But still you meditate a loftier flight:
Now, soaring high, you stretch upon the wing,
In daring strains the Prince of verse to sing.
The vast design, alike by all admir'd,
With hopes of prey voracious criticks fir'd;
The busy Witling the attempt explodes,
Banters the Muse, and ridicules the Gods;
Envy the grateful tale rejoicing heard;
And, with a kind concern, Good-nature fear'd.
Pardon our fears; for, though we knew thee strong,
This stood confess'd th' inimitable song.

What none attempted, or attempting swerv'd,
By Fate's decree was for thy pen reserv'd;

You,

You, only you! the fierce Mæonian steed
 Mount with success, and lash him to his speed;
 Firm in your seat, direct his noble force,
 And, with unerring judgement, mark the course.
 Homer's great soul in every line we see;
 For, if he sometimes nods, he 's rous'd by thee.

With joy proceed! assur'd thy lasting name
 Shall shine for ever in the lists of fame.
 Thee we confess the glory of our isles,
 And on thy work bright Carolina smiles.

But, when one moment thou dost lightly spend,
 Indulgent to these humble strains attend
 The thanks and wishes of a grateful friend. }

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

B Y P. L.

FROM WHALEY'S SECOND COLLECTION.

HAIL, moral Bard! to whose instructive lay
 Ev'n Greece must yield, and Rome her homage pay;
 Such are thy numbers, that, with wondrous art,
 They sooth at once the ear, and mend the heart.
 Amaz'd we view thy strong poetic flight,
 Where wit and judgement, sense and sound, unite.
 Thy words so justly do thy thoughts express,
 That Reason lovely seems in Fancy's dress.

Let vulgar Bards indulge the trivial song,
 To thee sublime and serious truths belong;

Master

Master of manners and of verse, you show
 What to ourselves, our friend, our God, we owe.
 Whate'er great Plato or Chrysippus thought,
 Here doubly charms in pleasing numbers taught;
 Though grave the theme, the beauties of thy page
 The gay, the young, insensibly engage:
 Ev'n Virtue's strictest precepts yield delight,
 And win those lovers, they were wont to fright.

No more shall Science now be cramp'd to rules,
 But, free and unconfin'd, forsake the Schools;
 You, her High Priest, expose to vulgar eye
 Her solemn rites and darkest mystery.

Oh! let thy Muse attempt a nobler theme,
 And join the Christian to the moral scheme.
 Let her describe Redemption's mystic plan,
 And God's unbounded clemency to man;
 Then shall thy verse o'er Infidels prevail,
 And conquer Vice, where graver doctrines fail.

ON DR. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION
 OF PART OF JOB.

BY DR. COBDEN*,

THE Poem, which, originally great,
 Had long sustain'd poor Job's unhappy fate,
 Fall'n from its grandeur, clad in mean array,
 And in the dust of prose inglorious lay;
 Like him now shines, with former greatness blest,
 And in its native majesty confess'd.

* Edward Cobden, D.D. chaplain in ordinary to King George the Second, was early in life chaplain to Bp. Gibson,

IN A PARISH REGISTER.
BY THE SAME.

THIS end our infant stage declares,
And that when we resign to fate;
A doubt not yet resolv'd it bears,
Whence life or death receives its date.

But if what moments flow between
We shall preserve with happy care,
Like the few leaves which intervene,
Not vacant, but as white and fair;

Secure the book we may inspect
From rising blush or falling tear,
On this end with delight reflect,
On that without misgiving fear.

DR.

to whose patronage he was indebted for the following preferments; viz. the united rectories of St. Austin and St. Faith in London, with that of Acton in Middlesex, a prebend of St. Paul's, another at Lincoln, and the archdeaconry of London, in which last he succeeded Dr. Tyrwhit in July 1742. He published a famous Sermon, preached before the King at St. James's, Dec. 11, 1748, intitled, "A Persuasive to Chastity." In an advertisement, the Doctor observes, "that, it having given occasion to some unjust censures, he thought it proper to publish it, hoping that nothing in the sentiment or expression will be found unworthy of the sacred function of a preacher of the Gospel, or of the serious attention of a Christian assembly." The last time he preached before the King

DR. COBDEN TO MR. PITT,
ON HIS HAVING A BAY LEAF SENT HIM
FROM VIRGIL'S TOMB.

FORGIVE me, Sir, if I approve
The judgement of your friend,
Who chose this token of his love
From Virgil's tomb to send.

You, who the Mantuan poet drefs
In pureft English lays,
Who all his foul and flame exprefs,
May juftly claim his bays.

Those bays, which, water'd by your hand,
From Vida's fpring fhall rife,
And, with fresh verdure crown'd, withftand
The lightning of the fies.

Let hence your emulation fir'd
His matchlefs ftrains purfue,
As, from Achilles' tomb inspir'd,
The youth a rival grew.

King was Dec. 8, 1751. He refigned his warrant for chaplain Nov. 23, 1752; after having delivered into his Majesty's hands his reasons in writing for fo doing. In 1755 he published a pamphlet, intituled, "An Effay tending to promote Religion," 8vo. in the title-page of which he ftyles himfelf "late-ly Chaplain above twenty-two years to his Majesty;" and in 1756 "A Poem facred to the memory of Queen Anne, for her Bounty to the Clergy," 4to. His whole works were collected by himfelf, in 1757, in two volumes, 4to. He died April 22, 1764, aged more than 80. N.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL*.

BY MRS. DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY.

LONG had my mind, unknowing how to soar,
 In humble prose been train'd, nor aim'd at more;
 Near the fam'd Sisters, never durst aspire
 To sound a verse, or touch the tuneful lyre;
Till

* Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton. She was the second lady of John the first earl of Bristol. N.

† Daughter of Sir Roger Manley, author of the first volume of "The Turkish Spy." She received an education suitable to her birth; and gave early discoveries of a genius superior to what is usually found among her sex. In her infancy she lost her mother; and early in life was cheated into marriage with a near relation, of her own name, who had at the same time a former wife living. Deserted by her husband, she wore away three wretched years in solitude till she by accident became patronised by the dutchess of Cleveland, a mistress of Charles II; but the dutchess, being of a fickle temper, grew tired of Mrs. Manley in six months, and discharged her, on pretence that she intrigued with her son. Retiring again into solitude, she wrote her first tragedy, "The Royal Mischief." This play being acted at the Theatre Royal in 1696, with great success, she received such unbounded incense from the witty and the gay as in the end proved fatal to her virtue. In the same year, she also produced a comedy intitled, "The Lost Lover, or Jealous Husband," which was performed without any success. Her third Dramatic piece

Till Bristol's charms dissolv'd the native cold,
 Bade me survey her eyes, and thence be bold.
 Thee, lovely Bristol! thee with pride I chuse,
 The first, and only subject of my Muse,

That

was "Almyna, or The Arabian Vow, a Tragedy, 1707." In her retired hours, she wrote her four volumes of the "Memoirs of the New Atalantis," in which she was not only very free with her own sex, in her wanton description of love-adventures, but also with the characters of many high and distinguished personages. Her father had always been attached to the cause of Charles I. and she herself had a confirmed aversion to the Whig ministry; so that the representations of many characters in her Atalantis are nothing but satires upon those who had brought about the Revolution. Upon this, a warrant was granted from the secretary of state's office, to seize the printer and publisher of those volumes. Mrs. Manley had too much generosity to let innocent persons suffer on her account; and therefore voluntarily acknowledged herself the author of the work in question. When she was examined before lord Sunderland, who was then secretary, he was curious to know, from whom she got information of some particulars, which he imagined to be above her own intelligence. She replied, with great humility, that she had no design in writing, farther than her own amusement and diversion in the country, without intending particular reflections and characters, and did assure him, that nobody was concerned with her. When this was not believed, and the contrary urged against her by several circumstances, she said "then it must be by inspiration, because knowing her own innocence she could account for it no other way." The
 secre-

That durst transport me, like the Bird of Jove,
 To face th' immortal Source of Light above!
 Such are thy kindred-beams——
 So blessings with a bounteous hand they give,
 So they create, and make creation live.

When
 secretary replied, that "inspiration used to be upon a good
 "account; but that her writings were stark-naught." She
 acknowledged "that his lordship's observation might be true;
 "but, as there were evil angels as well as good, what she
 "had written might still be by inspiration." The conse-
 quence of this examination was, that Mrs. Manley was close
 shut up in a messenger's house, without being allowed pen,
 ink, and paper. However, her council sued out her Habeas
 Corpus, and she was admitted to bail. Whether those in
 power were ashamed to bring a woman to trial for writing a
 few amorous trifles, or whether the laws could not reach
 her, she was discharged, after several times exposing herself
 in person to cross the court before the bench of judges, with
 her three attendants, the printer and two publishers. Not
 long after, a total change of the ministry ensued; she then
 came into great favour with their successors, and was employed
 in defending the Four last Years of the Queen. The pam-
 phlets which she wrote at this period are numerous, and some
 of them such as would not disgrace the best pen that ever
 wrote in the defence of government. After Dean Swift re-
 linquished "The Examiner," she continued it with great spirit
 for a considerable time, and frequently finished pieces begun
 by that excellent writer, who also often used to furnish her
 with hints for those of her own composition. At this time,
 or soon afterwards, she became connected with Alderman Bar-
 ber,

When charming Felton, of a beauteous race,
 Adorn'd in blooming youth with every grace,
 First saw the lovely Suffolk Swain * her prize,
 The noblest conquest of the brightest eyes!
 How many wretched Nymphs that union made!
 What cold despair the warmest hearts invade!
 What crowds of lovers, hopeless and undone,
 Deplore those charms which brought their ruin on!
 Rich in themselves — all excellence they find,
 Wit! Beauty! Wisdom! and a constant mind!
 No vain desire of change disturbs their joy;
 Such sweets, like bliss divine, can never cloy:
 Fill'd with that spirit which great souls inflame,
 Their wondrous offspring start to early fame:

ber, who was then the favourite Tory printer, and with him she resided until the time of her death, which happened on the 11th of July 1724, at his house on Lambeth Hill. She was buried in the middle aisle of the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, where a marble grave-stone was erected to her memory. A second edition of a volume of her Letters was published in 1713. "Lucius," a well-received tragedy, written by her, and acted in 1717, was dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, whom she had abused in her "Atalantis;" but who was then on such friendly terms with her, that he wrote the prologue to this play, as Mr. Prior did the epilogue. Mr. Steele's prologue is printed in this collection vol. IV. p. 19. Some account of her life has been published by herself, under the title of "Memoirs of Rivella." N.

* His lordship had not the earldom when this poem was written. He was then Baron Hervey of Ickworth, in Suffolk. N.

In their young minds immortal sparkles rise!
 And all their Mother flashes from their eyes!
 From thence such scenes of Beauty charm the sight,
 We know not where to fix the strong delight!
 Hervey's * soft features—next, Eliza† bright!
 Anna‡, just dawning, like Aurora's light!
 With all the smiling train of Cupids round,
 Fond little Loves, with flowing Graces crown'd.

As some fair flowers, who all their bloom disclose,
 The Spanish Jasmine, or the British Rose,
 Arriv'd at full perfection, charm the sense,
 Whilst the young blossoms gradual sweets dispense;
 The eldest-born, with almost equal pride;
 The next appears in fainter colours dy'd:
 New opening buds, as less in debt to Time,
 Wait to perform the promise of their prime!
 All blest descendants of the beauteous tree,
 What now their Parent is, Themselves shall be.

Oh, could I paint the younger Hervey's mind,
 Where wit and judgement, fire and taste refin'd,
 To match his face, with equal art are join'd:
 Oh, best belov'd of Jove! to thee alone,
 What would enrich the whole, he gives to one!

* John lord Hervey, born Oct. 15, 1696. He was called up to the house of peers as lord Hervey in the life-time of his father, who survived him. N.

† Afterwards married to Bussy lord Mansell. She died Dec. 3, 1727. N.

‡ Lady Anne died unmarried. N.

In Titian's colours * whilst Adonis glows,
 See fairest Bristol more than Venus shows;
 View well the valued piece, how nice each part;
 Yet Nature's hand surpasses Titian's art!
 Such had his Venus and Adonis been,
 The Standard-beauty had from thence been seen!
 Whose arbitrary laws had fix'd the doom
 To Hervey's form, and Bristol's ever bloom?

As once Kazeia †, now Eliza warms;
 The kindred fair bequeath'd her all her charms;
 Such were her darts, so piercing and so strong,
 Endow'd by Phcebus both, with tuneful song:
 But far from thee, Eliza, be her doom;
 Snatch'd hence by Death, in all her beauty's bloom.
 Long may'st thou live, adorning Bristol's name,
 With future Heroes to augment his fame!

When haughty Niobe, with joy and pride,
 Saw all her shining offspring grace her side;
 She view'd their charms, exulting at each line,
 And then oppos'd them to the race divine!
 Enrag'd Latona urg'd the silver bow:
 Immortal Vengeance laid their beauties low.
 No more a Mother now—too much she mourn'd,
 By grief incessant into marble turn'd.

* This is not designed as a parallel of the story, but the painting from a piece of Titian's at Lord Bristol's. M.

† A sister of Lord Bristol's, who was a lady of most extraordinary beauty. M.—She was afterwards married to Aubrey Porter esq and died young. N.

But

But lovely Bristol, with a pious mind,
 Owns all her blessings are from Heaven assign'd.
 Her matchless Lord—her beauteous numerous race * —
 Her virtue, modesty, and every grace !
 For these, devoutly, to the Gods she bows,
 And offers daily praise, and daily vows :
 Phœbus, well-pleas'd, the sacrifice regards ;
 And thus the grateful mother's zeal rewards :
 " Beauty and Wit, to all of Bristol's line !
 " But each in some peculiar grace shall shine !
 " Or to excel in Courts, and please the Fair !
 " Or conquest gain through all the watery war !
 " With harmony divine the ear to charm !
 " Or souls with more melodious numbers warm !
 " By wondrous memory shall some excel
 " In awful Senates, and in speaking well !
 " To hold Astræa's Scales with equal hand,
 " And call back Justice to that happy land !
 " To teach mankind how best the Gods to praise !
 " To fix their minds in Truth's unerring ways !
 " Thus all her honours Bristol's Sons shall wear †,
 " Whilst each his Country's good shall make his
 " chiefest care ! "

* By this lady the earl of Bristol had twelve sons and five daughters. By a former countess (Isabella, daughter to Sir Robert Carr) he had one son and two daughters. N.

† This poetical prediction has been remarkably fulfilled. N.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FOLLOWING TABLE OF CONTENTS.

* * SINCE the Selection of CLEIVELAND's Poems, given in this Volume, was printed off, it has been discovered, that FIVE of the pieces there attributed to that Poet were written by R. Fletcher; being extracted from the Second Part of Cleiveland's Works, 1687, 8vo. where, under the title ADDITIONS, sixty-five pages (viz. from p. 200, to p. 265,) are literally copied from a book intituled "*Ex Otio Negotium, or Martiall his Epigrams Translated, with Sundry Poems and Fancies, by R. Fletcher. Lond. 1656.*" 8vo. In the following page the several Poems are ascribed to their proper Authors.

Other instances of Poems falsely ascribed to CLEIVELAND may be seen above, in the Note to P. 49.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VII.

[See the Advertisement in the opposite Page.]

Satirical Description of Holland. By Mr. Neville.	2
Satire on the Origin of the English Nation; in the ancient Scottish Dialect.	7
How the first Heland Man was made. By an an- cient Lowland Bard.	8
The Rebel Scot. By John Cleiveland, Esq.	10
Epigram, by another Writer.	16
Definition of a Protector. By J. Cleiveland.	17
Answer to the Storm. By the same.	<i>ibid.</i>
Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford. By the same.	19
Christmas Day. By R. Fletcher.	20
On Sir Thomas Martin. By J. Cleiveland.	21
Newcastle Coal-pits. By the same.	23
Content. By R. Fletcher.	28
A Survey of the World. By the same.	32
The General Eclipse. By J. Cleiveland.	35
Epitaph on a Deceased Friend. By R. Fletcher.	36
Black Eyes. By J. Cleiveland.	37
On Phyllis walking in a Morning. By the same.	38
Mount Ida, or Beauty's Contest. By R. Fletcher.	40
Fuscara, or The Bee Errant. By J. Cleiveland.	42
On a Fly that flew into a Lady's Eye. By R. Fletcher.	45
Square-Cap. By J. Cleiveland.	47
A Satire. By John Hall.	49
Song. By the same.	58
The Morning Star. By the same.	59
	The

378 C O N T E N T S O F

The Ermine. By Mr. Hall.	-	60
Poetical Parley with a Thread-bare Cloak. By Thomas Jordan.	-	61
Three Epigrams. By the same.	-	64
To Three Amiable Sisters, with Hammond's Love Elegies. By Mr. Kynaston.	-	65
To a Young Lady, on her presenting the Author with a Lock of her Hair. By the same.	-	66
Epitaph on a Friend. By the Editor.	-	67
To Dr. Matanafius. By Lord Bolingbroke.	-	68
De felici Partu Reginae Mariae. By Mr. Cowley.	-	70
In Reginae Mariae fertilitatem. By the same.	-	72
Upon the happie Birth of the Duke. By the same.	-	73
Epigram, by Mr. Waller.	-	75
On the Birth of the Princess Mary. By Mr. King.	-	76
De præmaturo Reginae Enixu. By the same.	-	78
On the King's Recovery. By the same.	-	79
On the Birth of James Duke of York. By the same.	-	81
Ad Reginam. By the same.	-	82
On the Birth of Princess Elizabeth. By the same.	-	83
On the Birth of a Princess, the fifth Child of King Charles the First. By the same.	-	84
On the same Occasion. By Mr. Cotton.	-	85
On the Death of George Duke of Albemarle. By Nathaniel Lee.	-	86
On the Marriage of the Lady Mary with the Prince of Orange. By George Granville, Esq.	-	89
On the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark and the Lady Anne. By Mr. Charles Montagu.	-	90
On the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark and the Lady Anne. By Mr. Prior.	-	93
On		

On the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark and the Lady Anne. By Mr. Stepney.	-	95
On the Birth of the Prince of Wales. By S. Wesley.		98
To the Queen Consort of James II. By Mr. Higgon.	-	101
On the Birth of a Princess, the fifth Child of King Charles I. By Mr. Crashaw.	-	103
On the Birth of the Prince of Wales. By Mr. Edmund Smith.	-	105
On the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary. By the same.	-	108
On the Return of King William from Ireland af- ter the Battle of the Boyne. By Mr. Smith.		110
On the same Event. By Mr. Addison.	-	113
On the Death of George Prince of Denmark. Ad- dressed to the Queen. By Mr. Trapp.		116
On the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary. By Mr. Robert Freind.	-	122
On the Death of Queen Caroline. By the same.		125
Rondelay.	-	128
To his Mistrefs. By Mr. Charles Hopkins.		129
Songs. By the same.	-	130, 131
To Mr. Hopkins, on reading his Translations. By Mr. Charles Gildon.	-	<i>ibid.</i>
To Lord Carteret, Principal Secretary of State. By Dr. George Sewell. 1721.	-	133
A Speech to Westminster Abbey. By Dr. Sewell. Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Addison.		139
Dr. Sewell to E. P. R. Esq.		141
Prologue, by Dr. Sewell, to the Second Part of King Henry IV.	-	143
		Verses

Verſes by Dr. Sewell, written at Hampſtead.	144
Dr. Sewell to Major Pack, on reading his Poems.	145
Epiftle from London, to Richardſon Pack, Eſq.	
at St. Edmond's Bury, 1722.	146
Ode to Mr. Handel, 1722. By Daniel Prat.	150
To Henry Wright, of Mobberley, Eſq. on buying the Picture of F. Malebranche. By Dr. Byrom.	156
To Peregrine, Marquis of Carmarthen, on his Marriage, 1719. By Mr. Thomas Newcomb.	161
To Charles Duke of Richmond, on his being in- ſtalled Knight of the Garter, with Sir R. Wal- pole, June 16, 1726. By the ſame.	170
Ode to Mr. Ellis, By the ſame.	175
Verſes left in a Grotto in Richmond Garden. By the ſame.	1744. 181
Nine Odes on the Battle of Dettingen. By the ſame.	
1. To the Duke of Cumberland,	185
2. To the ſame.	186
3. To the King.	<i>ibid.</i>
4. To the ſame.	187
5. To the French King.	<i>ibid.</i>
6. On the French Barbarities in Germany.	188
7. To the ſame.	<i>ibid.</i>
8. To the French King.	189
9. Fides Gallica. Ad Regem.	<i>ibid.</i>
The Oracle, an Ode. 1747. By the ſame.	190
Letter from a Lady to her Huſband abroad, 1729.	196
Song, from the Flower-Piece.	203
A Poem, ſacred to the Memory of Edmund Shef- field,	

field, Duke of Buckinghamshire. By John Boyle, Earl of Orrery.	204
Horace, Book I. Ode I. Imitated. By the same.	210
Pyrrha. In Imitation of Horace, Book I. Ode V. By the same.	211
Horace, Book II. Ode XIV. Imitated. By the same.	216
Prologue to Alfred. By the same.	217
Hasty Prologue to All for Love, acted at Blenheim House, 1718. By Bp. Hoadly.	218
Imitation from the Spectator. By Mr. Lloyd.	223
On the Masters of Clare-Hall and Caius College.	226
Horace, Book I. Ode XIV. To Lydia. Translated by the Rev. William Gostling, M. A.	227
On seeing the Picture of Miss Highmore at Mr. Highmore's. By Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dodd.	228
Extracts from a MS. Poem by Dr. Dodd. Being a kind of Journal in Verse, written in 1774.	230
Epigram. By Dr. Dodd. Occasioned by reading a merely descriptive Poem, called Barham Downs.	233
Epigram on Two Ladies, who were both drowned walking on the Sea-shore.	<i>ibid.</i>
The Medicine, a Tale—for the Ladies. By Mr. W. Harrison.	234
To King William the Third, in Imitation of Horace, Book IV. Ode XV. By Samuel Cobb, M. A.	238
Pindaric Ode. By the same.	242
To Stephen Harvey, Esq. In Imitation of Horace, Book I. Ode III. By the same.	253
Love and Musick, an Ode. By the same.	255
Psalm	

382 C O N T E N T S O F

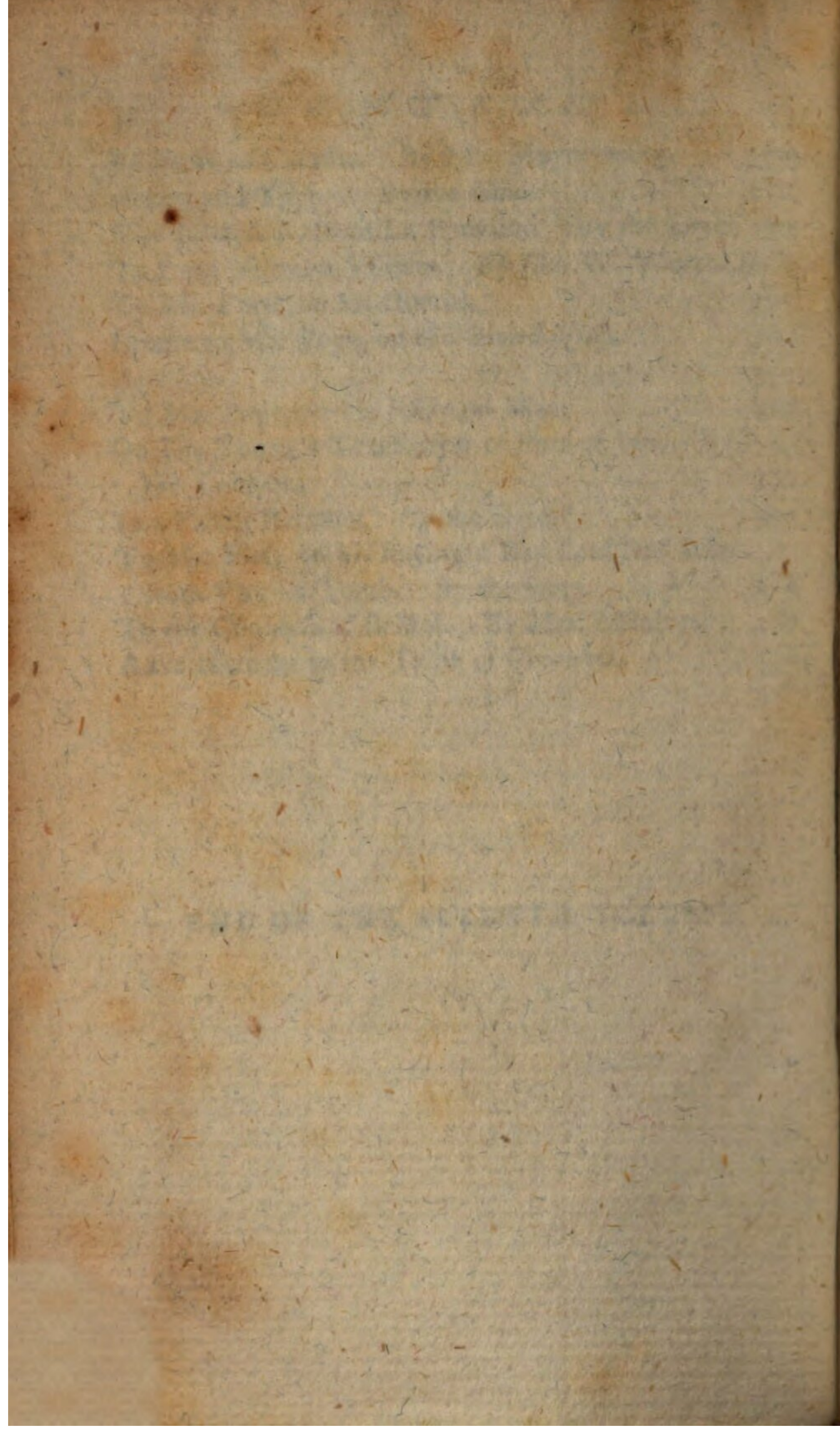
Pfalm CIII. Paraphrafed. By Mr. Cobb.	258
Pfalm CXXX. paraphrafed. By the fame.	261
Pfalm CXLVIII. paraphrafed. By the fame.	263
To a Young Lady, on her Recovery. An Ode. By Mr. S. Boyfe.	266
A Proſpect of Poetry. Addreſſed to the Earl of Orrery. By James Dalacourt, B. A.	269
To Mr. Thomſon, on his Seasons. By the fame.	298
Verſes by a Gentleman, in his Siſter's Table Book.	301
To a Young Lady, with Fenton's Miscellanies. By Walter Harte, M. A.	302
To Mr. Pope. By the fame.	306
To the Prince of Orange, on his paſſing through Oxford in his Return from Bath. By the fame.	308
Epistle to Mr. Whaley, at Poplar.	310
On a young Lady's weeping at Oroonoko.	311
To a Gentleman in love with a Negro Woman. By Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Sneyd Davies.	312
Verſes written in the Summer-Houſe where Sir Richard Steele wrote his Conſcious Lovers.	313
Verſes written in the ſame Summer-Houſe, as be- longing to Captain Nelly.	<i>ibid.</i>
On the Death of King William, and the Inaugu- ration of Queen Anne. By W. Pulteney, Eſq.	315
To a Friend, with the firſt Number of "The Student."	316
To a Young Lady, on drawing her for a Valen- tine. By the fame.	317
Stanzas to the ſame Lady. By the fame.	317
To the ſame. By the fame.	318
	The

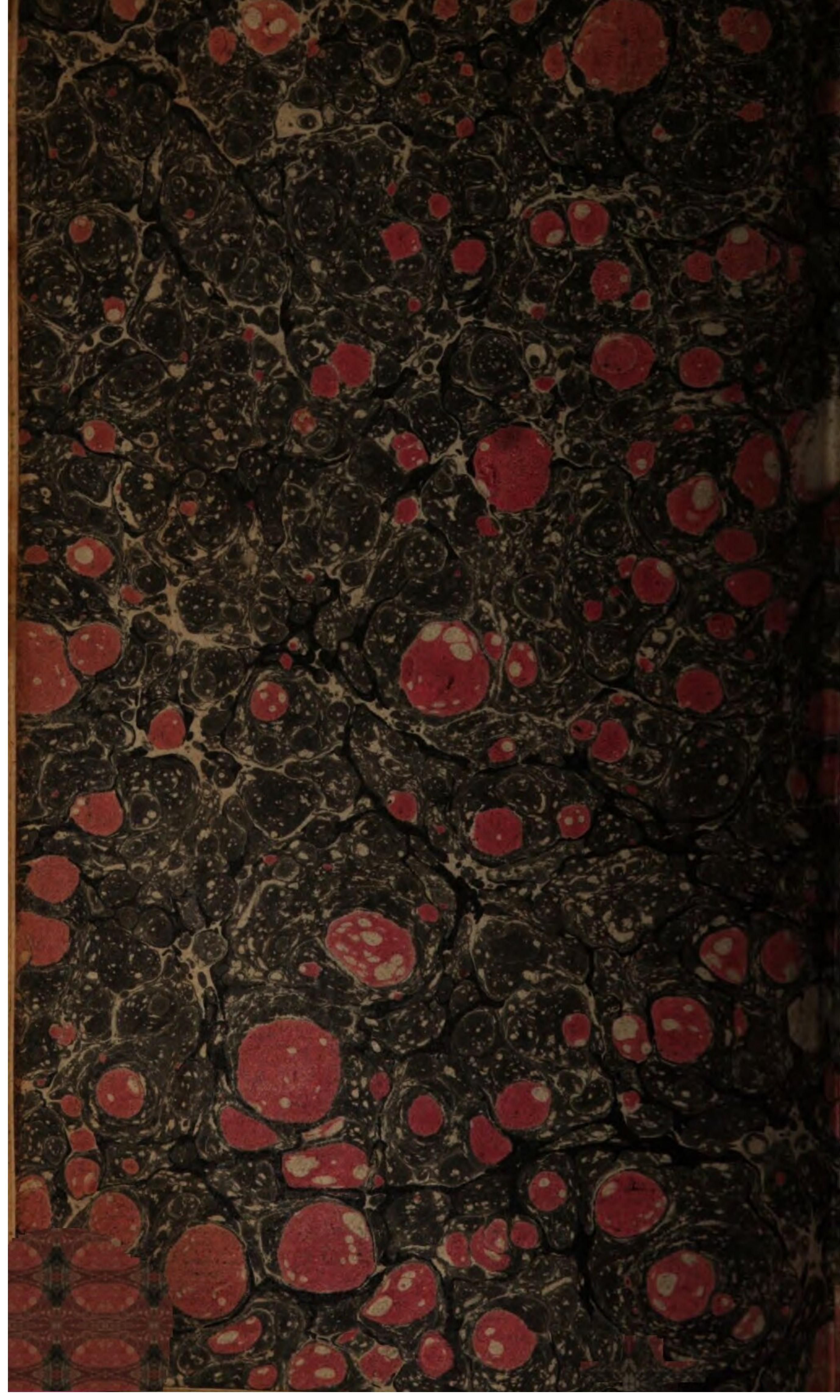
THE SEVENTH VOLUME. 383

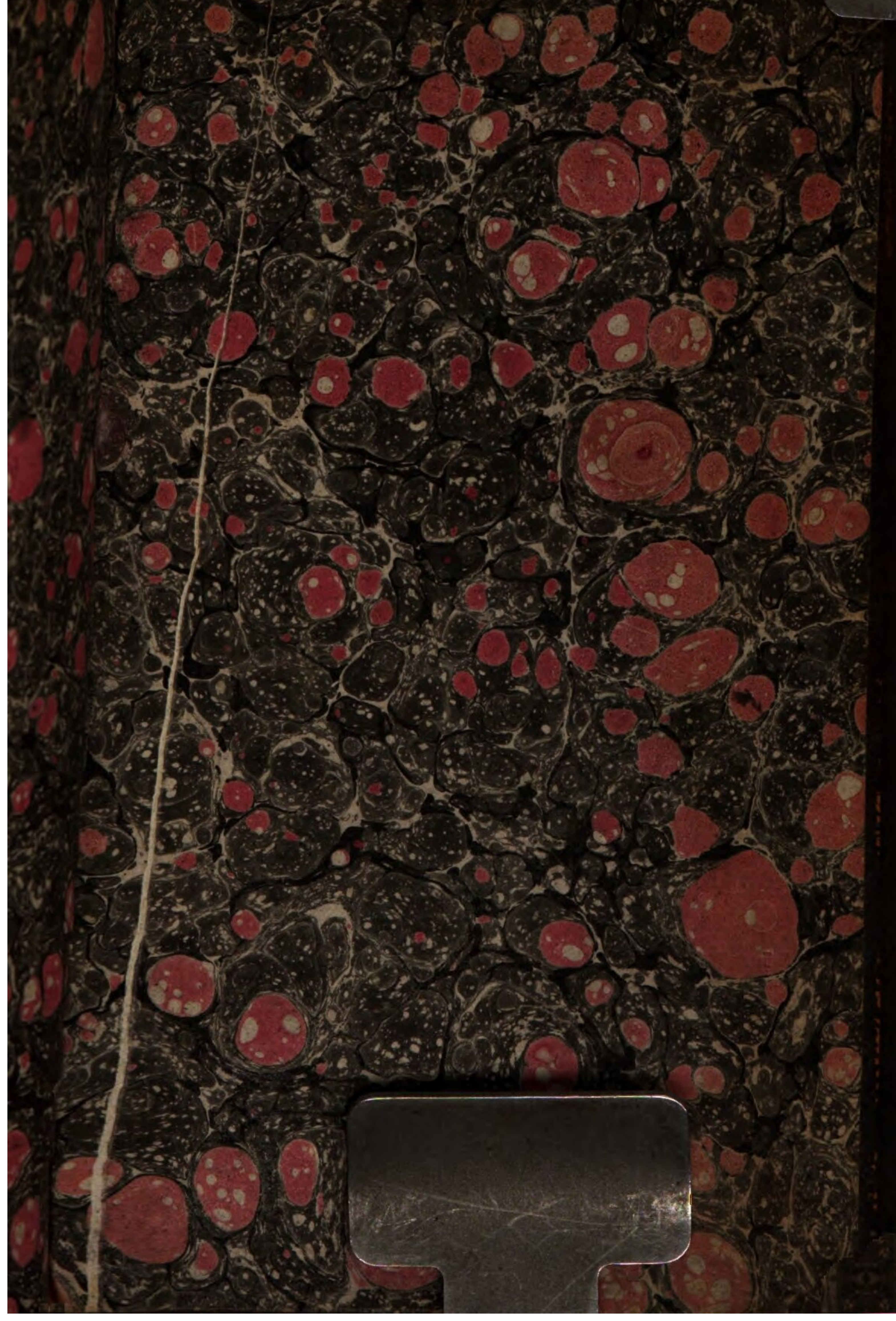
The Happy Bard. By A. B.	320
To Mr. Harcourt, on his Judgement of Venus.	322
Youth. Addressed to a Lady. By Mr. T.	325
A Juvenile Wish. By the Editor.	326
Midnight Soliloquy. By the same.	327
Soliloquy. By the same. Occasioned by a remarkable Eclipse of the Sun.	328
Pastoral Ballad. By the same.	330
Horace, Book I. Ode V. Imitated. By the same.	331
The Goldfinch and Raven. A Fable. By the same.	333
The Invitation. By the same.	335
The Laurel and Tulip. A Fable. By the same.	336
A Fable Modernised. By the same.	338
Anacreontic. By the same.	340
Sonnets. By W. J.	
1. A Farewell to Tours.	341
2. On the Death of Miss E. A.	<i>ibid.</i>
3. Occasioned by the Hurricane at Jamaica.	342
4. To Sleep.	343
On Reading the Third Sonnet. By S. H.	<i>ibid.</i>
Extempore, by Charles Duke of Dorset.	344
Colin's Mistakes. By Dr. Samuel Croxall.	345
The Fright, an Epigram.	350
Stanzas, by Mr. Gray, suggested by a View of the Seat and Ruins at Kingsgate, in Kent, 1766.	<i>ibid.</i>
Epitaph at Beckenham. By the same.	351
Verses to David Garrick, Esq. at Mount Edgumbe. By the late Earl of Chatham.	352
Mr. Garrick's Answer.	353
Epilogue to the Ladies. By Mr. Maynwaring.	354
	Pro-

Prologue to Camilla. By Mr. Maynwaring.	356
Hoppy and Toppy. By the same.	357
The Intendant, from La Fontaine. By the same.	360
To Lord Viscount Villiers. By Mr. W. Worts. <i>ibid.</i>	
To Mr. Pope, on his Homer.	361
Epistle to Mr. Pope, on the same subject.	362
Another. - - -	363
To Mr. Pope, on his Essay on Man. -	365
On Dr. Young's Translation of Part of Job. By Dr. Cobden. - - -	366
In a Parish Register. By the same. -	367
To Mr. Pitt, on his having a Bay Leaf sent him from Virgil's Tomb. By the same. -	368
To the Countess of Bristol. By Mrs. Manley.	369
Advertisement to the Table of Contents.	376

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.







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